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Act III. Sc. 5.

# THE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY

HOWARD STAUNTON.

WITH

Copious Notes, Glossary, Life, &c.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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# KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE earliest edition of this play was published in 1600, under the title of—"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London,—*Printed by Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington and Iohn Busby." This was followed by another edition in 1602, and a third, in 1608.

The question whether the copy from which these quartos were printed was a maimed and surreptitious version of the perfect play, made up from what could be collected by short-hand, or remembered from the stage representation, as Mr. Collier believes, or whether it was an authentic transcript of the poet's first draft of the piece, but corrupted by the ordinary printing-house blunders, involves so much that is important in connexion with Shakespeare's method of production, that it has been fully considered in the Preface, Vol. I., pp. v.—xvi.

Upon the evidence of a passage in the Chorus to the Fifth Act,—

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As, in good time, he may), from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him!"—

which bears an unmistakeable reference to the Irish expedition of the Earl of Essex, begun and terminated in 1599, this play is supposed to have been written in that year. Long before this date, however, Henry's exploits in France had been commemorated upon the stage. Nash, in his "Pierce Pennilesse," 1592, says,—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin sweare fealtie;" and "The famous Victories of Henry the Fift," already spoken of in "Henry IV.", was no doubt both acted and printed prior to Shakespeare's "Henry V."

Malone assumes the old historical drama alluded to by Nash, and "The famous Victories, &c." to be the same piece, which he says was



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exhibited before the year 1588, as Tarlton, who performed in it both the Chief Justice and the Clown, died in that year. Steevens speaks of them as distinct plays.

The events comprehended in "Henry V." begin in the first year of the king's reign, and terminate with his marriage of Katharine, the French princess, about eight years afterwards.

---

## Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Brothers to the* King.

DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the* King.

DUKE OF YORK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND *and* WARWICK.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, LORD SCROOP, SIR THOMAS GREY, *Conspirators against the* King.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, *and* JAMY, *Officers in* King Henry's *Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, *and* BARDOLPH.

*A Herald.*

*Boy.*

*Chorus.*

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of* France.

LEWIS, *the* Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, *and* BOURBON.

*The* CONSTABLE *of* France.

RAMBURES *and* GRANDPRE, French *Lords.*

MONTJOY, *a* French *Herald.*

*Ambassadors to the King of* England.

*Governor of* Harfleur.

ISABEL, *Queen of* France.

KATHARINE, *Daughter of* Charles *and* Isabel.

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess* Katharine.

QUICKLY, PISTOL'*s Wife, an Hostess.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, English and French Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.*

*The Action at the beginning takes place in* ENGLAND, *but afterwards, wholly in* FRANCE.

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*Enter* CHORUS.*

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits, that have† dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very casques,[a]
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings;
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

(*) First folio, *Enter Prologue.* (†) First folio, *hath.*

[a] *The* very casques,—] The *mere helmets.*



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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the* King's *Palace.*

*Enter the* ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY.

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you—that self bill is urg'd
Which in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling[a] and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
CANT. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
ELY. This would drink deep.
CANT. 'T would drink the cup and all.
ELY. But what prevention?
CANT. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.
CANT. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,[b]
As in this king.

[a] Scambling—] See note (a), p. 445, Vol. I.
[b] And all at once,—] This was a trite phrase in Shakespeare's day, though not one

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ELY. We are blessed in the change.
CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies[a] unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
CANT. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
ELY. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
CANT. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,

of his editors has noticed it. In "As you Like It," Act III. Sc. 5, where it again occurs,—

"——— Who might be your mother?
That you insult, exult, *and all at once*
Over the wretched?"—

some of them have even suspected a misprint, and proposed to read,—

"——— and *rail* at once."

It is frequently met with in the old writers. Thus, in "The Fisherman's Tale," 1594, by F. Sabie:—

"She wept, she cride, she sob'd, *and all at once*."

And in Middleton's "Changeling," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Does love turn fool, run mad, *and all at once?*"

[a] Companies—] That is, *companions*.

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Than cherishing the exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,[a]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY. What was the impediment that broke this off?

CANT. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience:—and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

ELY. It is.

CANT. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXE. Not here in presence.

K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle.

WEST. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?[b]

K. HEN. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That ask our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the* ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY.

CANT. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. HEN. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

[a] The severals, and unhidden passages,—] "This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained.—The *passages* of his *titles* are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims descend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear*."—JOHNSON

[b] In the quartos the play begins with this speech.

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And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers, (1)
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,[a]
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
*In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,*
*No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[b]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day, in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;

[a] *That owe your* lives, *your* faith, *and services,*—] The folio reading is—"your *selves*, your *lives*," &c.

[b] Gloze—] That is, *misinterpret, put a false construction on;* and not, we believe, as the commentators say, *expound*, or *explain*.

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Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To fine[a] his title with some show* of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd[b] himself as heir to the lady Lingare, (2)
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,[c]
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare[d] their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. HEN. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANT. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

(*) First folio, *shewes*.

[a] *To* fine *his title*—] The first folio reads, "To *find*," &c. To *fine his title* may mean, to *embellish*, or *prank up his title;* or to *point* his title, as Shakespeare makes use of *fine* in both these and in other senses. Mason conjectured that the metaphor was derived from the *fining* of liquors, which is also probable.

[b] Convey'd *himself as heir to the lady Lingare*,—] Thus the quartos. The folio, unmetrically, reads,—

"Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare."

The sense of *convey'd*, in this passage, is rendered plainly by Bishop Cooper:—"Conjicere se in familiam; *to convey himself* to be of some noble family."

[c] *King Lewis* the tenth,—] This should be "Lewis the *ninth*." Shakespeare adopted the error from Holinshed.

[d] *Than amply to* imbare—] The folio has, *imbarre;* the first two quartos, *imbace;* and the third, *embrace*. We adopt the accepted reading, which was first suggested by Warburton, and signifies, *to lay bare*.

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For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the son* dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility. (3)
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action![a]

ELY. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

EXE. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

WEST. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness;[b] never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CANT. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood† and sword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time,
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. HEN. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

(*) First folio, *man*. (†) Old copy, *bloods*.

[a] *And cold* for action!] That is, for *want of* action.

[b] *They know your* grace hath cause *and means and might;*
*So hath your highness;*]

So, tautologically, reads the passage in the folio, 1623, where alone it appears. We should, perhaps, transpose the words *grace* and *cause*, reading:—

"They know your *cause* hath *grace* and means and might;—
So hath your highness;"

or, retaining their original sequence, substitute *haste* for *hath* in the second line;—

"So *haste*, your highness."

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CANT. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. HEN. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.[a]
CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampled by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your[b] chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
WEST. But there 's a saying, very old and true,—

*If that you will France win,*
*Then with Scotland first begin:*

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil* and havoc more than she can eat.
EXE. It follows then, the cat must stay at home?
Yet that is but a crush'd[c] necessity,

(*) First folio, *tame*.

[a] *At the* ill neighbourhood.] The quartos have,—

"Hath shook and trembled at the *bruit hereof;*"—

which we much prefer.

[b] *And make* your chronicle—] The quartos read,—

"——— *your chronicles,*" &c.;—

the folio:—

"——— *their chronicle,*" &c.

As Johnson suggested, we ought, probably, to substitute,—

"——— *her chronicle.*"

[c] Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,—] Thus the folio. The quartos have, "a *curs'd* necessity;" neither affords a perspicuous meaning. Mason proposed to read,—

"Yet that is *not* a curs'd necessity."

Warburton, "a *'scus'd* necessity." Capell, "a *crude* necessity."

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Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent, (4)
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANT. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading-up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly* to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run† in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End‡ in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. HEN. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,

(*) First folio, *Come.* (†) First folio, *meet.* (‡) First folio, *And.*

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And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen* epitaph.

*Enter* Ambassadors *of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

AMB. May 't please your majesty to give us leave,
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we, sparingly, show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. HEN. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are† our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

AMB. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard[a] won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. HEN. What treasure, uncle?

EXE. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. HEN. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains, we thank you for.

(*) Quarto, *paper*. (†) First folio, *is*.

[a] A nimble galliard—] Sir John Davies in his "Orchestra," 1622, describes the *galliard* as:—

"A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a vertue Masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she her selfe is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward fline;
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire."

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When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[a] And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail[b] of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; (5) and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

[a] Chases.] *Hazard*, *courts*, and *chases*, are terms borrowed from the game of tennis.

[b] *And show my* sail of *greatness*,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, speciously,—

"——— my *soul* of greatness;"—

but *sail* we believe to have been Shakespeare's expression. Thus in the Third Part of "Henry VI." Act III. Sc. 3:—

"——— now Margaret
Must *strike her sail*, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command."

Again, in Massinger's play of "The Picture," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Such is my *full-sail'd* confidence."—

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Thierry and Theodoret," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"——— I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his *full-sail'd* confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain," &c.

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EXE. This was a merry message.
K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France.
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable[a] swiftness add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,[b]
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* CHORUS.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—

[a] *With* reasonable *swiftness*—] Mr. Collier's annotator has,—
"*Seasonable* swiftness,"—
which, however plausible, is tame and prosaic; by *reasonable* swiftness, is meant the *speed of thought;* as in "Hamlet," we have,—
"——— *wings as swift*
As *meditation*,"—
And in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 2:—
"The very *wings of reason*."

[b] God before,—] That is, "I *swear before God*," or "*God witness*."

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One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force[a] a play.
The sum is paid: the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

*Enter, severally,* NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Well met, corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

BARD. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.[b]

BARD. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers[c] to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

NYM. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do[d] as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

[a] Force *a play.*] So in the original. Possibly, however, an allusion is intended to the *dumb-shows* which of old preceded each act, and we should read:—

"Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; *foresee* a play."

See the Chorus before Act III.

[b] *And there's* an end.] The quartos read, "And there's *the humour of it.*"

[c] *And we'll be all three* sworn brothers—] See note (c), p. 137, Vol. II.

[d] *I will* do *as I may:*] Monck Mason, with some reason, proposed to read:—

"——— *die* as I may."

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BARD. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

NYM. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,* yet she will plod. There must be conclusions:—well, I cannot tell.

BARD. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—

*Enter* PISTOL *and* Hostess.[a]

How now, mine host Pistol!

PIST. Base tike, call'st thou me—host?
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

HOST. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn![b] now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BARD. Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.[c]

NYM. Pish![d]

PIST. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! (1) thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

HOST. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

NYM. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

[*Sheathing his sword.*

PIST. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

(*) First folio, *name.*

[a] Hostess.] The old copies have "Quickly," but evidently through inadvertence, as she is always afterwards called "Hostess," which, or "Mistress Pistol," is now her proper appellation.

[b] *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not* drawn! *now we shall see*, &c.] In the folio, "if he be not *hewns now.*" The correction was made by Theobald.

[c] Good lieutenant,—good corporal,—offer nothing here.] To obviate the inconsistency of Bardolph, himself the lieutenant, designating Pistol by that title, Capell prints, "Good ancient," and Malone makes the sentence a part of the Hostess's speech. This, however, is not the only anomaly of the same kind. In the opening of the present scene, Nym addresses Bardolph as "lieutenant," while in Act III. Sc. 2, he calls him "corporal." Again, in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act V. Sc. 5, Falstaff styles Pistol "lieutenant," though his military rank is only that of "ancient." Whether these incongruities are the effect of design or inattention on Shakespeare's part, (they could hardly arise from carelessness in the printing office,) it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine; we prefer therefore to adhere to the old text.

[d] Pish!] In the quartos "Push!" the older form of the same contemptuous exclamation. See note (a), p. 467, Vol. II.

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NYM. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

PIST. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw their swords.*

BARD. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.
[*Draws his sword.*

PIST. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

PIST. *Coupe le gorge!*
That is the word?—I thee defy* again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough, to—
Go to.

*Enter the* Boy.

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you,† hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

BARD. Away, you rogue!

HOST. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

BARD. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PIST. ~~Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!~~

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PIST. Base is the slave that pays.

NYM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PIST. As manhood shall compound; push home.
[PISTOL *and* NYM *draw their swords.*

BARD. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

PIST. Sword is an oath; and oaths must have their course.

BARD. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

(*) First folio, *defy thee.* (†) First folio, *your.*



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NYM. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?[a]
PIST. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.
NYM. I shall have my noble?
PIST. In cash most justly paid.
NYM. Well then, that's* the humour of it.

*Re-enter* Hostess.

HOST. As ever you came† of women, come in quickly to sir John: ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
NYM. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.
PIST. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.
NYM. The king is a good king, but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.
PIST. Let us condole the knight,
For, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

*Enter* EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

BED. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.
EXE. They shall be apprehended by and by.
WEST. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
BED. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd[b] with gracious favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter* KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,

(*) First folio, *that*. (†) First folio, *come*.

[a] NYM. I shall have my eight shillings, &c.] This speech is omitted in the folio.
[b] Dull'd and cloy'd—] So the folio; the quartos read, "*cloy'd and grac'd.*"

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Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?
SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. HEN. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair concent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
CAM. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there 's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
GREY. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. HEN. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
SCROOP. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. HEN. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice,[a] we pardon him.
SCROOP. That 's mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. HEN. O, let us yet be merciful.
CAM. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
GREY. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. HEN. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us!—We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;
Who are the late commissioners?
CAM. I one, my lord;
our highness bade me ask for it to-day.
SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

[a] *And, on his* more advice.—] This is variously interpreted. We believe it to mean, on his further representations.



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GREY. And me,[a] my royal sovereign.
K. HEN. Then, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath* so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
CAM. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
GREY. SCROOP. To which we all appeal.
K. HEN. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But, O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white,[b] my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a† natural cause,[c]
That admiration did not whoop‡ at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

(*) First folio, *have*. (†) First folio, *an*. (‡) First folio, *hoope*.

[a] *And* me, *my royal sovereign*.] The folio has, "And *I*," &c. The quarto, "And *me*, my lord."
[b] *Black* from *white*,—] So the quartos. The folio has "black *and* white."
[c] A *natural* cause,—] *Cause* was probably a misprint for *course*.

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Wonder, to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd[a] thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar[b] back,
And tell the legions—*I can never win*
*A soul so easy as that Englishman's.*
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;[c]
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such and so finely boulted didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the* full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.[d]—Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

EXE. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry† lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

(*) Old text, *make thee.* (†) First folio, *Thomas.*

[a] Temper'd *thee,*—] *Moulded* thee. Johnson proposed to read "*tempted* thee."

[b] *Vasty* Tartar—] That is, *Tartarus.*

[c] *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest* complement;] Complement signified *accomplishments, perfection, completeness:* and was applied sometimes to mental, sometimes to physical attainments, and occasionally, as in the present instance, merely to the taste and elegance displayed in dress. Thus, in a note of Drayton's upon the Epistle from Geraldine to Lord Surrey; "but Apparell and the outward Appearance intituled *Complement.*"

[d] Another fall of man.—] The whole of this speech from the line,—

"Treason and murder ever kept together,"

inclusive, is omitted in the quartos.

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SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
CAM. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I* in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.
GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. HEN. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have† sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—London. Pistol's *House in* Eastcheap.

*Enter* PISTOL, Hostess, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* Boy.

HOST. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

(*) First folio omits, *I.* (†) First folio omits, *have.*

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PIST. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;—
Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

BARD. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

HOST. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; (2) 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: (3) for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,* I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.[a] *How now, sir John?* quoth I: *what, man! be o' good cheer.* So 'a cried out—*God, God, God!* three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward,† and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NYM. They say, he cried out of sack.

HOST. Ay, that 'a did.

BARD. And of women.

HOST. Nay, that 'a did not.

BOY. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

HOST. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

BOY. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

HOST. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic;[b] and talked of the whore of Babylon.

BOY. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell?

BARD. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PIST. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips,
Look to my chattels, and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word‡ is, *Pitch and pay;*[c]

(*) First folio, *end.* (†) First folio, *up-peer'd.* (‡) First folio, *world.*

[a] *And* 'a babbled *of green fields.*] In the folio,—"his nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a *Table* of greene fields." The quartos have simply, "His nose was as sharp as a pen." Theobald's famous emendation of "'a *babbled* of green fields," has now become so completely a part of the text, that no editor will ever have the temerity to displace it. The conjecture of Pope, therefore, that "a table of green fields," was a stage-direction for the property-man, (whom he supposed to be named *Greenfield,*) to have a table ready on the stage—"a table of Greenfield's;" and the equally atrocious sophistication of Mr. Collier's annotator—"his nose was as sharp as a pen *on* a table of green *frieze!*" need only be mentioned to be laughed at.

[b] *Was* rheumatic;] Was *lunatic,* the "*quondam* Quickly" means.

[c] *Pitch and pay;*] A proverbial saying, equivalent to our "*pay on delivery.*" One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall, Farmer says, "was that a *penny be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching.*" Tusser, in his description of Norwich, calls it,—

"A city trim;
Where strangers well may seem to dwell,
That *pitch and pay,* or keep their day."

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Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

PIST. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARD. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

NYM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

PIST. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

HOST. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the* French King's *Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter* KING CHARLES, *attended; the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY, *the* Constable, *and others.*

K. CHA. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

DAU. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no show of fear,
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CON. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—

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With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

DAU. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of[a] a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

K. CHA. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too-much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain[b] sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. Ambassadors from Harry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

K. CHA. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt* Messenger *and certain* Lords.
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAU. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head;
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

[a] Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,—] We should, perhaps, read, "Which *if*." or "Which *oft*."

[b] Mountain *sire*,—] Theobald suggested, *Mounting* sire.

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*Re-enter* Lords, *with* EXETER *and train.*

K. CHA. From our brother of England?
EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'T is no sinister, nor no awkward[a] claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,[b] [*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree,
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.
K. CHA. Or else what follows?
EXE. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining[c] maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.[d]
K. CHA. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.
DAU. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him; what to him from England?
EXE. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome

[a] Awkward—] *Distorted.*
[b] *Memorable* line,—] *Line* is *lineage, genealogy.*
[c] Pining—] So the quartos; the folio has "*privy.*"
[d] *Greeting* too.] Thus the quartos; the folio reads, "greeting *to.*"

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The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide[a] your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.[b]

DAU. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXE. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

K. CHA. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXE. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

K. CHA. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath,[c] and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHO. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton* pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.†
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,

(*) Old copy, *Dover*. (†) Old copy, *fayning*.

[a] Shall chide *your trespass*,—] Chide is here employed in its double sense of *rebuke* and *resound*, or *echo*.

[b] Ordinance.] This was anciently spelt indifferently, *ordnance*, or *ordinance*. Here the metre requires it to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

[c] Small breath,—] Short breathing time.

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Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage,[a] and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage[b] of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—France. *Before* Harfleur.

*Alarums. Enter* KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders.*

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon* up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage[c] of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock

(*) Old copy, *commune.*

[a] Rivage,—] The *shore* or *bank.* The word is not unfrequent with our old writers, although this is the only instance of its occurrence in Shakespeare.

[b] *To* sternage *of this navy;*] To the *steerage*, or *course*, of the fleet.

[c] Portage—] The *port-holes.*

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O'erhang and jutty[a] his confounded[b] base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide:
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble* English,
Whose blood is fet[c] from fathers of war-proof!—
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:—
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men† of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining‡ upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England and saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum; and chambers go off.*

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter* BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. Pray thee, corporal,[d] stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case[e] of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PIST. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

*Knocks go and come;*
*God's vassals drop and die;*
*And sword and shield,*
*In bloody field,*
*Doth win immortal fame.*

BOY. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PIST. And I:

*If wishes would prevail with me,*
*My purpose should not fail with me,*
*But thither would I hie.*

(*) Old copy, *Noblish.* (†) Old copy, *me.* (‡) Old copy, *Straying.*

[a] Jutty—] *Project, jut out.*
[b] Confounded *base,*—] *Demolished* base.
[c] *Whose blood is* fet—] *Fet* is frequently found in our early poets; it is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *fet-ian,* to fetch.
[d] *Pray thee,* corporal,—] See note (e), p. 16.
[e] *A* case of *lives:*] A *brace,* or *pair* of lives.

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BOY. *As duly, but not as truly,*
*As bird doth sing on bough.*

*Enter* FLUELLEN.[a]

FLU. Got's plood![b]—Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

PIST. Be merciful, great duke,[c] to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

BOY. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers:[d] I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire shovel: I knew by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.[e] They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing-up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit* BOY.

*Re-enter* FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

GOW. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

FLU. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines: for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yard under the countermines: py Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

GOW. The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

[a] Fluellen.] The Welsh pronunciation of Lluellyn.
[b] Got's plood!] Omitted in the folio, probably on account of the Act 3 Jac. I. c. 21 See note (4), p. 246, Vol. II.
[c] *Great* duke,—] Great *leader.*
[d] Swashers.] *Swaggerers, braggadochios.*
[e] Carry coals.] See note (b), p. 213, Vol. I.

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FLU. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOW. I think it be.

FLU. Py Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

GOW. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

FLU. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: py Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Enter* MACMORRIS *and* JAMY.

JAMY. I say, gude-day, captain Fluellen.

FLU. God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

GOW. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MAC. By Chrish la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

JAMY. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains baith: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, mary.

MAC. It ish no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day ish hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it ish no time to discourse. The town ish beseech'd, and the trompet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; tish shame for us all: so God sa' me, tish shame to stand still; it ish shame, by my hand: and there ish throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done; so Chrish sa' me, la.

JAMY. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay 't as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

FUL. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

MAC. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?[a]

[a] *What ish my nation?* &c.] Mr. Knight suggests that by a common mistake in printing, the second and third lines were transposed, and that we should read,—"Who

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FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

GOW. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

GOW. The town sounds a parley.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.[a] [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Gates of* Harfleur.

*The* Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the* English *Forces below. Enter* KING HENRY, *and his Train.*

K. HEN. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal." This is not unlikely; yet it is equally probable, that the incoherence of the original was designed to mark the impetuosity of the speaker.

[a] *And there is an end.*] This scene was well calculated to be effective in representation. The appearance at one time of an English, a Scotch, an Irish, and a Welsh man, could hardly fail to be an entertaining novelty on the early stage; but the profane gibberish put into the mouths of Irish characters in Shakespeare's day, would indicate but a very limited intercourse between this country and the sister Isle.

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As send precépts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly* murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier, with foul hand,
Defile† the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry,
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we 'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest,
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish. The* King, *&c. enter the Town.*

## SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Katharine *and* Alice.[a]

Kath. *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main, en Anglais?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée,* de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés* de fingres; *oui,* de fingres.

(*) Old text, *headly.* (†) Old text, *desire.*

[a] Enter Katharine and Alice.] So the quarto: the folio, instead of Alice, has "*an old gentlewoman.*"



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KATH. *La main,* de hand! *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon écolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?*

ALICE. *Les ongles? les appelons,* de nails.

KATH. De nails. *Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, *et* de nails.

ALICE. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.*

KATH. *Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.*

ALICE. De arm, *madame.*

KATH. *Et le coude.*

ALICE. De elbow.

KATH. De elbow. *Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*

ALICE. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

KATH. *Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

ALICE. De elbow, *madame.*

KATH. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie!* De elbow. *Comment appelez-vous le col?*

ALICE. De neck, *madame.*

KATH. De nick: *Et le menton?*

ALICE. De chin.

KATH. De sin. *Le col,* de nick: *le menton,* de sin.

ALICE. *Oui. Sauf votre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

KATH. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

ALICE. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseignée?*

KATH. *Non, je reciterai à vous promptement:* de hand, de fingre, de mails,—

ALICE. De nails, *madame.*

KATH. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE. *Sauf votre honneur,* de elbow.

KATH. *Ainsi dis-je;* de elbow, de nick; *et* de sin: *Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?*

ALICE. De foot, *madame; et* de coun.

KATH. De foot, *et* de coun! *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de coun, *néanmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

ALICE. *Excellent, madame!*

KATH. *C'est assez pour une fois; allons-nous à dîner.* [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* KING CHARLES, *the* DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *and others.*

K. CHA. 'T is certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

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CON. An if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
DAU. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
BOUR. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten[a] isle of Albion.
CON. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd[b] jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may* call them, in their native lords.
DAU. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard-warriors.
BOUR. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;(1)
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
K. CHA. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret,[c] high-constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

(*) Old text omits, *may*.

[a] Nook-shotten—] "*Shotten*," according to Warburton, "signifies any thing *projected*; so *nook-shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain." "Nook-shotten isle," means, in fact, an isle *spawned* in *a corner*. *Shotten-herring* is a herring that has spawned his roe. "Here comes Romeo without his roe."—"Romeo and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 4.

[b] Sur-rein'd—] Perhaps, *over-ridden*.

[c] *Charles* De-la-bret,—] Correctly, "Charles D'Albret," but Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls the Constable *Delabreth*.



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Foix,[a] Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,[b]
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

CON. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for[c] achievement, offer us his ransom.

K. CHA. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAU. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

K. CHA. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*The* English *Camp in* Picardy.

*Enter, severally,* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

GOW. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

FLU. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

GOW. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

FLU. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not, (Got pe praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the

[a] Foix,—] The old text has Loys, which was not the name of any French house of distinction, in the books of that time.

[b] Knights,—] Old text, *kings;* altered by Theobald.

[c] *And*, for *achievement*,—] Should we not read, "And *'fore* achievement?" The import being, At sight of our army he will be so intimidated, as to offer us his ransom *before* we have captured him. In Act IV. Sc. 3, Henry says,—

"Bid them *achieve* me, and then sell my bones."

So in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If *I achieve* not this young modest girl."

Again in "The Malcontent," Act V. Sc. 4:—

"Slave take thy life:
Wert thou defenc'd, through blood and wounds
The sternest horror of a civil fight,
Would *I atchieve* thee."

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pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient lieutenant[a] there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; put I did see him do as gallant service.

GOW. What do you call him?

FLU. He is called—auncient Pistol.

GOW. I know him not.

*Enter* PISTOL.

FLU. Here is the man.

PIST. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PIST. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
*Of buxom[b] valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

FLU. Py your patience, auncient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler pefore her† eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind, and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—in good truth, the poet is make[c] a most excellent description of it: Fortune, look you,[d] is an excellent moral.

PIST. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a *pax*,(2) and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate;
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price.
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU. Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PIST. Why then rejoice therefore.

FLU. Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot

* Old text prefixes, *And*. (†) First folio, *afore his*.

[a] *An* auncient lieutenant—] If Fluellen were not designed to blunder, we may suppose that *lieutenant* having been inadvertently inserted in the first instance, and *auncient* afterwards interlineated, both by accident got printed in the text. The quartos read,

"There is an *ensigne* there."

[b] Buxom *valour*,—] The earliest meaning of this word was, *pliant*, *yielding*, *obedient*; but in Shakespeare's time it was commonly used in the sense it appears to bear here, and in "Pericles," Act I. (Gower) that of *lusty*, *sprightly*, *buoyant*.

[c] The poet is make—] Thus the quartos; the folio has, "the poet makes," &c.

[d] Look you,—] These words are found only in the quartos.

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pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines[a] ought to be used.

PIST. Die and be damn'd; and *figo*[b] for thy friendship!

FLU. It is well.

PIST. The fig of Spain![c] [*Exit* PISTOL.

FLU. Very goot.

GOW. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

FLU. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

GOW. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut,(3) and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

FLU. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.[d]

FLU. Got pless your majesty!

K. HEN. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

FLU. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you,

[a] To executions; for disciplines, &c.] In the folio, to *execution;* for *discipline*, &c. As Mr. Knight both here and in other instances in the present scene has adopted, though silently, the reading of the quartos, it is not uncharitable to suppose that his objection to such a proceeding on the part of his brother-editors was a little more strongly expressed than felt.

[b] *And* figo *for thy friendship!*] This is simply "a *fig* for thy friendship;" as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I. Sc. 3, he says, "A *fico* for the phrase;" there is no allusion apparently to the loathsome gesticulation mentioned in note (c), p. 214, Vol. I.

[c] The fig of Spain!] From the corresponding passage in the quartos,—"the fig of Spain *within thy jaw*," and "the fig within thy *bowels and thy dirty maw*,"—Pistol obviously refers here to the custom of administering poisoned figs, which appears to have been but too common both in Spain and Italy at one time:—

> "It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd
> To sup sometimes with a magnifico,
> And have a *fico* foisted in thy dish."
>
> GASCOIGNE'S *Poems.*

Where a quibble was perhaps intended between magni*fico* and *fico*. So also in "Vittoria Corombona":—

> "I look now for a *Spanish fig*, or an Italian sallad daily."

[d] *And Soldiers.*] The folio has, "*Enter the King and his poor souldiers.*"

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and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. HEN. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLU. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red: but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. HEN. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter* MONTJOY.

MONT. You know me by my habit.

K. HEN. Well then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

MONT. My master's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

MONT. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. HEN. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONT. Montjoy.

K. HEN. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment:[a] for, to say the sooth,
(Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;

[a] Impeachment:] *Hindrance.*

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My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before,[a] tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy. (4)
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.

GLO. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.—*The* French *Camp, near* Agincourt.

*Enter the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* DUKE OF ORLEANS, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* LORD RAMBURES, *and others.*

CON. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!

ORL. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning?

DAU. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high-constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

ORL. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

DAU. What a long night is this!——I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.[b] *Ça, ha!** He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches

(*) Old copy, *ch, ha'*.

[a] Yet, God before,—] See note ([b]), page 14.

[b] *On four* pasterns.] So the folio, 1632, correcting the error of its predecessor, which has, *postures*.

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it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAU. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse, and all other jades[a] you may call—beasts.

CON. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAU. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, cousin.

DAU. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*—

ORL. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAU. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

DAU. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

CON. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAU. So, perhaps, did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

DAU. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

CON. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAU. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs: I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CON. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAU. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his[b] own hair.

CON. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAU. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou makest use of any thing.

CON. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

RAM. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night,—are those stars, or suns, upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

[a] *And all other* jades *you may call—beasts.*] *Jade*, it may be noticed, was not invariably applied to a horse in a depreciatory sense.

[b] His *own hair.*] So the folio. In the quartos we have, "*her* own hair." *His* may have been used for the impersonal pronoun, *its*.

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DAU. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON. And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour, some were away.

CON. Even as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

DAU. Would I were able to load him with his desert!—Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CON. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAM. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CON. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

DAU. 'T is midnight, I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

ORL. The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAM. He longs to eat the English.

CON. I think he will eat all he kills.

ORL. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

CON. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORL. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

CON. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.[a]

ORL. He never did harm that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

ORL. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

ORL. What 's he?

CON. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

ORL. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

CON. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.[b]

ORL. *Ill-will never said well.*

CON. I will cap that proverb with—*There is flattery in friendship.*[c]

ORL. And I will take up that with—*Give the devil his due.*

CON. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb, with—*A pox of the devil.*

ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—*A fool's bolt is soon shot.*

CON. You have shot over.

ORL. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

[a] *He will* still be doing.] He will *always* be doing. This was a familiar saying; *doing* being used equivocally.

[b] 'T is a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.] The allusion is to the ordinary action of a hawk when unhooded, which is to beat and flutter with its wings; but a quibble may be intended between *bate*, the hawking technical, and *bate*, to *dwindle*, *abate*, &c.

[c] *There is* flattery *in friendship.*] The usual form of the proverb is, "There is *falsehood* in friendship."

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*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. My lord high-constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CON. Who hath measured the ground?

MESS. The lord Grandpré.

CON. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day! —Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

ORL. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

CON. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORL. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAM. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORL. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say,—that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CON. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

ORL. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then shall we find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

ORL. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHO. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly[a] sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd[b] face:

[a] Stilly *sounds*,—] That is, *gently*, *softly* sounds. The word recalls an illustration of "*still* music," which properly belonged to note (a), p. 516, Vol. I. but was there accidentally omitted, taken from "A true reportarie of the most triumphant and royal accomplishment of the Baptisme of the most excellent, right high and mightie Prince, Frederik Henry," &c. &c. 1594:—"After which ensued a *still* noyse of recorders and flutes"

[b] Umber'd face:] That is, *shadowed* face.

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Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights, (1)
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.*
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing[a] lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth† them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry,—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then,[b] mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night;[c]
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

(*) Old copy, *nam'd.* (†) Old copy, *Presented*

[a] Investing—] This has no meaning; might we read *Infestive?*

[b] Then, *mean and gentle all,*—] This is the reading adopted by Theobald; the folio having,—"*that* mean and gentle all," which, as "*mean and gentle all*" clearly refers to the audience, and not to the soldiers, must be an error.

[c] *In the* night;] Is it not more than probable the poet wrote, "in the *fight?*" We have already seen "a touch of Harry in the *night.*"

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*The* English *Camp at* Agincourt.

*Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. HEN. Gloster, 't is true, that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress[a] us fairly for our end:
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
ERP. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say—Now lie I like a king.
K. HEN. 'T is good for men to love their present pains;
Upon example so, the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.
GLO. We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* BEDFORD.
ERP. Shall I attend your grace?
K. HEN. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
ERP. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.
K. HEN. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

*Enter* PISTOL.

PIST. *Qui va là?*
K. HEN. A friend.

[a] Dress *us*—] That is, *prepare* us.

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PIST. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.
PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. HEN. Even so. What are you?
PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. HEN. Then you are a better than the king.
PIST. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;[a]
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. HEN. Harry *le Roy*.
PIST. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.
PIST. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. HEN. Yes.
PIST. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon saint David's day.
K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
PIST. Art thou his friend?
K. HEN. And his kinsman too.
PIST. The *figo* for thee, then!
K. HEN. I thank you: God be with you!
PIST. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness. [*Retires.*

*Enter* FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

GOW. Captain Fluellen!
FLU. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.[b] It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle, nor pibble-pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.
GOW. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.
FLU. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?
GOW. I will speak lower.
FLU. I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.
[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

[a] *An* imp of *fame;*] Primitively, *imp* means shoot, and here a *son*. Pistol applies the same expression to the King in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act. V. Sc. 5:—

"The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal *imp* of *fame*."

[b] *Speak* lower.] So the quarto 1608. That of 1600 reads *lewer;* while the folio has *fewer*. It is evident from Gower's reply, that *lower* is correct.

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K. HEN. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter* BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.[a]

COURT. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. HEN. A friend.

WILL. Under what captain serve you?

K. HEN. Under sir Thomas* Erpingham.

WILL. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. HEN. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. HEN. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. HEN. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

BATES. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. HEN. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

WILL. That 's more than we know.

BATES. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILL. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry

(*) Old copy, *John*.

[a] Bates, Court, and Williams.] The old stage-direction runs, "*Enter three souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*"

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all—We died at such a place; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. HEN. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived[a] murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle; war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILL. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

BATES. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. HEN. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

WILL. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. HEN. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

[a] Contrived *murder;*] *Plotted, preconcerted* murder. Thus, in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 2:—

> "Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience,
> To do no *contriv'd* murder."

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WILL. 'Mass,* you pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll *never trust his word after!* come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. HEN. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILL. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. HEN. I embrace it.

WILL. How shall I know thee again?

K. HEN. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILL. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. HEN. There.

WILL. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. HEN. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILL. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. HEN. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WILL. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. HEN. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason, to cut French crowns, and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king;—
We must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel, but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?[a]
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O adoration?[b]

(*) First folio omits, '*Mass*.

[a] Ceremony?] See note (c), p. 515, Vol. II.

[b] What is thy soul, O adoration?] The folio reads,—
"What? is thy Soule of Odoration?"
We adopt the easy emendation, proposed by Dr. Johnson, which gives a clear and forcible meaning to what, in the original, is inexplicable.



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Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful[a] bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

ERP. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. HEN. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.
ERP. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

[a] *Gets him to rest, cramm'd with* distressful *bread;*] Mr. Collier's remorseless annotator substitutes, "*distasteful* bread." If any change were needed, "*disrestful* bread" would be more in Shakespeare's manner; but "*distressful* bread," *the hard fare of poverty*, is strikingly expressive, and better than anything suggested in its stead.

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K. HEN. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if[a] the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still[b] for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER.

GLO. My liege!
K. HEN. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends,* and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The* French *Camp.*

*Enter the* DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

ORL. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!
DAU. *Montez à cheval;*—My horse! *varlet! lacquay!* ha!
ORL. O brave spirit!
DAU. *Via!—les eaux et la terre,*——
ORL. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu,*——
DAU. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.——

*Enter* CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord Constable!
CON. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

(*) First folio, *friend.*

[a] ——Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault, &c.]

In the second line, which the folio prints,—

"The sense of reck'ning *of* th' opposed numbers:"

Tyrwhitt first suggested *if* for *of;*—the reading we adopt. Mr. Singer and Mr. Knight exhibit the passage as follows:—

"—— Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!
Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day! Think not upon the fault," &c.

[b] *Sing* still *for Richard's soul.*] That is, sing *ever.*



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DAU. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout[a] them with superfluous courage. Ha!
RAM. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. The English are embattled, you French peers.
CON. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little-little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonance, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter* GRANDPRÉ.

GRAND. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, (1) desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,

[a] *And* dout *them with superfluous courage.*] Meaning, *do out, extinguish* them. The folio has "*doubt* them;" which Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer retain in the sense of *awe*, or *make them afraid.* Mr. Knight also reads *doubt*, although, in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 7,—

"I have a speech of fire that faine would blaze,
But that this folly *doubts* it;"—

he changes *doubts* to *douts*.

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And, in their pale dull mouths, the gimmal-bit[a]
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CON. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAU. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

CON. I stay but for my guard;[b] on, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The* English *Camp.*

*Enter the* English *Host;* GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

GLO. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

EXE. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
God buy'[c] you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

EXE. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,[d]
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit* SALISBURY.

BED. He is as full of valour, as of kindness,
Princely in both.

WEST. O that we now had here

[a] *The* gimmal-*bit*—] Spelt *Iymold*, in the old text. A bit in two parts; and so called from the Latin *gemellus*, *double* or *twinned*.

[b] *I stay but for my* guard; on, &c.] A correspondent of Mr. Knight's ingeniously suggests, what certainly seems called for by the context, that we ought to read,—

"I stay but for my *guidon*.—To the field!"

The emendation is enforced, too, by a passage in Holinshed, where, speaking of the French, he says,—"They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noblemen made such haste towards the battle, that they left many of their servants and *men of war* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay for their standards;* as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a standard."

[c] God buy' *you, princes all;*] *God buy'* is the same as our "Good-bye,"—a corruption of "*God be with you;*" and in this instance, for the sake of the metre, the old form of it should be retained.

[d] And yet I do thee wrong, &c.] The last two lines in this speech are annexed to the preceding one of Bedford in the folio: the present arrangement was suggested by Thirlby.

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*Enter* KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. HEN. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian: (2)
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,[a]
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,*
And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.[b]
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—[c]
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

(*) First folio, *neighbours.*

[a] He that outlives this day, and sees old age,—] This is from the quartos, and is surely preferable to the lection of the folio:—

"He that shall see this day, and live old age."

[b] And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.] This line is found only in the quartos.

[c] *Familiar in* their mouths *as household words,*—] So the quartos. In the folio the line runs,—

"Familiar in *his mouth* as household words."

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This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:[a]
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.

*Re-enter* SALISBURY.

SAL. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
WEST. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!
K. HEN. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
WEST. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone!
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. HEN. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter* MONTJOY.

MONT. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers, of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. HEN. Who hath sent thee now?
MONT. The constable of France.
K. HEN I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt

[a] Shall gentle his condition:] "King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and publick meetings."—TOLLET.

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Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass[a] of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,*
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly;—Tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONT. I shall, king Harry. And so, fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. I fear thou wilt once more come again for ransom.[b]

*Enter the* DUKE OF YORK.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. HEN. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter* PISTOL, French Soldier, *and* Boy.

PIST. Yield, cur!

(*) Old text, *crasing.*

[a] *Shall witness live in brass*—] The effigy, engraved on brass, of John Leventhorp, Esq., one of the heroes of Agincourt, who died in 1433, still remains in Sawbridgeworth church, Herts.

[b] I fear thou wilt once more come again for ransom.] This is not in the quartos; and the folio has,—

"I fear thou wilt once more come again for *a* ransom."

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FR. SOL. *Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

PIST. *Quality! cality!* construe me,[a] art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss!

FR. SOL. *O seigneur Dieu!*

PIST. *O signieur Dew* should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[b]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

FR. SOL. *O, prennez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

PIST. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim[c] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

FR. SOL. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*

PIST. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

FR. SOL. *O pardonnez-moi!*

PIST. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

BOY. *Ecoutez; comment etes-vous appelé?*

FR. SOL. *Monsieur le Fer.*

BOY. He says, his name is—master Fer.

PIST. *Master Fer!* I 'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY. I do not know the French for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *firk*.

PIST. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

BOY. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*

[a] *Quality! cality!* construe me, art thou a gentleman?] In the folio (the line is not found in the quartos) this is printed,—"*Qualitie calmie custure me.*" Malone, having met with "A Sonet of a Lover in the Praise of his Lady, to *Calen o custure me*, sung at every line's end," concluded that the incomprehensible jargon of the folio was nothing else than this very burden, and he accordingly gave the line,—

"Quality? Calen o custure me."

Subsequently, Boswell discovered that "Callino, castore me" is an old Irish song, still preserved in Playford's "Musical Companion." The line is now, therefore, usually printed,—

"*Quality? Callino, castore me!*"

This solution of the difficulty is certainly curious and very captivating; but to us the idea of Pistol holding a prisoner by the throat and quoting the fag end of a ballad at the same moment, is too preposterous, and in default of any better explanation of the mysterious syllables, we have adopted that of Warburton.

[b] *On point of* fox,—] The modern editors all agree in informing us that "*Fox* was an old cant word for a sword;" but why a sword was so called none of them appears to have been aware. The name was given from the circumstance that Andrea Ferrara, and, since his time, other foreign sword-cutlers, adopted a fox as the blade-mark of their weapons. Swords, with a running-fox rudely engraved on the blades, are still occasionally to be met with in the old curiosity-shops of London.

[c] *For I will fetch thy* rim *out at thy throat,*—] *Rim* was a term formerly used, not very definitively, for a part of the intestines; but Pistol's *rim* (the folio spells it *rymme*) was, perhaps, as Mr. Knight conjectured, no more than a word coined for the nonce in mimickry of the Frenchman's guttural pronunciation.

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PIST. *Oui, coupe le gorge, par ma foi, pesant,*
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FR. SOL. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*

PIST. What are his words?

BOY. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

PIST. Tell him my fury shall abate,
And I the crowns will take.

FR. SOL. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

BOY. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

FR. SOL. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remercimens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

PIST. Expound unto me, boy.

BOY. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, (as he thinks,) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

PIST. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me! [*Exit* PISTOL.

BOY. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exit* French Soldier.
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;(3) and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter the* DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, *and others.*

CON. *O diable!*

ORL. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu*

DAU. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O méchante fortune!*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

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Let's die in honour:[a] once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave,* no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.†

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame.[b]

ORL. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short: else, shame will be too long! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter* KING HENRY *and Forces;* EXETER, *and others.*

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

EXE. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXE. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled o'er,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And‡ cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear*§ *cousin Suffolk!*
*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:*
*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,*
*As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,*
*We kept together in our chivalry!*
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*
*Commend my service to my sovereign.*
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

(*) First folio, *whilst a base slave.* (†) First folio, *contaminated.*
(‡) First folio, *He.* (§) First folio, *my.*

[a] Let's die in honour:] In the folio, the passage stands,—
"*Let us dye in once more backe againe.*"
The reading of the text, which was suggested by Mr. Knight, is supported by a line in the corresponding scene of the quartos:—
"*Let's dye with honor*, our shame doth last too long."

[b] Unto these English, or else die with fame.] This line is not in the folio.

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He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. HEN. I blame you not
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful* eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners; (4)
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter* FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

FLU. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can pe offered; in your conscience now, is it not?

GOW. 'Tis certain, there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

FLU. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: what call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was porn?

GOW. Alexander the great.

FLU. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

GOW. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLU. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you sall find, in the comparisons petween Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; put it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river: put 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in poth. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also peing a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

(*) Old text, *mistful.*

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Act IV. Sc. 7.

GOW. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

FLU. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end* and finished. I speak put in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, peing in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, peing in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

GOW. Sir John Falstaff.

FLU. That is he: I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

GOW. Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum. Enter* KING HENRY, *with a part of the* English *Forces;* WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. HEN. I was not angry since I came to France,
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

EXE. Here comes the Herald of the French, my liege.

GLO. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*Enter* MONTJOY.

K. HEN. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONT. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book[a] our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men,—
For many of our princes (woe the while!)

(*) First folio omits, *an end*,

[a] *To book our dead*,—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads "to *look* our dead," which is at least a very plausible emendation. Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"Mistress Page and I *will look some linen* for your head."

Again, in "As You Like it," Act II. Sc. 5,—

"He hath been all this day *to look you*."

And again, in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act III. Sc. 6,—

"I must go *look my twigs*."

*To book our dead*, was, however, we have no doubt, the poet's phrase.

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Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their* wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. HEN. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

MONT. The day is yours.

K. HEN. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

MONT. They call it—Agincourt.

K. HEN. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do pelieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. HEN. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLU. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. HEN. Thanks, good my countryman.†

FLU. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised pe God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. HEN. God‡ keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY, *and others.*

EXE. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. HEN. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

WILL. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. HEN. An Englishman?

WILL. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me

(*) Old text, *with.* (†) First folio, *countrymen.* (‡) First folio, *Good.*

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last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. HEN. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. HEN. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLU. Though he pe as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Pelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he pe perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. HEN. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WILL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. HEN. Who servest thou under?

WILL. Under captain Gower, my liege.

FLU. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. HEN. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILL. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

FLU. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has put two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; put I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. HEN. Knowest thou Gower?

FLU. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. HEN. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLU. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE VIII.—*Before* King Henry's *Pavilion.*

*Enter* GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

WILL. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter* FLUELLEN.

FLU. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILL. Sir, know you this glove?

FLU. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILL. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

FLU. 'Splud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

GOW. How now, sir? you villain!

WILL. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLU. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILL. I am no traitor.

FLU. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter* WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

WAR. How now! how now! what's the matter?

FLU. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter* KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. HEN. How now! what's the matter?

FLU. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLU. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, peggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it.
'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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WILL. All offences, my liege,* come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. HEN. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelvepence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and I warrant you, it is the better for you.

WILL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an* English Herald.

K. HEN. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

HER. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*

K. HEN. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXE. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high-constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dauphin;

(*) First folio, my *Lord.*



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John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!——
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

EXE. 'T is wonderful!

K. HEN. Come, go we* in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

FLU. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. HEN. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. HEN. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*. (5)
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHO. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,

(*) First folio, *me.*

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Athwart the sea: behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, and* wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler (1) 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword,
Before him through the city, he forbids it;
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him?[a] much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home,
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'t is past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—France. *An* English *Court of Guard.*

*Enter* FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

GOW. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? saint Davy's day is past.

FLU. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all

(*) Old copy omits, *and.*

[a] To welcome him?] See the Preliminary Notice.



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things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower;—the rascally, scald, peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to pe no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will pe so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

GOW. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLU. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.

*Enter* PISTOL.

Got pless you, auncient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

PIST. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; pecause, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your disgestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PIST. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

FLU. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*
Will you pe so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

PIST. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU. You say very true, scald knave,—when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, *mountain-squire;* put I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOW. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

FLU. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

PIST. Must I bite?

FLU. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ampiguities.

PIST. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat,—I swear—

FLU. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear py.

PIST. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

FLU. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

PIST. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is goot:—hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

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PIST. Me a groat!

FLU. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PIST. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLU. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall pe a woodmonger, and puy nothing of me put cudgels. Got pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

PIST. All hell shall stir for this!

GOW. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

PIST. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell * is dead i' the spittal
Of † malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,‡
And swear, § I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Troyes *in* Champagne. *An Apartment in the* French King's *Palace.*

*Enter at one door,* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords; *at another,* KING CHARLES, QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, *&c. the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

K. CHA. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. ISA. So happy be the issue, brother England,‖

(*) Old copy, *Doll.*
(†) Old copy inserts, *a.*
(‡) First folio, *cudgeld scarres.*
(§) Old copy, *swore.*
(‖) First folio, *Ireland.*

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Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. HEN. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. ISA. You English princes all, I do salute you.

BUR. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours.
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas,
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory*
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all† uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children.
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire.

(*) Old copy, *femetary*. (†) Old copy, *withal*.

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And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HEN. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BUR. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. HEN. Well then, the peace, which you before so urg'd,
Lies in his answer.

K. CHA. I have but with a cursorary* eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. HEN. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. HEN. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and* ALICE.

K. HEN. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATH. Your majesty sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATH. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is—*like me*.

(*) First folio, *curselarie*.

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K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

KATH. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

ALICE. *Oui, vraiment, (sauf votre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. HEN. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATH. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. HEN. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE. *Oui;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is the princess.

K. HEN. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer: i' faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATH. *Sauf votre honneur,* me understand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No, it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of

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France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) *donc votre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATH. *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

K. HEN. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me, thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between saint Denis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH. I do not know dat.

K. HEN. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy: and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

KATH. Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better;—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your

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maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud,—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; (2) for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is, as it sall please de *roi mon père.*

K. HEN. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

K. HEN. Upon that, I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

KATH. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. HEN. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour être baisées devant leur nôces, il n' est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. HEN. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is *baiser en* English.

K. HEN. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. HEN. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. HEN. O, Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults,—as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter* KING CHARLES *and* QUEEN ISABEL, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* English Lords.

BUR. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

BUR. Is she not apt?

K. HEN. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery

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about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

BUR. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. HEN. Yet they do wink, and yield,—as love is blind and enforces.

BUR. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. HEN. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BUR. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. HEN. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BUR. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. HEN. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

K. CHA. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never* entered.

K. HEN. Shall Kate be my wife?

K. CHA. So please you.

K. HEN. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

K. CHA. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. HEN. Is it so, my lords of England?

WEST. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then,† in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

EXE. Only, he hath not subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands, that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French—*Notre très cher fils Henri roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus*[a] *filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

(*) Old copy omits, *never.* (†) Old copy omits, *then.*

[a] *Notre* très cher *fils,——and thus in Latin,*—Præclarissimus filius—] In the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is correctly styled *Præcarissimus;* the mistake, however, did not originate with Shakespeare, it occurs in Holinshed as well as in previous historians

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K. CHA. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.
K. HEN. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.
K. CHA. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.
ALL. Amen!
K. HEN. Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness, all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*
Q. ISA. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction[a] of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!
ALL. Amen!
K. HEN. Prepare we for our marriage;—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown: and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *The* paction *of these kingdoms,*—] The old text has *Pation*, which was altered by Theobald.

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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) Scene II.—*Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers.*] This speech is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed; and as it may interest the reader to observe the facility with which Shakespeare converted prose into verse, we subjoin a few parallel lines.

| HOLINSHED. | SHAKESPEARE. |
|---|---|
| *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,* | *In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,* |
| that is to saye, lette not women succeede in the land Salique, | *No woman shall succeed in Salique land:* |
| whiche the French glosers expound to bee the Realme of France, and that this law | Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze |
| was made by King Pharamond, | To be the realm of France, and Pharamond |
| wheras yet their owne authors affirme, | The founder of this law and female bar. |
| that the land Salique is in Germanie, | Yet their own authors faithfully affirm, |
| between the rivers of Elbe and Sala, | That the land Salique is in Germany, |
| and that when Charles the great had overcome the Saxons, | Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe: |
| hee placed there certaine Frenshmen, | Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons, |
| which having in disdeine | There left behind and settled certain French; |
| the dishonest maners of the Germain women, | Who, holding in disdain the German women, |
| made a lawe, that the females should not succeede | For some dishonest manners of their life, |
| to anye inheritance within that lande. | Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female |
| | Should be inheritrix in Salique land. |

(2) Scene II.—

*—— the Lady Lingare,*
*Daughter to Charlemain.*]

"By Charles the Great is meant the Emperor Charlemagne, son of Pepin: Charlemain is Charlechauve, or Charles the Bald, who, as well as Charles le Gros, assumed the title of Magnus. See Goldasti Animadversiones in Einhardum. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then Charlechauve had only one daughter, named Judith, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our king Ethelwulf, and carried off, after his death, by Baldwin the Forester, afterwards Earl of Flanders, whom it is very certain Hugh Capet was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This Judith, indeed, had a great grand-daughter, called Luitgarde, married to a Count Wichman, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of Charlemagne's fifth wife; but no such female as Lingare is to be met with in any French historian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to 'fine a title with some show of truth,' which 'in pure truth was corrupt and naught.' It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:—

——— to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,
Might waste the memory of the former days."

Ritson.

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(3) Scene II.—

*Whiles his most mighty father on a hill*
*Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp*
*Forage in blood of French nobility.*]

Alluding to the battle of Cressy, fought 26th August, 1346: the incident in the text is thus described by Holinshed:—"The earle of Northampton, and others sent to the king, *where he stood aloft on a windmill hill*, requiring him to advance forward, and come to their aid, they being as then sore laid to of their enimies. The king hereupon demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, (said the knight that brought the message,) but he is sore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive, for I will that this iournie be his, with the honor thereof. With this answer the knight returned, which greatlie incouraged them to doo their best to win the spurs, being half abashed in that they had so sent to the king for aid. * * * The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable."

(4) Scene II.—

*For government, though high, and low, and lower,*
*Put into parts, doth keep in one concent.*]

*Concent*, a term in music, signifies consonance of harmony; whence we use *consent* to express, by metaphor, *concord* or *agreement*. The foundation of the simile, Theobald conjectured, was borrowed from Cicero's "De Republica," lib. ii.; but, as a correspondent of Mr. Knight's suggests, the thought was more probably derived from a passage in the fourth book of Plato's "Republic:"—"It is not alone wisdom and strength which make a state simply wise and strong, but it (Order), like that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throughout the whole state, making both the weakest and the strongest, and the middling people concent the same melody." Again: "The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three chords, the octave, the bass, and the fifth."

(5) Scene II.—

——— *this mock of his*
*Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones.*]

One of the most familiar charges of armorial ensigns is the circular figure called a Roundle, the name of which, in English heraldry, varies according to the metal or colour of which it is composed. Black Roundles are call Pellets, Ogresses, or Gun-stones, the first and last of which terms readily convey the idea of shot for ordnance; and the second is supposed to be derived from the mediæval Latin word *Agressus*, which was considered to be synonymous with the old French *Agresser*, to attack. The ancient use of stone-shot for cannon, before the introduction of iron balls, both explains the reason why these roundles were always black, and also discovers a stern concealed satire in this line of Henry's speech. Tennis balls were covered with white leather, but gun-stones became black from being discoloured by the powder and smoke of the cannon. And such a change Henry hints that he would certainly effect. In illustration of this passage Steevens quotes "The Brut of England," in which it is said that, when Henry the Fifth, before Hare-flewe, received a taunting message from the Dauphin of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tennis-balls for *The Dolfyn* (Henry's ship) in alle the haste that they might; and they were great *gunne-stones* for the Dolfyn to playe withall. But this game at tennis was too rough for the besieged, when Henry played at the tennis with his hard gunne-stones." The provision of this kind of ammunition, made by the king, is mentioned by Grose in his "History of the English Army," i. p. 400, as stated in a writ directed to the Clerk of the Ordnance and John Bonet, mason, of Maidstone, to cut 7,000 stone-shot in the quarries at that place. As Henry's gun-stones were all to be transported across the sea, they were probably not very large; but when Mahomet the Second besieged Constantinople in 1453, he battered the walls with stone-shot, and some of his pieces were of the calibre of 1,200 lbs.; but they could not be fired more than four times in the day. The well-known circumstance of the tennis-balls, which Shakespeare has introduced into this scene, is noticed by several contemporaneous historians; but the probability of it is questioned by Hume. For an examination into the truth of the story, see Sir N. H. Nicolas's "History of the Battle of Agincourt," pp. 8—13.

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## ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—*Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!*] The *Iceland*, or *Island* dog, as the name is often spelt by our old authors, was a shag-haired animal, imported in great numbers from Iceland, which it was the fashion for ladies to carry about with them.—"Use and custome hath entertained other Dogs of an Outlandish kinde, but a few and the same being of a pretty bigness, I mean *Island Dogs*, curled and rough all over, which by reason of the length of their hair make shew neither of face nor of body: And yet these Curs, forsooth, because they be so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and many times in the room of the Spaniel gentle or comforter."*—Topsel's *History of Four-footed Beasts*, 1658.

It is mentioned in the play of "Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks," 1611:—

> "——— you shall have jewels,
> A baboon, a parrot, and an *Iceland dog*."

And again in the Masque of "Britannia Triumphans," 1636:—

> "——— she who hath been bred to stand
> Near chair of queen, with *Island shock* in hand."

(2) Scene III.—*'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child.*] The *chrisom*, so called from *chrism*, the holy oil which was anciently used in baptism, was a white cloth, placed on the child's head, and always worn by it for seven days afterwards. After the Reformation the sacred oil was no longer used, but the *chrisom* was retained, the child wearing it until the purification of the mother by the rite of churching. If an infant died before this latter ceremony, the *chrisom* formed its shroud, from which circumstance, probably, children, in the old bills of mortality, are denominated *chrisoms*.

(3) Scene III.—*'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide.*] The opinion that animals, more particularly man, die only at the ebb of tide is of great antiquity, and was not peculiar to the profane vulgar. In the short chapter in which Pliny notices the marvels of the sea, he says that Aristotle affirms "that no living creature dieth but in the reflux and ebb of the sea. This is much observed in the Gallic Ocean, but is found true, in experience, only as to man."—*Hist. Nat.*, lib. ii. c. xcviii. Dr. Mead, in his Tract, *On the Influence of the Sun and Moon on Bodies*, originally published in 1704, chap. ii., enters into an elaborate examination of this question, in which, having shown the moon's power over the tides when new and full, he illustrates his inquiry by several cases, ancient and modern, of great and fatal changes having taken place at those periods. If, at the present day, any importance is to be attributed to those seasons as critical times, it is probably on the principle that a great external disturbance, whether meteorological or otherwise, unduly excites and quickens the nervous-action, to bring on a more rapid crisis; and, in the case of dying persons, unnaturally agitates and expends those vital powers which were already nearly exhausted.

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## ACT III.

(1) Scene V.—*And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos.*] *Lavolta*, a dance of Italian origin, appears by the description given of it in Thoinot Arbeau's "Orchesographie," and in Florio's "*World of Words*," to have somewhat resembled the modern "Polka." It is frequently mentioned by our earlier writers, and was evidently much n v ogue about Shakespeare's time:—

> "So may you see by two *Lavalto* danced,
> Who face to face about the house do hop;
> And when one mounts, the other is advanced,
> At once they move, at once they both do stop."
> *An old-fashioned Love.* Poem by J. T. 1594.

* This description we find Topsel has borrowed from Abraham Fleming's translation of "Caius de Canibus," 1576, "Of English Dogges."

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"Yet there is one the most delightfull kind,
A loftie iumping or a leaping round,
Where arme in arme, two dauncers are entwin'd,
And whirle themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an Anapest do sound:
An Anapest is all their musick's song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."
*Orchestra*, by SIR JOHN DAVIES, 1622. Stanza 70.

The *Coranto* has been already spoken of as a dance characterised by the spirit and rapidity of its movements. See note (b), p. 512, Vol. II. It is thus described in Davies' "Orchestra:"—

"What shall I name those currant travases,
That on a triple Dactile foot doe runne
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that Dauncer greatest praise hath wonne:
Which with best order can all orders shunne:
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turne and wind, with unexpected change."
Stanza 69.

(2) SCENE VI.—

*Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;*
*For he hath stol'n a pax.*]

It was customary, in the early Church, for Christians, in conformity with the words of St. Paul, to "salute one another with a holy kiss." This ceremony appears to have obtained until about the twelfth or thirteenth century, when, for some reason not clearly defined, the laity (for the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church still practise it at High Mass,) were required to kiss, instead, an instrument called indifferently a *pax*, a *tabula pacis*, or an *osculatorium*. This was a small plate of metal, precious or otherwise, according to circumstances, having a religious subject engraved upon its surface, generally a representation of the crucifixion; and the proper time for using it was at that part of the mass just before the communion, where the priest recites the prayer for peace.

The *pax* itself became disused in its turn, owing, it is said, to certain jealousies about precedence, an irregularity rebuked by Chaucer's "Persone:"—"And yit is ther a prive spice of pride, that wayteth first to be saluet er he saliewe, al be he lasse worth than that other is, paradventure; and eek wayteth or desireth to sitte above him, or to go above him in the way, or *kisse the pax*, or ben encensed, or gon to the offringe biforn his neighebore." Nevertheless, the use of the *pax* was not at first abrogated at the Reformation in England, but, on the contrary, enforced by the Royal Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Edward VI.

The act of sacrilege which Shakespeare has fathered upon Bardolph agrees in the main with Holinshed's statement:—"That a folish soldiour stale a pixe out of a churche, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the box was restored, and the offender strangled."

The elder commentators thought it necessary to reconcile Shakespeare's text with Holinshed, by reading *pix* instead of *pax;* but without reason, as the alteration was most likely deliberate on the part of the poet. The *pix* was a sacred vessel, made sometimes of precious metal, but more usually of copper gilt, and intended to receive the consecrated host for conveyance to the sick. Shakespeare might well shrink from bringing anything of this nature in contact with Falstaff's worthless old retainer.

We may add that the first line of Pistol's speech—

"Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him"—

conveys an allusion to the famous old ballad, "Fortune my Foe,"—

"*Fortune my Foe*, why dost thou *frown on me?*"

See note (3), p. 414, Vol. II.

(3) SCENE VI.—*A beard of the general's cut.*] Not the least odd among the fantastic fashions of our forefathers, was the custom of distinguishing certain professions and classes by the cut of the beard: thus we hear, *inter alia*, of the *bishop's-beard*, the *judge's-beard*, the *soldier's-beard*, the *citizen's-beard*, and even the *clown's-beard*. The peculiar shape appropriated to the Bench we have failed to discover: but Randle Holme tells us, "the *broad* or *cathedral* beard [is] so called because bishops and gown-men of the church anciently did wear such beards." By the military man, the cut adopted was known as the *stiletto* or the *spade*:—"he [the barber] descends as low as his beard, and

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asketh whether he please to be shaven or no? whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, amiable, like an *inamorato*, or broade pendante, like a *spade*, to be terrible, *like a warrior and soldado?*"—GREENE's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592.

The beard of the citizen was usually worn *round*, as Mrs. Quickly describes it, "like a glover's paring-knife;" and that of the clown was left bushy or untrimmed:—

> "Next the *clown* doth out-rush,
> With the beard of *the bush*."
> Old ballad, quoted by Malone from a Miscellany, entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660.

For additional particulars on the subject of beards, consult F. W. Fairholt's "Costume in England." Lond. 1846.

(4) SCENE VI.—

> *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*
> *Go, bid thy master well advise himself.*
> *If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,*
> *We shall your tawny ground with your red blood*
> *Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.*]

The embassy here referred to, and even the words of Henry on that occasion, are taken from the following passage in Holinshed. Thirty of the French King's council "agreed that the Englishmen should not depart unfought withall, and five were of a contrary opinion; but the greater number ruled the matter: and so Montjoy, King at Armes, was sent to the King of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie advisedlie answered, 'Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God. I will not seeke your maister at this time; but if he or his seeke me I will meete with them God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Callis, at their jeopardie be it: and yet wish I not anie of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawnie ground with your red blood.' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward and monie to depart."

It has been supposed that many of the English nobility retained heralds in their households, who bore their names, and proclaimed their titles, even before the reign of Edward III. when Heraldry and officers of arms began to rise into the greatest eminence. Both the private heralds and the royal heralds received regular stipends, and wore surcoats or tabards embroidered with the armorial ensigns of their patrons; and considerable gratuities or largesses were at one period given to them at all ceremonials in which they performed any duty, either for the king or the nobility. These consisted of coronations, creations of peers and knights, embassies, displaying of banners in the field or at tournaments, processions and progresses, great banquets, baptisms, and funerals; the annual festivals of the Church, and the enthronisation of prelates. Some notion of the amount of these fees is supplied by a record of the reign of Richard II. of the dues and largesses anciently accustomed to be paid to the Kings of Arms and Heralds on such occasions, printed in the Rev. James Dallaway's *Inquiries into the Origin and Progress of Heraldry in England*, p. 142—148.

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## ACT IV.

CHORUS.

(1)

> *The armourers, accomplishing the knights,*
> *With busy hammers closing rivets up,*
> *Give dreadful note of preparation.*]

The din of preparation before battle has always been a favourite theme of poets. Chaucer has a passage much resembling the above, which Shakespeare probably remembered:—

> "Ther fomen steedes, on the golden bridel
> Gnawyng, *and faste armurers also*
> *With fyle and hamer prikyng to and fro.*"
> *The Knightes Tale*, l. 2508.

To both descriptions some poetical licence must be accorded; and it is difficult to repress a smile at the gravity with which the commentators assume they are to be construed



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literally. Doubtless, in actual warfare, armour frequently wanted repair; but surely the poor knight had enough to endure in his cumbrous equipment without being made a blacksmith's anvil. No such necessity is recognised in any of the instructions "how to arme a man," still extant. From these we learn, that about Henry the Fifth's time, when plate armour had superseded chain mail, the "accomplishing" a knight consisted in first encasing him in garments of leather or fustian, fitting tight to the person and padded. The arming then began at the feet, and was continued gradually upward, each piece being fastened by "points," *i.e.* laces with tags at the end, or buckles and leather straps. The last thing fixed was the bascinet, or steel skull cap, which was "pynned upon two grete staples before the breste," and rendered firm by "a double bocle," or two buckles and straps "behynde upon the back."*

Thus it is apparent that arming a knight for battle or tourney, although a tedious business, was yet one simply and easily performed, and necessarily so, or the wounded man might die before he could be unharnessed. When Arcite is injured by a fall from his steed, Chaucer tells us that,—

> "——— he was y-born out of the place
> With herte sore, to Theseus paleys,
> Tho *was he corven out of his harneys.*"
> *The Knightes Tale*, l. 2696.

*i. e.* cut out of his armour, meaning that the laces which held it together were cut, for greater expedition.

(1) Scene II.—

> *Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?*
> *Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,*
> *Ill-favour'dly become the morning field.*]

The miserable condition of the English army previous to the battle is feelingly depicted by Holinshed:—

"The Englishemen were brought into great misery in this iorney, their victuall was in maner spent, and nowe coulde they get none; for their enimies had destroied all the corne before they came: Reste coulde they none take, for their enimies were ever at hande to give them alarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freesed: of fewell there was great scarsitie, but of fluxes greate plenty: money they hadde ynoughe, but wares to bestowe it uppon, for their reliefe or comforte, hadde they little or none."

(2) Scene III.—*The feast of Crispian.*] Of the martyrs Crispin and Crispinian, whose festival was formerly kept with especial honour in France on the 25th of October, the "Golden Legende" says,—

"In the tyme whan the furyous persecucyon of crysten men was vnder Dyoclesyan and Maxymyan toogydre regnynge, Cryspyn and Cryspynyan borne at Rome of noble lygnage came with the blessyd sayntes Quyntyn, Faustyan, and Victoryn vnto Parys in Fraunce; and they there chese dyverse places for to preche the fayth of Cryste. Cryspyn and Cryspynyan came to the cyte of Suessyon [Soissons] and chosen that cyte for the place of theyr pylgrymage where they folowed the steppes of saynt Poule the appostle, that is to saye, To laboure with theyr hondes for to provyde to them necessaryly to lyve, and exercysed the craft of makynge of shoes. In whiche craft they passed other and toke by constraynt no reward of no body, wherefore the gentyles and paynems overcome by love of them, not only for nede of the craft, but also for the love of God came oft to them and left the error of the ydollys and byleuyd in very God."

After a series of persecutions and torments, borne with great constancy, these saints "receyved the crowne of martyrdome on the x kalendes of Novembre," about the year 287.

(3) Scene IV.—*This roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.*] In the ancient religious dramas, called "Mysteries," the Devil was usually a very prominent personage. He was hideously apparelled; wore a mask with goggle eyes, wide mouth, and huge nose; had a red beard, horned head, cloven feet, and hooked nails to his fingers. He was generally armed with a massive club, stuffed with wool, which he laid about him, during the performance, on all within his reach. To frighten others, he was wont to bellow out, "Ho, ho, ho!" and when himself alarmed, he roared, "Out haro, out!" As these popular representations assumed a more secular tone, an addition was made to the *dramatis personæ*, in the

* Archeologia, xx. 505.

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shape of a character called the "*Vice*," (see note (5), p. 337, Vol. II.) whose chief humour consisted in belabouring the evil-one with a wooden lath or dagger similar to that employed by the modern Harlequin, in skipping on to his back, and, as a crowning affront, in pretending to *pare his nails*. Shakespeare again alludes to this last exploit in "Twelfth Night," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

> I 'll be with you again
> In a trice,
> Like to the old *vice*,
> Your need to sustain.
>
> Who with dagger of lath,
> In his rage and his wrath,
> Cries, ah, ha! to the devil.
> Like a mad lad,
> *Pare thy nails, dad*,
> Adieu, goodman devil."

(4) SCENE VI.—*Then every soldier kill his prisoners.*] "In the meane season, while the battaile thus continued, and that the englishemen had taken a greate number of prisoners, certayne frenchemen on horse back, whereof were capteines Robinet of Bornevill, Rifflart of Clamas, Isambert of Agincourt, and other men of armes, to the number of six hundred horssemen, which were the first that fled,—hearing that the english tents and pavilions were a good way distant from the army, without any sufficient gard to defend the same, either upon a covetous meaning to gaine by the spoile, or upon a desire to be revenged, entred upon the kings camp, and there spoiled the bales, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried away caskets, and slew suche servants as they founde to make any resistance. For the which acte they were after committed to prison, and had loste their lives, if the Dolphin had longer lived: for when the outcrye of the lackies and boys which ran away for feare of the frenchmen thus spoiling the campe, came to the kings eares, he doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe and begin a newe fielde; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would either be an aide to his enimies, or verie enimies to their takers in deed if they were suffred to live, contrary to his accustomed gentlenes, commanded by sound of trumpet, that every man (upon paine of death) should incontinently slaie his prisoner."—HOLINSHED.

(5) SCENE VIII.—*Let there be sung* "Non nobis," *and* "Te Deum."] The incidents referred to in the preceding passage appear to be the last for which Shakespeare was indebted to Holinshed in this play; as well as the last of the more serious parts of the noble dramatic history of the French wars of Henry V. "Aboute foure of the clocke in the after noone," says the old chronicler, deriving his information from the contemporaneous historian known by the name of Titus Livius,—"the king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his armie together, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie: causing his prelates and chapleins to sing this psalm, '*In Exitu Israel de Ægypto*,' and commanded everie man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, '*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomini Tuo da gloriam:*' which done, he caused 'Te Deum,' with certaine anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force, or anie humane power." In the English version Psalm cxiii. commences, "When Israel came out of Egypt," and the verse "*Non nobis*" forms the beginning of that following; answering to Psalms cxiv. cxv. of the ordinary Vulgate; though in the older psalters they are united into one. It will be remembered that Shakespeare has given to Henry a very fine paraphrase of the "*Non nobis*" in his speech on receiving the account of the loss sustained by both armies:—

> "——— O God, thy arm was here,
> And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all!"

The command which the king issues in his next speech:—

> "And be it death proclaimed through our host,
> To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
> Which is his only,"—

would appear to have been derived from the following very curious passage in Holinshed, though it really refers to Henry's entry into London. "The king, like a grave and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vaine pompe and shewes as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcom-



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ing home from so prosperous a journie; insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried before him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blowes and dints that were to be seene in the same: neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victorie, for that he would have the praise and thanks altogether given to God."

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In our Illustrative Comments on Act V. of "Richard II." we referred to this play our notice of the removal of the deposed king's body from Abbot's Langley to Westminster, in A.D. 1414. That ceremony appears to have been one of the earliest acts of Henry V. and he refers to it as an act of penitential restitution, in his speech immediately before the battle of Agincourt, Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"——— Not to-day, O Lord,
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

Shakespeare derived the materials of this speech partly from Holinshed, and partly from the contemporaneous chronicler Fabyan. The former historian says that "when the king had settled things much to his purpose, he caused the bodie of King Richard to be removed, with all funerall dignities convenient to his estate, from Langley to Westminster, where he was honourablie interred, with Queen Anne, his first wife, in a solemne toome, made and set up at the charges of this king. *Polychronicon* saith that after the bodie of the dead king was taken up out of the earth, this new king, happily tendering the magnificence of a prince, and abhorring obscure buriall, caused the same to be conveied to Westminster in a roiall seat or chaire of estate, covered all over with black velvet, and adorned with banners of divers armes round about." Fabyan adds that "after a solemne terrement there holden, he provided that fower tapers should bren day and night about his grave while the world endureth; and one day in the weeke a solempne *Dirige*, and upon the morowe a masse of *Requiem-song* by note: after which masse ended to be geven wekely unto the poore people an xis. and viii. pense, in pense. And upon the daye of his anniversary, after the saide masse of *Requiem-song*, to be yerely distributed for his soule, xx pounde in pense." But notwithstanding Holinshed's praise of the princely disposition which Henry V. exhibited towards the remains of Richard II. it seems to be almost certain that, so far as related to the translation of his body to Westminster, it was only restoring to him the occupation of his own sepulchre. His will proves that the tomb had been actually erected during his own life; and there are in Rymer's *Fœdera* two indentures made for its erection, between Richard and Henry Yevell and Stephen Lote, Citizens and Masons of London, and Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, Citizens and Coppersmiths.

There is but one other point requiring illustration, which refers to the meaning of Henry in saying "*More* will I do," in the way of satisfaction for the death of Richard II.: and a passage in the Chronicles of Monstrelet shews that, like his father, he designed another crusade. When Henry was informed that he could not live more than two hours, he "sent for his confessor, some of his household, and his chaplains, whom he ordered to chaunt the Seven Penitential Psalms. When they came to '*Benedic fac Domine*,' where mention is made of the '*Muri Hierusalem*,' (Psalm li. 18,) he stopped them, and said aloud that he had fully intended, after he had wholly subdued the realm of France to his obedience and restored it to peace, to have gone to conquer the kingdom of Jerusalem, if it had pleased his Creator to have granted him longer life." In the play also, in his courtship of the Princess Katharine, Act V. Sc. 2, Henry makes the following humorous reference to the same intention:—"Shall not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?"

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## ACT V.

### Chorus.

(1) *A mighty whiffler.*] The term is supposed by some to be derived from *whiffle*, a name for a *fife* or flute; and *whifflers*, Douce surmises, were originally those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers. Other authorities derive it from *whiffle*, to disperse as by a puff of wind, and affirm that a *whiffler*, in its original signification, meant a staff-bearer. In the old play of "Clyomen, Knight of the Golden Shield," &c. 1599, a *whiffler* presents himself at the tourney, clearing a passage for the king; and in Day's "Ile of Gulls," 1606, Miso says:—"And Manasses shall goe afore like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns."

(2) Scene II.—*Come, your answer in broken music.*] "Broken music," says Mr. Chappell, who was the first to explain the term, "means the music of stringed instruments, in contradistinction to those played by wind. The term originated probably from harps, lutes, and such other stringed instruments as were played without a bow, not having the capability to sustain a long note to its full duration of sound." See also *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 246.

Shakespeare quibbles on the expression in "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"Fair prince, here is good *broken* music;"

proving, as Mr. Chappell remarks, that the musicians on the stage were then performing on stringed instruments.

And again in "As You Like It," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides?"

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# CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"KING HENRY THE FIFTH is manifestly Shakspeare's favourite hero in English history: he paints him as endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, still disposed to innocent raillery, in the intervals between his perilous but glorious achievements. However, to represent on the stage his whole history subsequent to his accession to the throne, was attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished event of his reign; and war is an epic rather than a dramatic object. For wherever men act in masses against each other, the appearance of chance can never wholly be avoided; whereas it is the business of the drama to exhibit to us those determinations which, with a certain necessity, issue from the reciprocal relations of different individuals, their characters and passions. In several of the Greek tragedies, it is true, combats and battles are exhibited, that is, the preparations for them and their results; and in historical plays war, as the *ultima ratio regum*, cannot altogether be excluded. Still, if we would have dramatic interest, war must only be the means by which something else is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole. For instance, in *Macbeth*, the battles which are announced at the very beginning merely serve to heighten the glory of Macbeth and to fire his ambition: and the combats which take place towards the conclusion, before the eyes of the spectator, bring on the destruction of the tyrant. It is the very same in the Roman pieces, in the most of those taken from English history, and, in short, wherever Shakspeare has introduced war in a dramatic combination. With great insight into the essence of his art, he never paints the fortune of war as a blind deity who sometimes favours one and sometimes another; without going into the details of the art of war, (though sometimes he even ventures on this,) he allows us to anticipate the result from the qualities of the general, and their influence on the minds of the soldiers; sometimes, without claiming our belief for miracles, he yet exhibits the issue in the light of a higher volition: the consciousness of a just cause and reliance on the protection of Heaven give courage to the one party, while the presage of a curse hanging over their undertaking weighs down the other. In *Henry the Fifth* no opportunity was afforded Shakspeare of adopting the last-mentioned course, namely, rendering the issue of the war dramatic; but he has skilfully availed himself of the first.—Before the battle of Agincourt he paints in the most lively colours the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English King and his army in their desperate situation, coupled with their firm determination, if they must fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters; a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fulness of individual, characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honourable, but pedantic Welshman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects, are intended to show us that the warlike genius of Henry did not merely carry the English with him, but also the other natives of the two islands, who were either not

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yet fully united or in no degree subject to him. Several good-for-nothing associates of Falstaff among the dregs of the army either afford an opportunity for proving Henry's strictness of discipline, or are sent home in disgrace. But all this variety still seemed to the poet insufficient to animate a play of which the subject was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has, therefore, tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day *a chorus*) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night-piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind, that the peculiar grandeur of the actions described cannot be developed on a narrow stage, and that they must, therefore, supply, from their own imaginations, the deficiencies of the representation. As the matter was not properly dramatic, Shakspeare chose to wander in the form also beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing, as a poetical herald, what he could not represent to the eye, rather than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long descriptions in the mouths of the dramatic personages. The confession of the poet that "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed, can only disgrace the name of Agincourt," (a scruple which he has overlooked in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi,) brings us here naturally to the question how far, generally speaking, it may be suitable and advisable to represent wars and battles on the stage. The Greeks have uniformly renounced them: as in the whole of their theatrical system they proceeded on ideas of grandeur and dignity, a feeble and petty imitation of the unattainable would have appeared insupportable in their eyes. With them, consequently, all fighting was merely recounted. The principle of the romantic dramatists was altogether different: their wonderful pictures were infinitely larger than their theatrical means of visible execution; they were everywhere obliged to count on the willing imagination of the spectators, and consequently they also relied on them in this point. It is certainly laughable enough that a handful of awkward warriors in mock armour, by means of two or three swords, with which we clearly see they take especial care not to do the slightest injury to one another, should decide the fate of mighty kingdoms. But the opposite extreme is still much worse. If we in reality succeed in exhibiting the tumult of a great battle, the storming of a fort, and the like, in a manner any way calculated to deceive the eye, the power of these sensible impressions is so great that they render the spectator incapable of bestowing that attention which a poetical work of art demands; and thus the essential is sacrificed to the accessory. We have learned from experience, that whenever cavalry combats are introduced, the men soon become secondary personages beside the four-footed players. Fortunately, in Shakspeare's time, the art of converting the yielding boards of the theatre into a riding course had not yet been invented. He tells the spectators in the first prologue in *Henry the Fifth*:—

> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth.

When Richard the Third utters the famous exclamation,—

> A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

it is no doubt inconsistent to see him both before and afterwards constantly fighting on foot. It is however better, perhaps, that the poet and player should by overpowering impressions dispose us to forget this, than by literal exactness to expose themselves to external interruptions. With all the disadvantages which I have mentioned, Shakspeare and several Spanish poets have contrived to derive such great beauties from the immediate representation of war, that I cannot bring myself to wish they had abstained from it. A theatrical manager of the present day will have a middle course to follow: his art must, in an especial manner, be directed to make what he shows us appear only as separate groups of an immense picture, which cannot be taken in at once by the eye; he must convince the spectators that the main action takes place behind the stage; and for this purpose he has easy means at his com-

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mand in the nearer or more remote sound of warlike music and the din of arms.

"However much Shakspeare celebrates the French conquest of Henry, still he has not omitted to hint after his way, the secret springs of this undertaking Henry was in want of foreign war to secure himself on the throne; the clergy also wished to keep him employed abroad, and made an offer of rich contributions to prevent the passing of a law which would have deprived them of the half of their revenues. His learned bishops consequently are as ready to prove to him his indisputable right to the crown of France, as he is to allow his conscience to be tranquillized by them. They prove that the Salic law is not, and never was, applicable to France; and the matter is treated in a more succinct and convincing manner than such subjects usually are in manifestoes. After his renowned battles, Henry wished to secure his conquests by marriage with a French princess; all that has reference to this is intended for irony in the play. The fruit of this union, from which two nations promised to themselves such happiness in future, was the weak and feeble Henry VI., under whom every thing was so miserably lost. It must not, therefore, be imagined that it was without the knowledge and will of the poet that a heroic drama turns out a comedy in his hands, and ends in the manner of Comedy with a marriage of convenience."—SCHLEGEL.

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# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THIS charming dramatic pastoral was first printed, it is believed, in the folio, 1623. On the Stationers' Registers, however, is an entry, conjectured, with good reason, to belong to the year 1600, which may induce a different conclusion. It runs thus:—

> "4 Augusti.
> "As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every Man in his humor, a book. The Commedie of Much Adoo about Nothinge, a book. To be staied."

The object of the "stay," as Mr. Collier supposes, was no doubt to prevent the publication of these plays by any other booksellers than Wise and Apsley; and as the three other "books" were issued by them in a quarto form, probabilities are in favour of the fourth having been so published also. At all events, there are sufficient grounds for hope that a quarto edition may some day come to light. "As You Like It" is founded on Lodge's novel, entitled "Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacy," &c., 1590; which in turn was derived from the "Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," attributed to Chaucer, and sometimes printed in his works, though now very generally believed to be the work of another and much inferior hand.

The quotation, in Act III. Sc. 5, from Marlowe's poem of "Hero and Leander,"—

> "*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*"—

which appeared in 1598; the circumstance of its not being included in the list by Meres; and the memorandum above mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, have led Malone and others, we think rightly, to assign the composition of "As You Like It" to the year 1599.

In connexion with this comedy there is a tradition too pleasing to be forgotten. It is related, on the authority of the poet's brother Gilbert, who survived till after the Restoration of Charles II., that Shakespeare himself personated the faithful old Adam on the Stage. "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers," Oldys relates, "who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II.,

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would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities, which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects, that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him 'act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.'"

This description accords in all essential particulars with the introduction of Adam to the banished duke and his followers, at their sylvan banquet, in Act II. Sc. 7.

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## Persons Represented.

DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his Brother, and usurper of his Dominions.*

AMIENS, JAQUES, } *Gentlemen attending on the Exiled* Duke.

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon* Frederick.

OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *Sons of* Sir Roland de Bois.

ADAM, DENIS, } *Servants to* Oliver.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*

CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown, or Domestic Fool.*

CORIN, SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a Peasant, in love with* Audrey.

*The Representative of Hymen.*

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished* Duke.

CELIA, *Daughter to* Frederick.

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country wench.*

*Followers and Attendants on the two Dukes, Pages, Foresters, &c. &c.*

SCENE,—*First,* (*and in Act II. Sc.* 3.) *near* Oliver's *House; intermediately and afterwards, partly in the* Usurper's *Court, and partly in the Forest of* Arden.

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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—*An Orchard, adjoining* Oliver's *House.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed[a] me by will, but poor a[b] thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better: for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance[c] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM *retires.*

*Enter* OLIVER.

OLI. Now, sir! what make[d] you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

[a] Bequeathed me—] Some of the modern editions read, "*he* bequeathed me:" and it is not improbable that the pronoun was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor.

[b] *But* poor *a thousand crowns,*—] So the folio, 1623, but most editors have adopted the reading of the folio, 1632:—"*a poor* thousand crowns;" and those who adhere to the original have failed to produce a single instance of similar phraseology to support them. This is the more strange, since the idiom was at least as old as the time of Chaucer, and by no means uncommon:—

"And so I followed, till it me brought
To *right a* pleasaunt herber."
CHAUCER: *Flower and Leaf*, l. 49.

"At Leycester came to the Kynge *ryght a* fayre felawship of folks, to the nombar of three thousand men."—*Arrival of Edward IV.* p. 8.

"The Kynge * * * * travaylynge all his people, whereof were moo than three thousand foteman, that Fryday, which was *right-an-hot* day, thirty myle and more."—*Ibid.* p. 27.

[c] *His* countenance *seems to take from me:*] The commentators appear to have misunderstood this expression. It does not here import *aspect, carriage,* and the like, but *entertainment.* See note (a), p. 355, Vol. I.

[d] *What* make *you here?*] What *do* you here?

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ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[a]

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[b]

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Roland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is *old dog* my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Denis!

[a] Be naught awhile.] A proverbial phrase, equivalent to *a mischief on you.*

[b] *Come, come,* elder *brother,* you *are too* young *in this.*] The obscurity in this speech is at once cleared up by a passage in the original story:—"Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."—LODGE'S *Rosalynd,* p. 17 of reprint in *Shakespeare's Library.* Stung by the sarcastic allusion to his *reverence,* Oliver attempts to strike his brother, who seizes him, observing at the same time, "You are *too young* at this game of manly prowess; in this, I am the elder."

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*Enter* DENIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

OLI. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit* DENIS.]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she* would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What,—you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had

(*) First folio, *hee*.

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as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! (1) [*Exit.*

OLI. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle: never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I* were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CEL. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

(*) Old copy omits, *I.*

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ROS. What shall be our sport then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROS. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'T is true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest:[a] and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

CEL. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE.[b]

ROS. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiving* our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?[c]

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any;[d] or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

(*) First folio, *perceiveth.*

[a] Honest:] That is, *chaste.*

[b] TOUCHSTONE.] In the old copy he is called "Clown."

[c] How now, wit! whither wander you?] The beginning, probably, of some ancient ballad.

[d] By his honour, for he never had any;] This was an ancient gibe. Boswell quotes a passage in which it occurs, from the play of "Damon and Pithias," 1573:—

"I have taken a wise othe on him; have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is *an honest man* (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the Kinge
And breke his oth for this never a whit."

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CEL. Pr'ythee, who is 't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL.[a] My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him: you 'll be whipped for taxation,[b] one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true: for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes monsieur Le Beau.*

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then we shall be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

*Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau: what 's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport? of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decree.

CEL. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.[c]

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

ROS. Thou losest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

ROS. With bills on their necks,[d]—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,[e]——

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke

(*) First folio, *the Beu.*

[a] CELIA.] In the old copy, this speech is assigned to Rosalind, manifestly in error, since *Frederick* was the name of Celia's father. The correction is due to Theobald.

[b] Taxation,—] *Satire, invective, sarcasm.*

[c] *Laid on with* a trowel.] An old proverbial expression, which means, *laid on thickly*. We still say, when any one bespatters another with gross flattery, that he lays it on with a trowel.

[d] With bills on their necks,—] From a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the story whence Shakespeare derived the plot of this comedy:—"Rosader came pacing towardes them with his *forest bill on his neck*." Farmer conjectured, perhaps rightly, that these words originally formed part of Le Beau's speech.

[e] *Be it known*, &c.] Rosalind plays on the word *bills*, converting the forester's weapons into advertising bills, which, in Shakespeare's day, very commonly began with the phrase she quotes.

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three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third; yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken music[a] in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

DUKE F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROS. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men.* In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so; I'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses † call for you.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORL. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROS. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts;

(*) Old text, *man.* (†) Old text, *princesse.*

[a] Broken music—] See note (2), p. 85.



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wherein I confess me much guilty,[a] to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHA. Come; where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [ORLANDO *and* CHARLES *wrestle.*

ROS. O excellent young man!

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown.* (2) *Shout.*

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Roland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt* DUKE FRED. Train, *and* LE BEAU.

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be sir Roland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd sir Roland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

[a] Wherein I confess me much guilty,—] This is somewhat perplexed. Malone's gloss is:—"*Punish me not with your hard thoughts, which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur*, for denying such fair ladies any request."

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I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Shall we go, coz?

CEL. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain,(3) a mere lifeless block.

ROS. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz?

ROS. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Re-enter* LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,[a]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous;[b] what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

ORL. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this,—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the lower* is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

(*) Old text, *taller*.

[a] Condition,—] *Temper, frame of mind.*
[b] *The duke is* humorous;] *Humorous* here means *contrarious, perverse, capricious.*



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But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father.[a] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROS. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

ROS. I would try, if I could cry *hem* and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

CEL. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Roland's youngest son?

ROS. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly?

[a] For my child's father.] Thus the old text, which, as involving an "indelicate anticipation," is enervated in nearly all the modern editions into "for my father's child." The meaning is simply, as Theobald long ago explained it, "for him whom I hope to marry," and the idea and its expression are perfectly conformable to the freedom of thought and speech in Shakespeare's age. It is remarkable that Rowe, who first suggested, and all the editors who have since adopted, the prudish substitution of "my father's child," should have overlooked its obvious incompatibility with Rosalind's subsequent observation:—

"I would try, if I could cry *hem* and have *him*."

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By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[a] yet I hate not Orlando.

ROS. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CEL. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

ROS. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

DUKE F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

ROS. Me, uncle?

DUKE F. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROS. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

ROS. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood* depends.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROS. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord:
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,

(*) First folio, *likelihoods*.

[a] For my father hated his father dearly;] See note on the word *dear*, in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven."

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Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.(4)

DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and* Lords.

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No, hath not?[a] Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,[b]
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.(5)

ROS. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

ROS. Were it not better,

[a] No, hath not?] Mr. Singer looks upon this as an idiomatic phrase similar to the "No had, my lord?" in Act IV. Sc. 2, of "King John." See note (*), p. 440, Vol. I., but we believe he is mistaken.

[b] *And do not seek to take your* change *upon you,*—] That is, says Malone, *your reverse of fortune.* The second folio, 1632, reads *charge*, which is perhaps right.

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Because that I am more than common tall,[a]
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be * call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in † content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

*Enter* DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *like Foresters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not[b] the penalty of Adam,

(*) First folio, *by*. (†) First folio, *in we*.

[a] Because that I am more than common tall,—] So Lodge's *Rosalynde*—"Tush (quoth Rosalynde) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page."—Reprint in *Shakespeare's Library*, p. 32.

[b] *Here feel we* not *the penalty of Adam,*
*The seasons' difference:*]

The usual reading, suggested by Theobald, is "Here feel we *but*," &c. Neither is satisfactory, nor do we think *not* the only corruption in the speech,—the word *as* is

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The seasons' difference: as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,—
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery:—these are counsellers,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

AMI. I would not change it.[a] Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

equally open to suspicion. The passage, it is presumable, may have run thus in the original manuscript:—

> "Here feel we *yet* the penalty of Adam,
> The seasons' difference: *At* the icy fang,
> And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,—
> Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
> Even till I shrink with cold—I smile, and say,
> This is no flattery."

The Duke is contrasting the dangers and sophistications of a court life with the safety and primitive simplicity of their sylvan state; and glories in the privilege of undergoing Adam's penalty—the seasons' difference.

[a] I would not change it.] Upton is perhaps right in suggesting that these words belong to the Duke, rather than to Amiens, who, as a courtier, would naturally agree with his master, and begin, "Happy is your grace," &c.

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DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in[a] the needless stream;
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*
*To that which had too much:* * then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; †
*'T is right*, quoth he, *thus misery doth part*
*The flux of company:* anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;*
*'T is just the fashion; wherefore do you look*
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the ‡ country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.
DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.
2 LORD. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
2 LORD. My lord, the roynish[b] clown at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend

(*) First folio, *must*. (†) Old text, *friend*.
(‡) First folio omits, *the*.

[a] In *the needless stream;*] The old copy has *into*. As Malone remarks, that word was probably caught by the compositor's eye from the line above.
[b] *The* roynish *clown*—] From the French *rogneux, scurvy, mangy*. It may, however, be no more than a misprint of *roguish*.

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The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Before* Oliver's House.

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O you memory[a]
Of old sir Roland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony* priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some† kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?[b]

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

(*) Old text, *bonnie.* (†) First folio, *scene.*

[a] O *you* memory—] *Memory* was often used for *memorial.* Thus in "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Those words are *memories* of those worser hours."

and in "Coriolanus," Act IV. Sc. 5:—

——— "a good *memory*
And witness."

[b] Why, what's the matter?] In the folio, 1623, this line is part of Adam's speech, but the error was set right in the edition of 1632, which, as regards this play, corrects many of the typographical blunders of its predecessor.

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ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.
ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
ORL. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we 'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.
ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen * years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *seventy*.

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## SCENE IV.—*The Forest of* Arden.

*Enter* ROSALIND *in boy's clothes*, CELIA *dressed like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

ROS. O Jupiter! how weary[a] are my spirits!

TOUCH. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.[b]

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,[c] if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter* CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit* SILVIUS.

[a] O *Jupiter! how* weary *are my spirits!*] In the original, "how *merry* are my spirits." The correction, which is favoured by the resemblance of the two words in their old spelling, was made by Theobald.

[b] I can *go no further.*] So the second folio; the first has, "I *cannot* go no further."

[c] I *should bear no* cross,—] This quibble on *cross* was a stereotype jest of which the writers, readers, and play-goers of Shakespeare's time seem never to have had enough. See note ([c]), p. 78, Vol. I.

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ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,[a]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[b] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom[c] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.[d]

ROS. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla; you clown!

ROS. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say:—
Good even to you,* friend.

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROS. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:

(*) First folio, *your.*

[a] *Searching of* thy wound,—] The second folio, 1632, reads, "*their wound,*" only partially correcting the error of the first edition, 1623, which has, "searching of *they would.*"

[b] Batlet,—] The bat used to beat linen in washing. In the first folio, *batler.*

[c] From whom—] "From his mistress," Mr. Knight says, and other editors have fallen into the same error. Touchstone surely means that he both took the cods from and returned them to the *peascod*, the representative of his mistress. In like manner he tells us, just before, he broke his sword upon a stone, and bid *him*, his imagined rival, "take that."

[d] But as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.] As the commentators appear not to suspect corruption here, the passage probably contains a meaning we have failed to discover.

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Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

COR. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

### SONG.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree,*
*Who loves to lie with me,*
*And turn*[a] *his merry note*
*Unto the sweet bird's throat,*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither;*
*Here shall he see*
*No enemy,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

JAQ. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs; more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. My voice is ragged;[b] I know I cannot please you.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing; come, more; another stanza; call you 'em stanzas?

AMI. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMI. More at your request than to please myself.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you: but that

[a] *And* turn *his merry note*—] In many modern editions we have "*tune* his merry note;" but *turn* was the poet's phrase:—

"Whiles threadbare Martiall *turns* his merry note."
HALL'S *Satires*, Bk. VI. Sat. 1, quoted by Mr. Singer.

[b] Ragged;] That is, *rough, rugged.*

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they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes;[a] and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover[b] the while; the duke will drink under this tree: he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun,* [*All together here*
*And loves to live i' the sun,*
*Seeking the food he eats,*
*And pleas'd with what he gets,*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither;*
*Here shall he see*
*No enemy,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,*
*That any man turn ass,*
*Leaving his wealth and ease,*
*A stubborn will to please,*
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;*[c]
*Here shall he see*
*Gross fools as he,*
*An if he will come to me.*

AMI. What's that *ducdame?*

JAQ. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

AMI. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[a] Dog-apes;] "Some be called *cenophe;* and be lyke to an *hounde* in the face, and in the body lyke to an *ape.*"—BARTHOLOMÆUS, *De propr. rerum,* xviii. 96, quoted by Douce.

[b] *Sirs,* cover *the while;*] That is, prepare the table; equivalent to our "lay the cloth;"—"bid them *cover the table,* serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner."—*Merchant of Venice,* Act III. Sc. 5.

[c] Ducdame;] After all that has been written in elucidation of "*ducdame,*" we are disposed to believe the "invocation," like the Clown's—

"Fond done, done fond;"

in "All's Well That Ends Well," is mere unmeaning babble coined for the occasion.

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## SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said![a] thou lookest cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*A table set out. Enter* DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, *and others.*[b]

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

1 LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Enter* JAQUES.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
*Good-morrow, fool*, quoth I: *No, sir*, quoth he,
*Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
*Thus we may see*, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine,*

[a] Well said!] Meaning, *well done.*
[b] *Enter* Duke, &c.] In the folio, 1623, "*Enter Duke Sen. and Lord, like Out-lawes.*"

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*And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;*
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;*
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only suit;[a]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem[b] senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:*
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,

(*) First folio, *fin.*

[a] *My only* suit;] The old, old play on the double meaning of the word

[b] Not to *seem*—] The original text reads only:—

"Seem senseless of the bob."

The words *not to*, were supplied by Theobald. If any addition is really called for, that proposed by Mr. Collier's annotator—"*But to* seem," &c.—is well entitled to consideration.



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That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very[a] means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery[b] is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland[c] bred,
And know some nurture.[d] But forbear, I say;

[a] *Till that the* weary very *means do ebb?*] This, the reading of the old text, is not very clear; neither are the emendations of it which have been adopted or proposed. Pope changed it to,—

"Till that the *very very* means do ebb."

Mr. Singer gives, "Till that the *wearer's* very means do ebb;" and Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "Till that the *very means of wear* do ebb."

The disputed words should, perhaps, be printed with a hyphen, "*weary-very*," or "*very-weary*." See a collection of old musical airs, entitled "Ayeres, or Phantastique Spirites for three voices, made and newly published by Thomas Weilkes," &c. 1608:—

"I will be blithe and briske,
Leap and skip, hop and trip,
Turne about, in the rout,
Until *very weary* ioyntes can scarce friske."

[b] Bravery—] Finery.

[c] Inland—] Opposed to *upland*. Orlando means that he is urbanely bred; brought up in civilized society; "—or, finally, in any *uplandish* village or corner of a Realme where is no resort but of poore rusticall or uncivill people."—PUTTENHAM'S *Arte of Poesie*, 1589.

[d] *And know some* nurture.] And possess some *courtesy*, *breeding*, *manners*:—"It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to salute them that you meete. Urbanitas est salutare obvios."—BARET'S *Alvearie*, 1580.

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He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason,[a]
I must die.
DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
ORL. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
ORL. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
JAQ. All the world's a stage, (1)
And all the men and women merely players:

[a] *With* reason,—] We should, possibly, read *reasons*. Here, as in other places, Shakespeare evidently indulged in the perennial pun on *reasons* and *raisins*. A quibble, by the way, which Skelton long before found irresistible:—

"Grete *reysons* with *resons* be now reprobitante,
For *reysons* are no *resons*, but *resons current*."
*Speke Parrot*. Dyce's Ed. vol. ii. p. 22.



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They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden,[a] and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Re-enter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM. (2)

DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

I.

AMI. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
*Thou art not so unkind*
*As man's ingratitude;*
*Thy tooth is not so keen*
*Because thou art not seen,*[b]
*Although thy breath be rude.*

[a] Sudden,—] *Violent.*

[b] *Thy tooth is not so keen*
*Because thou art* not seen,—]

The second line has provoked some discussion. Johnson supposed the original was lost.

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*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;*
*Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:*
*Then,* heigh-ho, the holly!*
*This life is most jolly.*

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,*
*That dost not bite so nigh*
*As benefits forgot:*
*Though thou the waters warp,*
*Thy sting is not so sharp*
*As friend remember'd not.*
*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.*

DUKE S. If that you were the good sir Roland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master† is:
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

---

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

DUKE F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument

(*) Old text, *The.* (†) First folio, *masters.*

and this line substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Warburton proposed—

"Because thou art *not sheen;*"

and Farmer,—

"Because *the heart's not seen;*"

neither of which conjectures can be thought happy. If change is imperative, one less violent will afford a meaning quite in harmony with the sentiment of the song; we might read,—

"Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art *foreseen.*"

But the original text is, perhaps, susceptible of a different interpretation to that it has received. The poet certainly could not intend that the wintry blast was less cutting because invisible; he might mean, however, that the keenness of the wind's tooth was inherent, and not a quality developed (like the malice of a false friend), by the opportunity of inflicting a hurt unseen.

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Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is:
Seek him with candle;(1) bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

OLI. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,[a] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned(2) queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[b] she. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse

[a] Expediently,—] *Expeditiously.* So in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1, "His marches are *expedient* to this town;" and in the Second Part of "Henry VI." Act III. Sc. 1:—

"A breach that craves a quick *expedient* stop."

[b] Unexpressive—] *Inexpressible.* So Milton, in his "Lycidas," v. 176:—

"And hears the *unexpressive* nuptial song."

And again, in the "Hymn on the Nativity":—

"Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

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at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,[a] or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope,——

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

COR. For not being at court? your reason?

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: a more sounder instance, come.

COR. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee, thou art raw.[b]

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

[a] *May complain* of good breeding,—] That is, of *a deficiency* of good breeding. An elliptical mode of speech, which, as Whiter remarked, is not peculiar to Shakespeare, or indeed to the English language.

[b] God make incision in thee, thou art raw.] Steevens suggests, very plausibly, that the allusion is to the common expression of *cutting for the simples*.

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TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter* ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

ROS. *From the east to western Ind,*
*No jewel is like Rosalind.*
*Her worth, being mounted on the wind*
*Through all the world bears Rosalind.*
*All the pictures fairest lin'd*
*Are but black to Rosalind.*
*Let no face be kept in mind,*
*But the fair* [b] *of Rosalind.*

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-women's rank [b] to market.

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste:——

*If a hart do lack a hind,*
*Let him seek out Rosalind.*
*If the cat will after kind,*
*So, be sure, will Rosalind.*
*Winter* * *garments must be lin'd,*
*So must slender Rosalind.*
*They that reap must sheaf and bind,*
*Then to cart with Rosalind.*
*Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,*
*Such a nut is Rosalind.*
*He that sweetest Rose will find,*
*Must find love's prick and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

(*) Old text, *Wintred.*

[a] Fair—] *Beauty.* See note ([a]), p. 93, Vol. I.

[b] *Right butter-women's* rank *to market.*] *Rank*, here, Whiter says, "means the *jog-trot rate* with which butter-women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market." But this is not satisfactory. From a passage in Drayton's poem, "The Shepherd's Sirena," it might be inferred that "*rank*" was a familiar term for *chorus*, or *rhyme*:—

"On thy bank,
In *a rank*,
Let thy swans sing her."

And *butter-women's rank* may have been only another term for verse which rhymed in couplets, called of old, "riding ryme."

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ROS. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

ROS. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

*Enter* CELIA, *reading a paper.*

CEL. *Why should this a* desert be?*
*For it is unpeopled? No;*
*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*
*That shall civil sayings show.*
*Some, how brief the life of man*
*Runs his erring pilgrimage;*
*That the stretching of a span*
*Buckles in his sum of age.*
*Some, of violated vows*
*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:*
*But upon the fairest boughs,*
*Or at every sentence' end,*
*Will I Rosalinda write;*
*Teaching all that read, to know*
*The quintessence of every sprite*
*Heaven would in little* show.*
*Therefore heaven nature charg'd*
*That one body should be fill'd*
*With all graces wide enlarg'd:*
*Nature presently distill'd*
*Helen's cheek, but not her † heart;*
*Cleopatra's majesty,*
*Atalanta's better part,*
*Sad Lucretia's modesty.*
*Thus Rosalind of many parts*
*By heavenly synod was devis'd,*
*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,*
*To have the touches dearest priz'd.*
*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,*
*And I to live and die her slave.*

ROS. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

(*) Old text omits, *a*. (†) Old text, *his*.

* *In little show.*] In *miniature* show. So in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2:—"Those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, *for his picture* in *little*."

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CEL. How now! back, friends;—shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CEL. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, (3) which I can hardly remember.

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

ROS. I pr'ythee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

ROS. Good my complexion![a] dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[b] I pr'ythee, tell me who is it, quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle,—either too much at once, or not at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly.

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

[a] Good my complexion!] Celia is triumphing in Rosalind's heightened colour, and the latter's petulant exclamation may be equivalent to "plague on my complexion." Or "*Good*" may be a misprint for "*Hood*." Thus Juliet:—

"*Hood* my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks."
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 2.

[b] *One inch of delay more is* a South-sea of discovery.] This is painfully obscure, and the efforts of the commentators have by no means lessened its ambiguity. Does Rosalind mean that though "caparisoned like a man," she has so much of a woman's curiosity in her disposition, that "one inch of delay more" would cause her to betray her sex?

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ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow and true maid.

CEL. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's (4) mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say *ay* and *no*, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such [a] fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes[b] the ground.

CEL. Cry, holla![c] to thy* tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

(*) Old text, *the*.

[a] *When it drops forth* such *fruit*.] The folio, 1623, reads, "when it drops *forth* fruit;" *such* was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

[b] *It well* becomes *the ground*.] It well *adorns*, or *graces*, or *sets off* the ground. To *become*, in the present day, signifies usually *to befit, to be suitable*; formerly it meant more than this. Thus, in "The Comedy of Errors," Act III. Sc. 2, Luciana bids Antipholus,—

"—— *become* disloyalty;
Apparel Vice like Virtue's harbinger;"

And in "King John," Act V. Sc. 1, Falconbridge exhorts the King to,—

"—— glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to *become* the field."

[c] Holla!] This was a term of the *manège*, by which a rider stopped his horse. Thus, in Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," Stanza 43:—

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering '*Holla*,' or his 'Stand, I say?'"

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CEL. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?
ROS. 'T is he; slink by, and note him.
[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
JAQ. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.
ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.
JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
ORL. I pray you, mar no more* of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.
JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?
ORL. Yes, just.
JAQ. I do not like her name.
ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
JAQ. What stature is she of?
ORL. Just as high as my heart.
JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?
ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[a] from whence you have studied your questions.
JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.
ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.
JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
ORL. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
ORL. He is drowned in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.
JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.
ORL. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.
JAQ. I 'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good signior Love.
[*Exit* JAQUES.
ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy. [CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*
ROS. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?
ORL. Very well; what would you?
ROS. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

(*) First folio, *moe.*

[a] I answer you right painted cloth,—] Alluding to the mottoes and "wise saws," inscribed on old mural hangings. See note (1), p. 333, Vol. II.

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ORL. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland[a] man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

ROS. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns,

[a] An inland man;] See note (c), p. 114.

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and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying* the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are† not a prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable[a] spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not; but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered,[b] your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man;—you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely[c] a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time

(*) First folio, *defying*. (†) First folio, *art*.

[a] *An* unquestionable spirit,—] One averse to question or discourse.

[b] Your hose should be ungartered,—] See note (a), p. 15, Vol. I.

[c] Merely—] It may not be impertinent to say, once for all, that *merely*, from the Latin *merus* and *mere*, in old language meant *absolutely*, *altogether*, *purely*. Thus in the present play:—

"And all the men and women *merely* players."

Again,—

"——— *Merely*, thou art death's fool."
*Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1.

Again,—

"We are *merely* cheated of our lives."
*The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Again,—

"Things rank and gross in nature possess it *merely*."
*Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

And in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, on which this comedy is based:—

"And forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as *merely* as if they had been in Paris."

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would I, being but a moonish[a] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving* humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: and thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind, observing them.*

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious[b] poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAQ. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house![c] [*Aside.*

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUD. I do not know what *poetical* is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

(*) Old text, *living.*

[a] Moonish—] Variable, inconstant, like the *moon.*

[b] Capricious—] "*Caper, capri, caperitious,* capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish; and by a similar sort of process are we to smooth *Goths* into *goats.*"—CALDECOTT.

[c] Jove in a thatched house!] "*Stipulis et cannâ tecta palustri.*" We have the same allusion in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove."

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TOUCH. I do, truly, for thou swearest to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ. A material fool![a] [*Aside.*

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[b]

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?[c] Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right,—many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? even so:——poor men alone?[d]——No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[e] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes sir Oliver.

*Enter* SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good master *What-ye-call't:* how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay, pray be covered.

[a] *A material fool!*] According to Johnson, a fool with matter in him, one stocked with notions. In Act II. Sc. 1, the Duke, it will be remembered, remarks that Jaques, in his "sullen fits," is "full of matter."

[b] I *am* foul.] That is, *plain, homely.*

[c] *What* though?] That is, what *then?*

[d] Horns, &c.] In the folio, 1623, this hopeless passage stands, "*Hornes, even so poore men alone.*" We adopt the ordinary punctuation, though with reluctance. Mr. Collier's annotator reads: "*Are* horns *given to* poor men alone?"

[e] Rascal.] *Rascal* was the huntsman's term for a deer lean and out of season.

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JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow,[a] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCH. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—
Farewell, good master Oliver:—not,—

*O sweet Oliver,*
*O brave Oliver,*
*Leave me not behind thee;*

but,—

*Wind away,*
*Begone, I say,*
*I will not to wedding with thee.* (5)

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

SIR OLI. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CEL. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

ROS. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast[b] lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

[a] His bow,—] His *yoke.*

[b] *A pair of* cast *lips of Diana:*] So the folio, 1623; the second folio reads, "*chaste* lips."



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ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so?

CEL. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,* or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

CEL. *Was* is not *is:* besides, the oath of a * lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers † of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROS. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

*Enter* CORIN.

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROS. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

(*) First folio omits, *a*. (†) Old text, *confirmer*.

* *As concave as a* covered goblet,—] A *covered* goblet, Warburton says, "because a goblet is never kept covered but when *empty*."

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Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable[a] impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that *ever* may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROS. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? (6) Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,[b]
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;

[a] *The* cicatrice *and* capable *impressure*—] Mr. Collier's annotator speciously, but without necessity, changes *capable* to *palpable*. *Capable* means *sensible*. The only difficulty in the line is the word *cicatrice*, which certainly appears here to be used in an exceptional sense.

[b] All at once,—] See note (b), p. 4.



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'T is not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'T is such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

ROS. He 's fallen in love with your[a] foulness, and she 'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?* (7)

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHE. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;

[a] *With* your *foulness*,—] So the old copy. The usual lection is "*her* foulness." Caldecott observes,—"If Rosalind here turns to the parties before her," the original reading may stand.

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But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?
SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old carlot[a] once was master of.
PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have[b] more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me;
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?
SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.
PHE. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[a] Carlot—] From *carl*, *churl*.
[b] Have more cause—] The second folio reads, "*I* have more cause," and has been followed by most of the modern editors, perhaps rightly, unless we should read:—"Have *much* more cause," &c.

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be* better acquainted with thee.

ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which,[a] by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes[b] and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter* ORLANDO.

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

ROS. Farewell, monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.†—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? you a lover? an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

(*) First folio omits, *be.* (†) Old text, *Gundello.*

[a] Which, by *often rumination,*—] The first folio inserts *in* before *which*, the compositor's eye having probably caught the preposition from the line which followed in the MS. The second folio reads, "in which *my* often rumination."

[b] Rich eyes—] So in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act V. Sc. 3:—

"Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of *richest eyes.*"

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ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth* part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What 's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[a] than you.

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss, before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress: or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.[b]

ORL. What, of my suit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROS. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had

(*) Old text, *thousand*.

[a] Leer—] *Countenance, favour*.

[b] Or *I should* think *my honesty* ranker *than my wit*.] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "Or I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit."

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not been for a hot midsummer night; for good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers[a] of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

CEL. Go to.——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but,—*I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:* there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts,—they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

ORL. For ever and a day.

ROS. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

[a] *And the foolish* chroniclers *of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.*] Hanmer substituted *coroners* for "chroniclers," and the same change was made by Mr. Collier's annotator.

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Talks to Teacher James.



Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make[a] the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*[b]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[c] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less; that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. *By my troth*, and *in good earnest*, and *so God mend me*, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu! [*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it* runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I

(*) First folio, *in*.

[a] Make *the doors*—] That is, *bar the doors*. See note (b), p. 174, Vol. I.

[b] Wit, whither wilt?] A proverbial saying, repeatedly met with in our early writers.

[c] *Her husband's* occasion,—] Hanmer reads *accusation;* Mr. Collier's annotator, *accusing*. If any deviation is required, we might perhaps better, and without departing far from the text, read, "her husband's *confusion*."

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cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CEL. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* JAQUES, *and* Lords *in the habit of Foresters.*

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

1 LORD. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

### SONG.

*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
*His leather skin, and horns to wear.*
*Then sing him home.*[a] [*The rest shall bear this burden.*
*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,*
*It was a crest ere thou wast born.*
*Thy father's father wore it,*
*And thy father bore it:*
*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*
*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.* [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

ROS. How say you now? is it not past two o'clock? and here much[b] Orlando!

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep.—Look, who comes here?

*Enter* SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents, but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action

[a] Then sing him home.] In the original these words, and "the rest shall bear this burden," are printed in one line as part of the song, and some editors suppose the whole to be only a stage-direction. We rather take "*Then sing him home,*" to form the burden; and conjecture it ought to be repeated after each couplet.

[b] *And here* much *Orlando!*] This ironical mode of speech is not yet in desuetude. We still occasionally hear "*Much* you'll see of him!" "*Much* I get by this!" and the like.

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Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all!
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

ROS. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

ROS. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's* gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.—[*Reads.*]

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
*That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*—

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

ROS. [*Reads.*] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
*Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?—[*Reads.*]

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*
*That could do no vengeance to me.*—

Meaning me a beast.—[*Reads.*]

*If the scorn of your bright eyne*
*Have power to raise such love in mine,*
*Alack, in me what strange effect*
*Would they work in mild aspect!*

(*) Old text, *women's.*

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*Whiles you chid me, I did love,*
*How then might your prayers move!*
*He that brings this love to thee,*
*Little knows this love in me:*
*And by him seal up thy mind,*
*Whether that thy youth and kind*
*Will the faithful offer take*
*Of me, and all that I can make;*
*Or else by him my love deny,*
*And then I'll study how to die.*

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her; —that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

*Enter* OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself.
There's none within.

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—*The boy is fair,*
*Of female favour, and bestows himself*
*Like a ripe sister:*[a] *the woman low,*
*And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he?

ROS. I am: what must we understand by this?

OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

[a] ——— *And* bestows *himself*
Like a ripe sister:]

*Bestow* is here used in the same unusual sense which it bears in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 2:—"How might we see Falstaff *bestow* himself to-night in his true colours?" For, *Like a ripe sister*, Mr. W. N. Lettsom ingeniously proposes, "Like a *right forester*."

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CEL. I pray you, tell it.
OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud[a] of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an* oak, whose bows were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
OLI. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
ROS. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[b]
From miserable slumber I awak'd. (1)
CEL. Are you his brother?
ROS. Was 't you he rescu'd?
CEL. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLI. 'T was I, but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?

(*) Old text inserts, *old*.

[a] *Chewing the* cud—] The old text has *food*, undoubtedly a misprint. "To chew the *cud*," metaphorically, to *ruminate*, to *revolve in the mind*, is an expression of frequent occurrence in our old authors.
[b] Hurtling—] *Justling*. So in "Julius Cæsar," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"The noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."

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OLI. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;——
In* brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his † blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [ROSALIND *faints.*

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CEL. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man?—you lack a man's heart.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

ROS. So I do: but, i' faith I should have been a woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back, how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something: but, I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *I.* (†) First folio, *this.*

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# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter* WILLIAM.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. *Thank God;*—a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. 'Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCH. *So-so* is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying: *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILL. Which *he*, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which

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in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

ORL. Is 't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her* sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena: for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister.

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are:—nay, 't is true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw,* and *overcame:* (*) for your brother and

(*) First folio, *overcome.*

* *Nor* her *sudden consenting;*] *Her,* wanting in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.

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my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[a]

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid[b] the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: therefore, put you in your best array, bid[c] your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

[a] Clubs cannot part them.] The chief preservers, and sometimes disturbers, of the public peace in London during Shakespeare's time were the civic apprentices, who, upon the breaking out of a fray, were summoned to the scene of action by the well-known cry of "Clubs! Clubs!" From this circumstance it became a common custom, when a *fracas* occurred, to call out "Clubs!" to part the belligerents.

[b] Bid *the duke*—] *Invite* the duke. So in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 5.—

"I am *bid* forth to supper, Jessica."

[c] Bid *your friends;*] See previous note.



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SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.
PHE. And I for Ganymede.
ORL. And I for Rosalind.
ROS. And I for no woman.
SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.
PHE. And I for Ganymede.
ORL. And I for Rosalind.
ROS. And I for no woman.
SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;[a]
And so am I for Phebe.
PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.
ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.
ROS. And so am I for no woman.
PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* ROSALIND.
SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* PHEBE.
ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
ROS. Who* do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*
ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.
ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To* SILVIUS.] if I can:—I would love you [*To* PHEBE.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE.] if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow. I will satisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO.] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS.] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you [*To* ORLANDO.] love Rosalind, meet; as you [*To* SILVIUS.] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I 'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.
SIL. I 'll not fail, if I live.
PHE. Nor I.
ORL. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.
AUD. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dis-

(*) Old text, *why;* altered by Rowe.

[a] *All purity, all trial, all* observance;] The same word having been employed just before, *observance* is here probably a misprint for *obedience*, or *obeisance*.

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honest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[a] Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two* Pages.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you; sit i' the middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover and his lass,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*That o'er the green corn-field did pass*
*In the spring time, the only pretty ring*[b] *time,*
*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;*
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*These pretty country-folks would lie*
*In spring time,* &c.

III.

*This carol they began that hour,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*How that a life was but a flower*
*In spring time,* &c.

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,*[c]
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;*
*For love is crowned with the prime*
*In spring time,* &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.[d]

[a] A woman of the world.] That is, a *married woman.*

[b] Ring *time,*—] The old edition has "*rang* time;" the reading in the text was proposed by Steevens, and has since been found in a MS. copy of the song of the seventeenth century, formerly belonging to Mr. Heber, and now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

[c] And therefore take the present time, &c.] This is printed as the second stanza in the old text.

[d] *The note was very* untuneable.] Theobald altered the last word to *untimeable;* and the same change is made by Mr. Collier's annotator; but *time* and *tune* were once synonymous



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1 PAGE. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.[a]

*Enter* ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:[b]——
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the* DUKE.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?— [*To* PHEBE.

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To* SILVIUS.

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

[a] As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.] This line, not without reason, has been suspected of corruption, and innumerable emendations have been proposed; of these it may be sufficient to particularize the suggestion of Johnson:—

"As those that fear, *they* hope, and *now* they fear;"

that of Heath:—

"As those that fear *their* hope, and know their fear;"

and that of Mr. Collier's annotator:—

"As those that fear *to* hope, and know they fear."

A somewhat similar form of expression is found in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"But know I think, and think I know most sure."

[b] *Whiles our compact is* urg'd:] Mr Collier's annotator needlessly changes *urg'd* to *heard*.

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DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ild you,[a] sir; I desire you[b] of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift[c] and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike[d] the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I

[a] *God* 'ild *you*,—] God *yield* you, reward you.

[b] I *desire you* of *the like*.] For examples of this mode of construction, see note ([a]), p. 502, Vol. I.

[c] Swift—] See note ([b]), p. 446, Vol. II.

[d] I *did* dislike—] *Dislike* here imports not merely the entertaining an aversion, but the expressing it; so in "Measure for Measure," Act I. Sc. 2:—"I never *heard* any soldier *dislike* it." So, also, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Queen of Corinth," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

——"Has he familiarly
*Disliked* your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified?"

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sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled[a] my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome:* and so to the* *Lie circumstantial,* and the *Lie direct.*

JAQ. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial,* nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct;* and so we measured swords, and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,(1) as you have books for good manners:(2) I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If.* I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If,* as, *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If.*

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Still music.*[b] *Enter* HYMEN,[c] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
*When earthly things made even,*
*Atone together.*
*Good duke, receive thy daughter,*
*Hymen from heaven brought her,*
*Yea, brought her hither,*
*That thou might'st join her† hand with his,*
*Whose heart within her† bosom is.*

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* DUKE S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* ORLANDO.

(*) First folio omits, *the.* (†) Old copy, *his.*

[a] *He* disabled *my judgment:*] He *disparaged, impugned* my judgment; so in Act IV. Sc. 1:—"*disable* all the benefits of your own country."

[b] Still music.] That is, *soft, low, gentle* music;—"then, calling softly to the Gentlemen who were witnesses about him, he bade them that they should command some *still* musicke to sound."—*A Patterne of the painefull Adventures of Pericles, prince of Tyre,* 1608. See note (a), p. 43.

[c] Hymen,—] "Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen."—JOHNSON.

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DUKE. S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
PHE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!
ROS. I 'll have no father, if you be not he :— [*To* DUKE S.
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he :— [*To* ORLANDO.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To* PHEBE.
HYM. Peace, hó! I bar confusion:
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part: [*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart: [*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*To* PHEBE.] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together, [*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

## SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;*
*O blessed bond of board and bed!*
*'T is Hymen peoples every town;*
*High wedlock, then, be honoured:*
*Honour, high honour and renown,*
*To Hymen, god of every town!*

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
PHE. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To* SILVIUS.

*Enter* JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[a] a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,

[a] Address'd—] *Prepared.*

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Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them* again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*To* DUKE S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
You [*To* ORLANDO.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To* OLIVER.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To* SILVIUS.] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [*To* TOUCHSTONE.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

(*) Old text, *him*.

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## EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, (1) 't is true, that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you, and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*And so, God keep your worship!*] In Lodge's novel the complot between Saladyne (the Oliver of the play) and the wrestler is related as follows:—"A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem."—ROSALYNDE. *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, &c., reprinted by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare's Library*.

(2) SCENE II.—*Charles is thrown.*] In the novel, after an account of the Norman's victory over the poor Franklin's two sons, both of whom are killed, Rosader's (Orlando) encounter with the "bony prizer" is thus described:—"With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, he stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious. The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts; but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprize, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifuly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his father's honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due and Rosader the victorie."—*Ibid.* p. 20.

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(3) SCENE II.—

——— *My better parts*
*Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,*
*Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.*]

Much has been written on the origin and use of the *quintain*. The following is the account of it by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes:" those who seek for further information on the subject may consult advantageously the notes appended to this play in the Variorum Edition:—"Tilting or combating at the quintain is certainly a military exercise of high antiquity, and antecedent, I doubt not, to the justs and tournaments. The quintain originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and shield the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or a sabre with his right. Hence this exercise was called by the Italians 'running at the armed man or at the Saracen.' The quintain thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure, it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators." To this description of quintain there can be little doubt Shakespeare refers in Orlando's speech.

(4) SCENE III.—

*And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,*
*Still we went coupled and inseparable.*]

Compare this brief but affecting appeal with that of Celia's prototype, Alinda, in the novel:—

"ALINDA'S ORATION TO HER FATHER IN DEFENCE OF ROSALYNDE.

"If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of our conversing togeather with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvel not (great Torismond) if, seeing my friend distrest, I finde myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge love, and race out suspition. Her obedience to your majestie I referre to the censure of your own eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as my conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune who tryumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which proved, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities."—ROSALYNDE, p. 28.

(5) SCENE III.—*Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.*] "Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes; who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalynd,

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

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Cheerly, woman; as wee have been bed-fellowes in royaltie, we wil be felow mates in povertie: I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries),

*Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.*"—

ROSALYNDE, p. 31.

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## ACT II.

(1) SCENE VII.—

——— *All the world 's a stage,*
*And all the men and women merely players.*
*They have their exits and their entrances,*
*And one man in his time plays many parts,*
*His acts being seven ages.*]

*Totus mundus agit histrionem*, an observation which occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius, and may even be traced still higher, is said to have been the motto over Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe, and was probably in his day a familiar apothegm. The division of human life into certain stages, or epochs, had also a classical origin. In some Greek verses attributed to Solon,—and whether written by him or not, certainly as old as the first half of the first century, being introduced by Philo Judæus into his *Liber de Mundi opificio*,—the life of man is separated into ten ages of seven years each. Other Greek authors, Hippocrates and Proclus, apportioned his existence into seven parts, and Varro the Roman into five. A Hebrew doctor of the ninth century, and a Hebrew poet of the twelfth, have made a similar distribution.

In that miscellaneous collection of the fifteenth century, denominated "Arnold's Chronicle," is a chapter entitled "THE VIJ AGES OF MAN LIVING IN THE WORLD."—"The first age is infancie, and lastyth from the byrth unto vij yere of age. The ij is childhood, and endurith unto xv yere age. The iij age is adholocencye, and endurith unto xxv yere of age. The iiij age is youthe, and endurith unto xxxv yere age. The v age is manhood, and endurith unto l yere age. The vi age is elde, and lasteth unto lxx yere age. The vij age of man is crepill, and endurith unto dethe." But the favourite mode of inculcating the moral of human life has been by pictorial illustration; in Shakespeare's time, as in France at the present day, the subject was a popular theme for prints, broadsides, and ballads. An Italian engraving of the sixteenth century, by Christopher Bertello, is still extant, valuable for its intrinsic merit, and interesting from its analogy to the exquisite moralization of Jaques. The school-boy is carrying his books; the lover, a youth of twenty, bears a branch of myrtle, and at his feet is a young Cupid bending his bow; the soldier, armed *cap-à-pie*, is "bearded like the pard;" the justice has an aspect of grave severity; the representative of our author's sixth age is a senile personage, bending with years, attired in a long furred robe, his feet in slippers, and "spectacles on nose." Last scene of all exhibits the man of eighty, blind and helpless, with one foot in the tomb already gaping to receive him.

For further information on this subject, the reader may consult two elaborate articles, one in Volume xxvii. of the "Archæologia," the other, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for May, 1853: to the mediæval representations of the ages of life there recorded, we will add one hitherto undescribed, being a series of fourteen subjects engraved on a Monumental Brass of the date of 1487, preserved in the Hôpital S. Marie, Ypres, in Belgium.

(2) SCENE VII.—*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*] The scene in which Orlando confronts the banished Duke and his companions in the forest, demanding food for his famished retainer, is closely copied from the novel:—

"It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull King of France, banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—

"Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know, that I and a fellow friend

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of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlessé relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have have amonst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir, (quoth Rosader,) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer."—ROSALYNDE, p. 53.

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## ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Seek him with candle.*] Referring, it is supposed, to the passage in St. Luke, ch. xv. ver. 8:—"Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a *candle*, and sweep the house, and *seek* diligently till she find it?"

(2) SCENE II.—*And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night.*] Johnson conjectured this was an allusion to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess:—

> "*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,*
> *Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis;*"

but Mr. Singer quotes a passage from one of Chapman's Hymns, which he thinks was probably in Shakespeare's mind:—

> "Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the Night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."
> *Hymnus in Cynthiam*, 1594.

(3). SCENE II.—*I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.*]—Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires, and Temple in his Treatises. Dr. Grey has produced a similar passage from Randolph:—

> "——— My poets
> Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
> Rhyme them to death, as they do rats in Ireland."
> JOHNSON.

(4) SCENE II.—*Gargantua's mouth.*] "Although there had been no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet it is evident, from several notices, that a chap-book history of the giant Garagantua, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad, was very popular in this country in the sixteenth century. The 'witless devices of Gargantua' are decried among 'the vain and lewd books of the age by Edward Dering, in his epistle to the reader, prefixed to A Brief and Necessary Instruction, 1572. The history of Garagantua formed one of the pieces in the singular library of Captain Cox, so ludicrously described by Laneham, in the Letter from Kenilworth, 1575:—'King Arthurz book, Huon of Burdeaus, Friar Rous, Howleglass, and Gargantua.' The 'monstrous fables of Garagantua' are also enumerated among many other 'infortunate treatises' in Hanmer's Eusebius, 1577. In the books of the Stationers' Company for 1592, is found an entry of 'Gargantua his Prophecie;' and in those for 1594 of 'a booke entitled the History of Garagantua.'"—HALLIWELL.

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(5) SCENE III.—*I will not to wedding with thee.*] These lines are probably quoted from the old ballads mentioned in the following entries on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1584-5:—

"6 AUGUSTI.

"Ric. Jones. Rd of him, for his licence to printe A Ballat of O swete Olyver, Leave me not behind thee . . . . . iiij*d.*"

"VICESSIMO DIE AUGUSTI.

"Henry Carre. Rd of him, for printinge of the answeare of O sweete Olyver . . . . . iiij*d.*"

(6) SCENE V.—*And why, I pray you?*] Compare the parallel scene in "Rosalynde:"—

"Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, faire nymph, that in despising love, you be not over-reacht with love, and in shaking off all, shape yourselfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionat and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seene, high disdaine turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading; as momentary as the shaddowes which growes from a clowdy sunne. Such (my faire shepheardesse) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might have been loved in the prime. A wringled mayd is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to had I wist, and therefore be rulde by mee. Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great."—ROSALYNDE, p. 97.

(7) SCENE V.—

*Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*]

The "dead shepherd" here apostrophised was Marlowe, and the line Phebe quotes is from his once popular poem of "Hero and Leander," first published in 1598:—

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight:
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*"

P. 10, Edit. 1821.

Shakespeare has before referred to this favourite poem in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I. Sc. 1.

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## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—

——— *in which hurtling*
*From miserable slumber I awak'd.*]

The touching incident of the meeting of the two brothers is thus narrated in Lodge's story:—"Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came

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hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to prey on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him; amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drove Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe. * * * * With that his brother began to stirre, and the lion to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded."—ROSALYNDE, p. 79.

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## ACT V.

(1) SCENE IV.—*O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book.*] The particular book here ridiculed, is conjectured to be a treatise in 4to. published in 1595, entitled "Vincentio Saviolo his Practice. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second of Honor and honorable Quarrels." "A Discourse," says the author, speaking of the second part, "most necessarie for all Gentlemen that have in regarde their honors, touching the giving and receiving of the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the *Combats* in divers sortes doth insue, and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor and the contrarie: and the right understanding of wordes." The contents of the several chapters are as follows:—"I. What the reason is, that the partie unto whom the lie is given ought to become Challenger: and of the nature of Lies. II. Of the manner and diversitie of Lies. III. Of Lies certaine. IV. Of conditionall Lyes. V. Of the Lye in generall. VI. Of the Lye in particular. VII. Of foolish Lyes. VIII. A conclusion touching the Challenger and the Defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the Lye, or Dementie." In the chapter of conditional lies, he says: "Conditionall lyes be such as are given conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these wordes:—*If* thou hast saide that I have offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest; or *if* thou saiest so hereafter, thou shalt lye. * * * * Of these kind of lyes given in this manner, often arise much contention in words * * * * whereof no sure conclusion can arise." "By which," observes Warburton, "he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between." See note (6), p. 299, Vol. I.

(2) SCENE IV.—*As you have books for good manners.*] Such works were not uncommon in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Halliwell mentions a book of this description, published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1507, the colophon of which is as follows,—"Here endeth and fynysshed the boke named and Intytled Good Maners." There was also "The Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of Good Maners for Men, Servants, and Children," 8vo. 1577, written by Hugh Rhodes; another called "Galateo of Maister John Della Casa, Archebishop of Beneventa. Or rather, A treatise of the māners and behaviours, it behoveth a man to use and eschewe, in his familiar conversation. A worke very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other. First written in the Italian tongue, and now done into English by Robert Peterson, of Lincoln's Inne Gentleman," 4to. 1576: and in the Stationers' Registers, under the year 1576, is an entry—

> "Ric. Jones. Receyved of him, for his lycense to ymprinte a booke intituled how a yonge gentleman may behave him self in all cumpanies, &c. . . . . iiij*d.* and a copie"

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## EPILOGUE.

(1) *Good wine needs no bush.*] Mr. Halliwell remarks that the custom of hanging out a bush as a sign for a tavern, or a place where wine was to be sold, was of great antiquity in this country; and he supplies an interesting example from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, where a party of travellers are observed approaching a wayside inn, indicated by a huge bush depending from the sign. Chaucer alludes to the custom, and in an early poem in MS., Cotton. Tiber. A. vii. fol. 72, we read:—

> "Rvght as off a *tavernere*,
> The *greene busche* that hangeth out,
> Is a sygne, it is no dowte,
> Outward ffolkys ffor to telle
> That within is wyne to selle."

The bush is very frequently alluded to as having been formed of ivy, in which there appears a trace of classical allusion, as the ivy was always sacred to Bacchus; perhaps continued from heathen times. So in "Gascoigne's Glass of Government," 1575: "Now-a-days the good wyne needeth none *ivye garland*." And in Florio's "Second Frutes," 1591: "Like unto an *ivy bush*, that cals men to the tavern, but hangs itselfe without to winde and wether." Kennett, in his Glossary, says, that "the tavern-bush, or frame of wood, was drest round with ivy forty years since, though now left off for tuns or barrels hung in the middle of it. This custom gave birth to the present practice of putting out a green bush at the door of those private houses which sell drink during the fair, a practice stated to be still prevalent in many of the provinces." Notices of the tavern-bush abound in our early writers, and the name is traced in the sign of the "Bush," still retained by many inns in England. The petty taverns of Normandy are, indeed, to this day distinguished by bushes.

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# CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"It would be difficult to bring the contents within the compass of an ordinary narrative; nothing takes place, or rather what is done is not so essential as what is said; even what may be called the *dénouement* is brought about pretty arbitrarily. Whoever can perceive nothing but what can, as it were, be counted on the fingers, will hardly be disposed to allow that it has any plan at all. Banishment and flight have assembled together, in the forest of Arden, a strange band: a Duke dethroned by his brother, who, with the faithful companions of his misfortune, lives in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two disguised Princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures form a motley and diversified train; we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or of toil: they flow on unnumbered by voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness, to which, according to his humour or disposition, every one yields himself, and this unrestrained freedom compensates them all for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down in solitary meditation under a tree, and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-inflicted torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their hunting-horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition, have been left behind in the city; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this wilderness, where it dictates the same language alike to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls at first sight in love with Rosalind, disguised in men's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she feels from experience in her own case, disposes her at length to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show, and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture, it seems to be the poet's design to show that to call forth the poetry which has its indwelling in nature and the human mind, nothing is wanted but to throw off all artificial constraint, and restore both to mind and nature their original liberty. In the very progress of the piece, the dreamy carelessness of such an existence is sensibly expressed: it is even alluded to by Shakspeare in the title. Whoever affects to be displeased, if in this romantic forest the ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered over to the wise fool, to be led gently out of it to some prosaical region."—SCHLEGEL.

"Though this play, with the exception of the disguise and self-discovery of Rosalind, may be said to be destitute of plot, it is yet one of the most delightful of the dramas of Shakspeare. There is something inexpressibly wild and interesting both in the characters and in the scenery; the former disclosing the moral discipline and the sweets of adversity, the purest emotions of love



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and friendship, of gratitude and fidelity, the melancholy of genius, and the exhilaration of innocent mirth, as opposed to the desolating effects of malice, envy, and ambition; and the latter unfolding, with the richest glow of fancy, landscapes to which, as objects of imitation, the united talents of Ruysdale, Claude, and Salvator Rosa could alone do justice.

"From the forest of Arden, from that wild wood of oaks,

——'whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high tops bald with dry antiquity,'—

from the bosom of sequestered glens and pathless solitudes, has the poet called forth lessons of the most touching and consolatory wisdom. Airs from paradise seem to fan with refreshing gales, with a soothing consonance of sound, the interminable depth of foliage, and to breathe into the hearts of those who have sought its shelter from the world, an oblivion of their sorrows and their cares. The banished Duke, the much-injured Orlando, and the melancholy Jaques, lose in meditation on the scenes which surround them, or in sportive freedom, or in grateful occupation, all corrosive sense of past affliction. Love seems the only passion which has penetrated this romantic seclusion, and the sigh of philosophic pity, or of wounded sensibility, (the legacy of a deserted world,) the only relique of the storm which is passed and gone.

"Nothing, in fact, can blend more harmoniously with the romantic glades and magic windings of Arden, than the society which Shakspeare has placed beneath its shades. The effect of such scenery, on the lover of nature, is to take full possession of the soul, to absorb its very faculties, and, through the charmed imagination, to convert the workings of the mind into the sweetest sensations of the heart, into the joy of grief, into a thankful endurance of adversity, into the interchange of the tenderest affections: and find we not here, in the person of the Duke, the noblest philosophy of resignation; in Jaques, the humorous sadness of an amiable misanthropy; in Orlando, the mild dejection of self-accusing humility; in Rosalind and Celia, the purity of sisterly affection; whilst love in all its innocence and gaiety binds in delicious fetters, not only the younger exiles, but the pastoral natives of the forest? A day thus spent, in all the careless freedom of unsophisticated nature, seems worth an eternity of common-place existence!"—DRAKE.

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# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THIS play is not found in the folio of 1623. The first edition of it known is the quarto, published in 1609, under the title of "The late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne, in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609." This was followed by other quarto editions, respectively dated 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635, 1639, and it was afterwards inserted in the folio of 1664, and in that of 1685. Although there is no evidence that Pericles was printed earlier than 1609, or, beyond the slight memorandum in an inventory of Alleyn's theatrical wardrobe, of "spangled hoes" for Pericles,* that it was acted before 1607 or 1608, we believe that, in an imperfect form, this piece was the work of an older play-wright than Shakespeare, and, being founded upon a story which for ages had retained extensive popularity, that it was placed in the latter's hands very early in his dramatic career for adaptation to the Blackfriars' stage. This impression is derived partly from the style, the general structure of the verse, and the want of individualization in the characters, and partly from the nature of the fable: the revolting story of Antiochus and his daughter being one which it is not easy to believe Shakespeare would ever have chosen as a subject for representation. Moreover, we conclude, from the conflicting testimony as to its success, that Pericles, on the first occasion of its re-production, was not prosperous; but that, having been re-modelled, and in part re-written by Shakespeare, especially in the fifth Act, it was again revived in 1607 or 1608, and then met with unusual favour. One proof of its popularity at this period was the publication of a prose-tract, written by George Wilkins, entitled "*The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being The true History of the Play of Pericles as it was lately presented by*

* See Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 21.



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*the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower.* 1608,"—a story (lately reprinted with most laudable accuracy by Professor Mommsen) which was composed from notes taken during the performance of the play and extracts from the English version of "Apollonius Tyrius."

The original source of Pericles is the fabulous story of KING APOLLONIUS OF TYRE, a romance of great antiquity and of such renown, that, of the Latin version alone,—HISTORIA APOLLONII TYRII, first edited about 1470,—Professor Haupt, of Berlin University, declares he is acquainted with *one hundred* MSS. The author of the play, however, appears to have been immediately indebted for his fable and incidents to that portion of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, which treats of King Appolin of Tyre, and to the English translation of the *Historia Apollonii* entitled *The Patterne of painefull Adventures: containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the uncertainty of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Gathered into English by Lawrence Twine, Gentleman,*—first printed in 1576.

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## Persons Represented.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of* Antioch.
PERICLES, *Prince of* Tyre.
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of* Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of* Pentapolis.
CLEON, *Governor of* Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of* Mitylene.
CERIMON, *a Lord of* Ephesus.
THALIARD, *a Lord of* Antioch.
PHILEMON, *Servant to* Cerimon.
LEONINE, *Servant to* Dionyza.
MARSHAL.
A PANDER.
BOULT, *his Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

*The Daughter of* Antiochus.
THAISA, *Daughter to* Simonides.
MARINA, *Daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaisa.
DIONYZA, *Wife to* Cleon.
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to* Marina.
DIANA.
A BAWD.

*Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.*

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various Countries.*

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*Enter* GOWER.

*Before the Palace of* Antioch.

GOW. To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung, at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;[a]
And lords and ladies, in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase[b] is to make men glorious;
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;—
I tell you what mine authors say:—
This king unto him took a pheere,[c]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke;—
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

[a] *Holy*-ales;] Old copies, holy-*days:* amended by Dr. Farmer.
[b] *The* purchase—] That is, the *profit*, the *advantage*. Modern editions, *purpose*.
[c] *Pheere,*—] *Peer*, in the original copies; altered by Malone.

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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

ANT. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd,
The danger of the task you undertake.
PER. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.
ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the* embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Music. Enter the* Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.

PER. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild[a] companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless† happiness!
ANT. Prince Pericles—
PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.
ANT. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy‡ whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars, (1)
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

(*) Old copies omit, *the.* (†) Old copies, *bondlesse.* (‡) Old copies, *the.*

[a] *Her* mild *companion.*] That is, companion of her mildness.—MASON.

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And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven,[a] but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the* Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

ANT. Scorning advice; read the conclusion then;[b]
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. Of all 'say'd[c] yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

PER. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness and courage.

HE READS THE RIDDLE.

"*I am no viper, yet I feed*
*On mother's flesh which did me breed:*
*I sought a husband, in which labour*
*I found that kindness in a father:*
*He's father, son, and husband mild,*
*I mother, wife, and yet his child.*
*How they*[d] *may be, and yet in two,*
*As you will live, resolve it you.*"

Sharp physic is the last: but O, you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes the hand of the* Princess.

[a] *Who know the world*, see heaven, but feeling woe,—] We should, perhaps, read:—
"Who know the *world's heaven*," &c.

[b] Read the conclusion then;] In the old copies these lines are thus arranged:—
"I wayt the sharpest blow (Antiochus),
Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read," &c.

[c] *Of all* 'say'd *yet*, &c.] That is, Of all who have yet *assay'd*.

[d] *How* they *may be*,—] In Wilkins' novel, "How *this* may be," which is probably the genuine reading.

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Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANT. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

PER. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:
For vice repeated's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd[a]
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANT. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning!
But I will gloze with him. Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our* strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel† of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. [*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,

(*) Quartos, *your*. (†) Quartos, *counsel*.

[a] *To tell the earth is* throng'd—] That is, *oppressed*, or *shrunk*. So in Act II. Sc. 1:—"A man *throng'd* up."

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The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father,)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun* no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.[a]

THAL. Doth your highness call?
ANT. Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes[b] her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.(2) Say, is it done?
THAL. My lord, 't is done.
ANT. Enough.

*Enter a* Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
MES. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.
ANT. As thou

* Old copies, *shew;* corrected by Malone.

[a] Thaliard.] In Twine's translation this character is called *Thaliarch* and *Thaliarchus:* in Wilkins' novel, *Thalyart*, and *Thaliart*, and in Gower's poem, *Taliart.*

[b] Partakes—] *Imparts.*

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Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou; never return,
Unless thou say'st, *prince Pericles is dead!*

THAL. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your highness.

ANT. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit* THAL.] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* PERICLES.[a]

PER. [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts?[b]
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so[c] us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus,—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great, can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,*
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,

(*) *Him* was added by Rowe.

[a] *Enter* Pericles.] The first quarto has here, "Enter Pericles and his Lords;" and after Pericles' speech, which certainly reads like a soliloquy, it has another stage-direction, "Enter all the Lords to Pericles." The other old copies have only the first direction; but we must not infer from that, the lords entered at the same time as the Prince. Nothing is more common in early plays than to have the entrance of all the characters who are to take part in a scene indicated at the beginning of it.

[b] *Why should this* change *of thoughts?*] So the old copies. The usual reading in modern editions is, "Why should this *charge* of thoughts?" Neither lection is very perspicuous. We might, with advantage to the sense, read:—

"——— why should this change *our* thoughts?"

or,

"——— why should this *charge our* thoughts?"

[c] *By* me *so us'd*—] Query, "By *me's* so used,"? &c.

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And with th' ostent[a] of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am* no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter* HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

1 LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 LORD. And keep your mind till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast[b] gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a† peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
PER. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us; what seest thou in our looks?
HEL. An angry brow, dread lord.
PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
PER. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
HEL. I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
PER. Rise, pr'ythee, rise:
Sit down, thou art no flatterer;
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid![c]

(*) Old copies, *once;* corrected by Farmer. (†) Old editions omit, *a*.

[a] *And with* th' ostent *of war*—] The old editions have "the *stent* of warre." *Ostent* was suggested by Tyrwhitt.

[b] To *which that* blast *gives heat*, &c.] The old copies have "that *sparke*," a word caught by the compositor from the preceding line. *Blast*, a judicious emendation, was proposed by Mason.

[c] That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!] Thus the old editions; the meaning appearing to be, as Holt White explained it, "Forbid it, heaven, that kings

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Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are[a] arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,
Bethought me* what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt[b] it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call 't,† offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it——

HEL. Alas, sir!

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my checks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

(*) Old editions omit, *me*. (†) Old copies, *call*.

should *suffer* their ears to hear their failings palliated." Mr. Dyce, conceives that *let* bears here its old signification *to hinder*, and reads,—

"—— and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults *chid*."

[a] Are *arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.*] Steevens reads:—

"Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys."

That the text of the old editions is corrupted here, there can be no question; but whether by misprint or the omission of a line, who shall determine?

[b] *And should he* doubt it,—] Adapted by Malone upon the reading of the quarto 1609:—

"And shold he *doo't*," &c.

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HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
PER. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—
HEL. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
PER. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll* live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The same. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter* THALIARD.

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.(3) Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter* HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.
THAL. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone!
HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——
THAL. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

(*) Quarto 1609, *will;* that of 1619, *we.*

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HEL. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinned,
To show his sorrow, he 'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
THAL. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please[a]
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
THAL. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,[b]
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
HEL. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?
DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, unseen* with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
CLE. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till lungs† fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;

(*) Old editions, *and seen.* (†) Old copies, *tongues;* corrected by Steevens.

[a] *But since he 's gone,* the king it sure must please—] More corruption! Of the text of this play, Malone well observes: "There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with Pericles, is purity itself." In the old copies, the line above reads:

"But since he 's gone, the *king's seas must please,*"

which Malone interprets,—

"Must *do their pleasure!*"

We adopt, as a make-sense, the emendation of Percy, though with little confidence.

[b] But since my landing—] That is, "But *as* since my landing," &c.

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That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps* to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our[a] woes felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

DIO. I 'll do my best, sir.

CLE. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. Oh, 't is too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,[b]
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:

(*) Old copies, *helpers*.

[a] *I'll then discourse our woes felt several years*,—] This speech is inveterately depraved; and in the present line, the word *our* is an obvious misprint. Cleon desires to banish the recollection of their *own* sorrows by relating "others' griefs;" we ought therefore to read:—

"I'll then discourse *of* woes," &c.

The necessity for this correction is enforced by the words "*several* years." Shakespeare uses *several* for *distinct, separate, particular, various*, but never in the sense it now commonly bears of *many;* a sense, indeed, clearly inapplicable in this instance, because, from the context,—

"These mouths, whom *but of late*, earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,"—

as well as from the novel, it is plain the famine at Tharsus was not *two summers* old.

[b] *Those palates who*, not yet two summers younger,—] In the old copy, "not yet *too savers* younger," which the modern editors have altered to

——"not *us'd to hunger's savour*."

and

——"not *us'd to savour hunger*."

The reading in the text was suggested by Mason long before the discovery of Wilkins' novel, which, in the corresponding scene, contains the very expression pre-supposed: "the ground of which forced lamentation was to see the power of change, that this their city, *who not two summers younger*, did so excell in pompe," &c.

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Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
CLE. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a* Lord.

LORD. Where's the lord governor?
CLE. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
CLE. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath* stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.
LORD. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
CLE. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat;[a]
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half-way there:
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.
LORD. I go, my lord.
CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter* PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,

(*) Old text, *That.*

[a] Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat;] This should possibly be read and pointed thus:—

"Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd: to defeat
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit."

When the object is to overthrow, the fairer the outward appearance, the more it is to be suspected.

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Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse was, stuff'd within,
With bloody veins expecting overthrow)[a]
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

ALL. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring:
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good, in conversation,—
To whom I give my benizon,—
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious: (1)
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

[a] "*Are, like the Trojan horse* was, stuff'd within,
With bloody veins,—]

For this, the somewhat confused but not unintelligible reading of the old text, Steevens ingeniously substituted,—

"——— *war*-stuff'd within
With bloody *views*."



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*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door* PERICLES *talking with* CLEON; *all the* Train *with them. Enter at another door a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exit* PERICLES *at one door, and* CLEON *at another.*

Good Helicane that[a] stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word* of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus 't was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He, knowing so,† put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [*Exit.*

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open Place on the Sea-side.*

*Enter* PERICLES, *wet.*

PER. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,

(*) Old copies, *sav'd one of all.* (†) In the original, *doing so.*

[a] *Good Helicane* that *stay'd at home,*—] Steevens reads "*hath* stay'd," but this hardly restores the passage to sense. We should perhaps read,—

"Good Helicane that stay'd at home
* * * * *
*But* to fulfil his prince' desire," &c.

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Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me* breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three* Fishermen.

1 FISH. What, ho, Pilche!†

2 FISH. Ho! come and bring away the nets.

1 FISH. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 FISH. What say you, master?

1 FISH. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 FISH. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 FISH. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they're half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 FISH. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

PER. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 FISH. Why, man?

3 FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

PER. [*Aside.*] Simonides?

3 FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. How from the finny[a] subjects of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

(*) Old editions, *my*. (†) Old editions, What *to pelch*.

[a] *The* finny *subjects*—] Old editions, "*fenny subject;*" but see Wilkins' novel,—"And prince Pericles wondring that from the *finny subjects* of the sea these poore country people learned the infirmities of men."—*Reprint*, p. 27.



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2 FISH. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be a day fits you,[a] scratch out of the calendar and nobody look after it.[b]

PER. You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.[c]

2 FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practised it.

2 FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here 's nothing to beget now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

PER. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up[d] with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried. (2)

1 FISH. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;[e] and thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

2 FISH. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

2 FISH. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the* Fishermen.

PER. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

[a] *If it be a day* fits you,—] *Fits you*, possibly means *disorders you, puts you out of sorts, wrenches you.* So in "Sonnet CXIX.," "How have mine eyes out of their spheres been *fitted*," *i. e.*, been *started, wrenched.*

[b] Scratch *out of the calendar and* nobody look after it.] The old text has "*search* out," &c. Steevens first suggested *scratch*—we believe, rightly; thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Coxcomb," Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"That would quite *scratch me out of the Calendar.*"

But this emendation only partially restores the integrity of the dialogue; something in the preceding speech of Pericles is evidently missing, and his next is equally defective.

[c] You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.] So the folio, 1664. The earlier editions in quarto read,—

"May see the sea hath cast upon your coast."

[d] Throng'd up—] See note (a), p. 168.

[e] Flap-jacks;] *Pancakes.* In the old editions the passage stands, "Flesh for *all day*, fish for fasting days, and *more, or* puddings and flap-jacks."

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1 FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

PER. Not well.

1 FISH. Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

PER. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 FISH. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 FISH. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 FISH. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.[a]

*Re-enter the two* Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

2 FISH. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

PER. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,*
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was my own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
*Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield*
*'Twixt me and death*—and pointed to this brace;—
*For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,*
*The which the gods protect thee from! may't defend thee.*[b]
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again:
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 FISH. What mean you, sir?

PER. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

(*) Old copies, *all crosses; my* was added by Malone.

[a] And what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.] This passage has hitherto successfully resisted exposition. Its obscurity would perhaps be lessened by reading, "his wife's sole—." The meaning appears to be a gross one,—although a man cannot get a child, he may lawfully try for it; his wife is sole judge of its paternity.

[b] The old copies read:—

"The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee."

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Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,[a]
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 FISH. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PER. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 FISH. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

2 FISH. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water; there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.*

PER. Believe it, I will;
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rapture[b] of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm;
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 FISH. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

PER. Then honour be but a goal[c] to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the* King, Princess, Lords, *&c.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 LORD. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,*
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.

THAI. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIM. 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,

(*) Old editions, *them.* (*) Old editions insert, *here.*

[a] *My low* fortunes *better,*—] In the old copies, *fortune's* better.

[b] *The* rapture *of the sea,*—] Old text, *rupture;* but see the paraphrase of this passage in Wilkins' novel:—"Which horse he provided with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arme."—*Reprint*, p. 29.

[c] *Then honour be but a* goal *to my will!*] This is alike repugnant both to sense and harmony. Surely we should read,—

"Then honour be but *equal* to my will!"

as he had just before said,—

"Were *my fortunes equal to my desires.*"

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So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain*
The labour of each knight, in his device.

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

[*Enter a* Knight; *he passes over the stage, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

SIM. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second* Knight *passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquered by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu*[a] *por dulzura que por fuerza.*

[*The third* Knight *passes over.*

SIM. And what's the third?

THAI. The third of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ*† *provexit apex.*

[*The fourth* Knight *passes over.*

SIM. What is the fourth?

THAI. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod*‡ *me alit, me extinguit.*

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth* Knight *passes over.*

THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth* Knight *passes over.*

SIM. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

THAI. He seems to be a stranger, but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

SIM. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 LORD. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

(*) Old copies, *entertaine;* altered by Steevens.
(†) Old copies, *Pompey.* (‡) Old copies, *Qui.*
[a] Piu—] This is an Italian, not a Spanish word.

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3 LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
SIM. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we 'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

*Great shouts without, and all cry,* "The mean Knight!"

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Marshal, Lords, Attendants, *and the* Knights *from tilting.*

SIM. Knights,
To say you 're welcome, were superfluous.
To* place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
THAI. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
PER. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place;
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
SIM. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
MARSH. Sir, yonder is your place.
PER. Some other is more fit.
1 KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes,
Envy the great nor do the low despise.[a]
PER. You are right courteous knights.
SIM. Sit, sir, sit.
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.[b]

(*) Old copies, until the fourth folio, 1685, I *place.*

[a] That neither in our hearts, &c.] So the quarto, 1619; the first, 1609, reads:—

"Have *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*
Envies *the great, nor* shall *the low despise.*"

[b] *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
*These cates resist me, he not thought upon.*]

In most of the modern editions these lines are assigned to Pericles, *she* being substituted

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THAI. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant gentleman.
SIM. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
THAI. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
PER. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's* like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
SIM. What, are you merry, knights?
1 KNIGHT. Who can be other in this royal presence?
SIM. Here, with a cup that's stor'd† unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.
SIM. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
THAI. What is it
To me, my father?
SIM. O attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance[a] more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;

(*) Old copies, *sonne*. (†) Old copies, *sturd*, *stirr'd*.

for *he;* but compare the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel,—"In the end, all being seated by the Marshall at a table, placed directly over-against where the king and his daughter sate, as it were by some divine operation, *both king and daughter, at one instant were so strucke in love with the noblenesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayses.*" We incline to think, with Steevens, that the second line should be read,—

"The cates resist me, *be* not thought upon."

[a] Entrance—] *Entrance* here means *reverie*, *trance*, &c., but the line has been mutilated.

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He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
SIM. How! do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.
THAI. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
SIM. And further* tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage. (3)
THAI. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.
PER. I thank him.
THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
THAI. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
PER. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name Pericles;
My education been, in arts and arms;[a]—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd
Will very well become a soldier's dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds. [*The* Knights *dance.*
So[b] this was well ask'd; 't was so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
PER. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
SIM. Oh, that 's as much as, you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.] Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

(*) Old copies, *furthermore.*

[a] *My education* been, in *arts*, &c.] This is usually changed to,—

"My education *has* been," &c.

or,—

"My education *being*," &c.

but the parallel passage in Wilkins' novel confirms the old reading:—"That he was a gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles; his education *beene* in artes and armes," &c.

[b] So *this was well* ask'd, &c.] That is, *As* this was well ask'd.

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PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.
SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Tyre. *A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated[a] in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their* bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
ESCA. 'T was very strange.
HEL. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.
ESCA. 'T is very true.

*Enter three* Lords.

1 LORD. See, not a man in private conference
Or council hath respect with him but he.
2 LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 LORD. And curs'd be he that will not second it.
1 LORD. Follow me, then: lord Helicane, a word.
HEL. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.
1 LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
HEL. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.
1 LORD. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But, if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

(*) Old editions, *Those.*

[a] When he was seated, &c.] This passage, miserably corrupted in printing or transcription, is usually exhibited in modern editions thus:—

"When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire," &c.

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2 LORD. Whose death 's,* indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
ALL. Live, noble Helicane.
HEL. For† honour's cause forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
1 LORD. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.‡
HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, *reading a Letter; the* Knights *meet him.*

1 KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life:
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
2 KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?
SIM. Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3 KNIGHT. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*
SIM. So, they 're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well;—nay, how absolute she 's in 't,

(*) Old editions, *death.* (†) Old copies, *Try:* amended by Mr. Dyce.
(‡) The *it* is not in the old copies.

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Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

*Enter* PERICLES.

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides!
SIM. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
PER. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
SIM. Sir, you are music's master.
PER. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
SIM. Let me ask you one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
PER. A most virtuous princess.
SIM. And she is fair too, is she not?
PER. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.
SIM. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
PER. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
SIM. She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.
PER. [*Aside.*] What 's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
PER. By the gods I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.
SIM. Traitor, thou liest.
PER. Traitor!
SIM. Ay, traitor.
PER. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
SIM. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

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SIM. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter* THAISA.

PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
THAI. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside.*] I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on* a stranger?—
Who, for aught I know, may be, nor can I thin
The contrary,—[*Aside.*] as great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a † further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
THAI. Yes, if you love me, sir.
PER. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
SIM. What, are you both agreed?
BOTH. Yes, if it please your majesty.
SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.* (4)

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*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,‡
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches from the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye § the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

(*) Old copies, *upon.*
(‡) Old copies, *about the house.*
(†) Old copies omit, *a.*
(§) Old copies, *Are;* corrected by Mr. Dyce.

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A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter* PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *at one door, with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter.* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to the former. Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA, *a nurse.* SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter: she rejoices; she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a derne[a] and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns,*
Which the world together joins,
Is made; with all due diligence,
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none;
The mutine there[b] he hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished[c] the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
*Our heir apparent is a king:*
*Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?*
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre;
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—

(*) Old copies, *crignes;* corrected by Tyrwhitt.

[a] Derne—] *Derne* is usually explained to mean, *lonely;* it appears, however, in the instances of its use that we have met with, to signify *earnest, eager,* and the like. Thus:—

"Then if *derne* love of thy deare loving Lord,—"
BARNES' *Spirituall Sonnets,* 1595.

[b] The mutine there he—] In the old text, "*The mutiny he there.*"
[c] Y-ravished—] Old copies, *Iranished,* and *Irony shed;* Steevens made the emendation

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Lychorida her nurse she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood*
Varies again: the grisly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall for itself, itself perform;
I nill relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost* Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

*Enter* PERICLES.

PER. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—thou† storm, venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—the seaman's whistle
Is, as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife‡ gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

*Enter* LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida—

LYC. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

(*) Old editions, *seas-tost.* (†) Old copies, *then.*
(‡) Old copies, *my* wife; corrected by Steevens.

* *But* fortune's mood—] The old copies have, "But fortune *moov'd,*" and "fortune *moov'd.*"

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PER. How! how, Lychorida!
LYC. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
PER. O, you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use[a] honour with you.
LYC. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
PER. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcome[b] to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it! (1)

*Enter two* Sailors.

1 SAIL. What courage, sir? God save you!
PER. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1 SAIL. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.
2 SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
PER. That 's your superstition.
1 SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed. and we are strong in custom:[c] therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.
PER. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!
LYC. Here she lies, sir.
PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements

[a] Use *honour*—] Steevens and Mason both conjectured *use* to be a misprint for *vie*, as it probably was.
[b] *For thou art the rudeliest* welcome—] Malone changed *welcome* to *welcom'd;* but the former is the word adopted in Wilkins' novel:—"Poor inch of nature (quoth he) thou arte *as rudely welcome* to the worlde, as ever Princesse Babe was, and hast as chiding a nativitie as fire, ayre, earth and water can affoord thee."
[c] *We are strong in* custom:] The old editions read *eastern;* we adopt the emendation proposed by Boswell, in preference to the *credence* of Steevens, the *earnest* of Mason, or the *astern* of Knight.



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Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;*
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining* lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer:† lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her; suddenly, woman. [*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

PER. I thank thee.—Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 SAIL. We are near Tharsus.

PER. Thither, gentle mariner!
Alter thy course for Tyre; when canst thou reach it?

2 SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PER. O make for Tharsus!—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner;
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

*Enter* CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

CER. Philemon, ho!

*Enter* PHILEMON.

PHIL. Doth my lord call?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

SER. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.

*Enter two* Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Good morrow.

2 GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

CER. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 GENT. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

(*) Old copies, *oare;* corrected by Steevens. (†) Old copies, *coffin.*

* And aye-*remaining lamps,*—] The original has "The ayre-*remaining.*"

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Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals[a] did seem to rend,
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 GENT. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'T is not our husbandry.

CER. O, you say well.

1 GENT. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose:
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

CER. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning[b] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I[c] can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure* up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 GENT. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

*Enter two* Servants *with a Chest.*

SER. So; lift there.

CER. What is that?

SER. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss† upon our shore this chest;
'T is of some wreck.

CER. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

(*) Old text, *pleasure*, corrected by Steevens. (†) Old editions, *up upon*.

[a] Principals—] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.
[b] Cunning—] *Cunning* here signifies *knowledge*, *skill*, &c.
[c] *And* I *can speak*—] The old copies exhibit these lines thus:—

"And can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content," &c.



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2 GENT. 'T is like a coffin, sir.
CER. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy; wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'T is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.[a]
2 GENT. It is so, my lord.
CER. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd!*
Did the sea cast it up?
SER. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
CER. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 GENT. A delicate odour.
CER. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.—
Oh you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
1 GENT. Most strange!
CER. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters! [*Reads from a scroll.*

"*Here I give to understand,—*
*If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—*
*I, king Pericles, have lost*
*This queen, worth all our mundane cost.*
*Who finds her, give her burying;*
*She was the daughter of a king:*
*Besides this treasure for a fee,*
*The gods requite his charity!*"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks† for woe! This chanc'd to-night.
2 GENT. Most likely, sir.
CER. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard‡
Of an Egyptian that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.[b]

*Re-enter a* Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,

(*) Old editions, *bottomed.* (†) First edition, 1609, *ever* cracks.
(‡) Old copies, *I heard; have* inserted by Malone.

[a] 'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.] Manifestly and incorrigibly corrupt.

[b] By good appliance recovered.] This passage seems hopelessly depraved. In the novel founded on the play it runs as follows:—"I have read of some Egyptians, who after four houres death, (if man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health."

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Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The viol once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there!—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes* out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 GENT. The heavens
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

THAI. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 GENT. Is not this strange?

1 GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Æsculapius guide us!(2) [*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

## SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

*Enter* PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA, *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts† of fortune, though they hurt‡ you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly[a] on us.

DION. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end

(*) Old copies, *warmth breath*, and *warm breath*.
(†) Old copies, *shakes*. (‡) First quarto, *haunt*; folio, 1664, *hate*.

[a] Wand'ringly—] Steevens's emendation; the old editions reading, *wond'ringly*.

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Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,—here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd[a] shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill[b] in 't. So I take my leave;
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest madam.—
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. (3) [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

*Enter* CERIMON *and* THAISA.

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now*
At your command. Know you the character?

THAI. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea
I well remember, even on my yearning† time;

(*) The word *now* was inserted by Malone.
(†) First quarto, *learning;* second quarto, *eaning.*

[a] Unscissar'd—] The old copies read, "unsister'd *shall this* heir." The correction, which was made by Steevens, is established by the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel: "Vowing solemnely by othe to himselfe, his head should grow *uncissard,* his beard untrimmed, himself in all uncomely," &c.

[b] *Though I show* ill *in 't.*] The old copies have *will.* We adopt Mr. Dyce's reading.

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But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide[a] until your date expire:
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

THAI. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there* a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music,† letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place[b]
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,[c]
Even ripe[d] for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be.

(*) Old copies, *there's;* altered by Malone.
(†) Old copies, *musick's;* also altered by Malone.

[a] *Where you may* 'bide until—] The old editions have, "Where you may *abide till.*"

[b] *Which makes* her, &c.] The old editions read—

"Which makes *high* both the art and place."

Steevens made the emendation.

[c] A wench full grown,—] In the original this couplet stands,—

"And in this kind our Cleon hath
One daughter, and a full-grown wench."

All Gower's speeches are in rhyme; and Steevens regulated these two lines as they now stand in the text.

[d] *Even* ripe—] So the first quarto, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; other copies of that edition read, *right.*

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Be 't when she* weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl[a] wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird† mute
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow[b]
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead.
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content;
Only I carry‡ winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

*Enter* DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

(*) Old copies, *they*. (†) Old copies, *night bed*.
(‡) Old text, *carried*.

[a] *With sharp* needl—] The old copies read *needle*. In the old play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the word is used in both its forms of *needl* and *needle*, according as it suits the metre.

[b] With the dove of Paphos might the crow, &c.] The old text reads, "The dove of Paphos might with the crow." Corrected by Mason.

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Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,[a]
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I 'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DION. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.[b]
Thou art resolv'd?

LEON. I am resolv'd.

*Enter* MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

MAR. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour 's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers: ere the sea mar it,
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MAR. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

[a] Inflaming love i' thy bosom,—] The old copies read, *inflaming thy love bosome;* and, *in flaming, thy love bosome.*

[b] Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.] Assuredly corrupt. Malone reads,—

"Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.
Death—thou art resolv'd."

And Percy surmised, "Here *comes* she weeping for her *old nurse's* death."

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DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.
LEON. I warrant you, madam.
DION. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is this wind westerly that blows?
LEON. South-west.
MAR. When I was born, the wind was north.
LEON. Was 't so?
MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;[a]
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
LEON. When was this?
MAR. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern;* the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
LEON. Come, say your prayers.
MAR. What mean you?
LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
MAR. Why will you kill me?
LEON. To satisfy my lady.
MAR. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
LEON. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

(*) *Sterne* to sterne, in the original.

[a] With *haling* of *the ropes;*] Malone inserted the words, *with* and *of;* the old copies have only—

"His kingly hands haling ropes."

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MAR. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
LEON. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

*Whilst* MARINA *is struggling, enter* Pirates.

1 PIRATE. Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*
2 PIRATE. A prize! a prize!
3 PIRATE. Half-part! mates, half-part! Come, let's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

*Re-enter* LEONINE.

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—(1) But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter* Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

PAND. Boult,—
BOULT. Sir.
PAND. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.
BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and* with continual action are even as good as rotten.
PAND. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.
BAWD. Thou sayest true: 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards, —as, I think, I have brought up some eleven——
BOULT. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?
BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.
PAND. Thou sayest true; they're too† unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.
BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit* BOULT.

(*) Old editions insert, *they*. (†) Old copies, *ther's* [and *there's*] *two*.

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PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. *As well as we!* ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

*Re-enter* BOULT *with* MARINA, *and the* Pirates.

BOULT. [*To* MARINA.] Come your ways.—My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

1 PIRATE. O sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boult, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there 's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What 's her price, Boult?

BOULT. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

BAWD. Boult, take you the marks of her;—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

MAR. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!—
He should have struck, not spoke;—or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me,
For to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not.

BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault,[a]
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

[a] *The more my* fault,—] *Fault*, here, means misfortune. See note (4), p. 351.

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BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

*Re-enter* BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who? monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to* despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

BOULT. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit?

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

(*) Old editions omit, *to*.

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BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana? pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

*Enter* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

DION. Why, are you foolish? can it be undone?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think you'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too;
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact:[a] what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

DION. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
*She died by foul play.*

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

DION. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,

[a] *Becoming well thy* fact:] In the old copies, *face.* The emendation is due to Mr. Dyce. Steevens suggested "*feat.*" So in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 2:—"And indeed, *his fact*, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof."

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Though not his pre-consent,[a] he did not flow
From honourable courses.[b]

DION. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain[c] my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day.[d] It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Heavens forgive it!

DION. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.*

DION. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Monument of* MARINA.

*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making,—to take your† imagination,—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you

(*) Old editions, *talents.* (†) Old editions, *our.*

[a] *Though not his* pre-*consent*,—] The quarto, 1609, has "*prince* consent," &c.; the other old editions have "*whole* consent." The reading in the text was proposed by Steevens.

[b] *From honourable* courses.] Mr. Dyce reads *sources;* perhaps rightly.

[c] *She did* distain *my child*,—] Old copies, *disdaine.* To *distain* meant *to cloud, to eclipse, cast into the shade.*

[d] —— A malkin
Not worth the time of day.]

A *homely wench*, not deserving the poor courtesy of "Good morning," or "Good even.'

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The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late[a]
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind;
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus,—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—[b]
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter* PERICLES *at one door, with his* Train; CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-show'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'*s monument.*

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,*
*Who wither'd in her spring of year:*
*She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,*
*On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;*
*Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,*
*Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:*
*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,*
*Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd;*

[a] Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late, &c.] The present arrangement of these lines was made by Steevens: in the old copies they are thus misplaced:—

"Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sailing ships," &c.

[b] —— *Think* his *pilot thought;* &c.] The old copies read:—

"Think *this* pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts *groan*,"—

corrected by Malone.

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*Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,*
*Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

No vizor doth become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our scene* must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two* Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

2 GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 GENT. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1 GENT. I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter* Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

BOULT. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

PAND. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

BOULT. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

LYS. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

(*) Old copies, *steare*.



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LYS. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

LYS. If she 'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

LYS. Well; call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

LYS. What, pr'ythee?

BOULT. O, sir, I can be modest. [*Exit* BOULT.

LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

*Re-enter* BOULT *with* MARINA.

LYS. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. [*To* MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

LYS. Have you done?

BAWD. My lord, she 's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. [*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* BOULT.

LYS. Go thy ways.[a]—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. What* I cannot name but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade; please you to name it.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. Ever since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to it so young? were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

(*) Old editions, *Why*.

[a] Go thy ways.—] These words are found only in the quarto of 1609, and there are appended to the Bawd's speech; they seem more appropriate to Lysimachus.

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LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place. (2)

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof* for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

MAR. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

LYS. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

LYS. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter* BOULT.

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

BOULT. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the

(*) Old copies, *aloft.*



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cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter* Bawd.

BAWD. How now! what's the matter?

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

BAWD. O abominable!

BOULT. She* makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

BAWD. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit* Bawd.

BOULT. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MAR. Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing.

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

MAR. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

(*) Old copies, *he*.

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Any of these ways are yet better than this:
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught* by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But amongst honest women? (3)

BOULT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

---

*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin† with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd[a]

(*) Old copies omit, *aught*. (†) Old copies, *twine*.

[a] Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd, &c.]

This is the reading of Malone. In the quarto of 1609, the lines run,—

"Where wee left him on the sea, wee there him *left*,
*Where* driven before the windes, he is arriv'de," &c.

In the subsequent old copies,—

"Where we left him *at* sea, *tumbled and tost*,
*And* driven before the winde, he is arriv'de," &c.

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Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

# ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mitylene. *On board* PERICLES' *ship. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the* Tyrian *vessel.*

*Enter two* Sailors, *one belonging to the* Tyrian *vessel, the other to the barge.*

TYR. SAIL. [*To the* Sailor *of* Mitylene.] Where is the lord Helicane?[a] he can resolve you.
O, here he is.—

*Enter* HELICANUS.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
HEL. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
TYR. SAIL. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two* Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Doth your lordship call?
HEL. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth[b] would come aboard; I pray,
Greet him fairly.

[*The* Gentlemen *and* Sailors *go on board the barge.*

*Enter from thence* LYSIMACHUS, *attended; the* Gentlemen, *and* Sailors.

TYR. SAIL. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

[a] *Where is the lord* Helicane?] The old editions (except that of 1609, which omits *the*) read, "Where is the Lord *Helicanus?*" We believe, here and in some other instances, where the old text has *Helicanus*, the author wrote *Helicane*.

[b] Some *of worth*—] So the old copies; but the usual reading has been,—Some *one* of worth. The late Mr. Barron Field, however, produced a passage from Heywood to show that the expression *some* was formerly employed for *some person*,—

"Besides a sudden noise
Of *some* that swiftly ran towards your fields:
Make haste; 't was now; *he* cannot be far off."—
*Fortune by Land and Sea*, Act II. Sc. 3.

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LYS. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
HEL. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
LYS. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
HEL. First, what is your place?
LYS. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
HEL. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
LYS. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
HEL. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief[a] springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
LYS. May we not see him?
HEL. You may,
But bootless is your sight;—he will not speak to any.
LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.
HEL. Behold him. [PERICLES *discovered.*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,*
Drove him to this.
LYS. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
LORD. Sir,
We have a maid in Mitylen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
LYS. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is[b] now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
[*Whispers a* Lord, *who goes off in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.
HEL. Sure, all 's† effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,

(*) *Wight*, in all the old copies. (†) Old editions, *all.*

[a] But the main grief—] Something has evidently dropped out. The omission is ordinarily supplied by reading,—

"But the main grief *of all* springs from the loss," &c.

[b] *And*, with *her fellow-maids*, is *now upon*—] The words *with* and *is* are of modern interpolation.

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That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
LYS. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more,
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:—
But see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter from the barge,* Lord, *with* MARINA, *and a* Lady.

LYS. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?*
HEL. She 's a gallant lady.
LYS. She 's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty†
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat[a]
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
MAR. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion‡
Be suffer'd to come near him.
LYS. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.* (1)
LYS. Mark'd he your music?
MAR. No, nor look'd on us.
LYS. See, she will speak to him.
MAR. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—
PER. Hum, ha!
MAR. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties

(*) Old editions, *present.* (†) Old copies, *beauty;* corrected by Steevens.
(‡) Old editions add, *maid.*

[a] *Artificial* feat—] Dr. Percy suggested this reading, the old copies having *fate.*

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Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*
PER. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence.
PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something, that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?[a]
MAR. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
MAR. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
PER. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
PER. Pr'ythee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say,* when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
MAR. So indeed I did.
PER. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
MAR. Some such thing I said,

(*) Old copies, *stay.*

[a] *Here of these* shores?] The emendation of *shores* for *shewes* was suggested to Malone by the Earl of Charlemont. The passage as it stands in the old editions, will afford the reader some notion of the state in which this most unfortunate of dramas has come down to us:—

"PER. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes.
MAR. No, nor of any shewes, &c."

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And said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
PER. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?* Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
MAR. My name is Marina.
PER. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
MAR. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
PER. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
MAR. The name
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father and a king.
PER. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
MAR. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
PER. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?
MAR. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
PER. At sea! what mother?
MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very† minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
PER. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's‡ buried. Well;—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
MAR. You scorn to believe me;[a] 't were best I did give o'er.
PER. I will believe you by the syllable

(*) Old copies, *How lost thou thy name?* corrected by Malone.
(†) *Very* added by Malone. (‡) Old editions, *daughter*.

[a] *You scorn* to *believe me;* &c.] The old editions have, "*You scorn believe me,*" &c., which Malone changed to, "You'll scarce believe me," &c.

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Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
MAR. The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
PER. Ho, Helicanus!
HEL. Calls my lord?
PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
HEL. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.
LYS. She would never * tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
PER. O, Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O, Helicane,†
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
MAR. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
PER. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name:—as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like perfect,—the heir of kingdoms.
And another-life * to Pericles thy father.
MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?

(*) Old editions, *She never would.* (†) Old editions, *Helicanus.*

* *And* another-life to *Pericles* thy father.] In the old text,—"And another like," &c. We adopt the easy alteration proposed by Mason, though we have doubts whether the author did not write,—"And *mother*-like to Pericles thy father," *i.e.* like one to whom he owed existence, by whom he was new-born.

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Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

PER. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.—(2)
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicane,*
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you.—
Give me my robes.—I am wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl!—But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,†
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None!
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PER. Rarest sounds! do ye not hear?

LYS. My lord, I hear— [*Music*

PER. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*

LYS. A pillow for his head:—
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all except* PERICLES.

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *as in a vision.*

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee hither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.[a]
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

(*) Old editions, *Helicanus.* (†) Old copies, *doat.*

[a] *Repetition to the* life.] The old copies read *like;* but, as Malone observes, this vision is founded upon a corresponding passage in Gower:—

"To Ephesim he bade hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shal do ther hys sacrafice:
And eke he bade in alle wise,
That in the temple amonges alle
His fortune, as it is byfalle
*Towchyng his doughter, and his wiff,*
*He shalle be knowe uppon his liff.*"
*Confessio Amantis.*

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Do it, and happy;[a] by my silver bow!
Awake and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.* (3)
PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

HEL. Sir?
PER. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails: eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, [*To* LYSIMACHUS.
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
LYS. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.*
PER. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
LYS. Sir, lend me your arm.
PER. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—Ephesus. *Before the Temple of* DIANA.

*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. Now our sands are almost run:
More a little, and then dumb.
This, as my last boon, give me,[b]
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*

(*) Old copies, *sleight.*

[a] And happy:] That is, and *be* happy.
[b] This, as my last boon, give me,—] We should perhaps read,—"This my last boon *freely* give me." Steevens partially remedied the defective measure by inserting "*as.*"—"This *as* my last," and his lection has been usually followed.

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SCENE III.—*The same. The interior of the Temple;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as* High Priestess; *a number of* Virgins *on each side;* CERIMON *and other* Inhabitants *of* Ephesus *attending.*

*Enter* PERICLES *with his* Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

PER. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.*
At sea, in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
THAI. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*
PER. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!
CER. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
PER. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
PER. 'T is most certain.
CER. Look to the lady;—O, she 's but o'erjoyed.—
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
PER. May we see them?
CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
THAI. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

* The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.] The old editions have,—
"At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa."

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THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drowned.
PER. Immortal Dian!
THAI. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*
PER. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
MAR. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. [*Kneels to* THAISA.
PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
THAI. Bless'd, and mine own!
HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!
THAI. I know you not.
PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
THAI. 'T was Helicanus then.
PER. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
PER. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
CER. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
PER. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision!
I will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form,
And what these fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.
THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir;
My father 's dead.

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PER. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead 's(4) the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* GOWER.

GOW. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd* from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and† honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them;‡ although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.
[*Exit* GOWER.

(*) *Preferr'd*, in all the old copies; corrected by Malone. (†) Quartos, *the*.
(‡) Old copies omit, *them*, which was added by Malone.

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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

*That, without covering, save yon field of stars,*
*Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars.*]

"The fader, whanne he understode
That thei his douhter thus bysouhte,
With alle his wit he caste and souhte
Howe that he myht fynde a lette;
And thus a statute than he sette,
And in this wise his lawe he taxeth—
That what man that his douhter axeth,
But if he couth his questionn
Assoile, uponne suggestion
Of certen thinges that bifelle,
The wich he wolde unto hym telle,
He sholde in certeyn lese his hede.
And thus ther were many dede,
Here hedes stondyng on the gate
Tille atte laste, longe and late,
For lakke of answere in the wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie."—GOWER: *Confessio Amantis.*

(2) SCENE I.—

*It fits thee not to ask the reason why,*
*Because we bid it.*]

In Twine's translation of Apollonius Tyrius, Antiochus confides to Thaliard the cause of his animosity to the Prince. The author follows Gower:—

"He hadde a felowe bacheler
Wich was the pryve conceiler,
And Taliart by name he hiht,
The kynge a stronge puysone diht
With inne a boxe, and golde therto,
In all hast and badde hym go
Strauht unto Tyr, and for no coste
Ne spare, til he hadde loste
The prynce, wich he wolde spille."

(3) SCENE III.—*Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.*] "Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's 'Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill,' 1604, p. 27:—'I will therefore commende the poet Philipides, who, being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king, That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*'"—STEEVENS.



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## ACT II.

(1) GOWER.— *And, to remember what he does,*
*Build his statue to make him glorious.*]

So in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

"That they for ever in remembraunce
Made a figure in resemblaunce
Of hym, and in comonne place
They sett it upp; so that his face
Miht every maner man by holde,
So that the cite was by holde.
It was of latonn over gilte;
Thus hath he not his yifte spilte."

(2) SCENE I.—
*Which, if you shall refuse, when I am dead,*
*For that I am a man, pray see me buried.*]

This scene is apparently formed upon the corresponding description in Twine's version:—"And whilest he spake these wordes, hee sawe a man comming towardes him, and he was a rough fisherman, with an hoode upon his head, and a filthie leatherne pelt upon his backe, unseemely clad, and homely to beholde.

"When hee drewe neare, Apollonius, the present necessitie constraining him thereto, fell down prostrate at his feet, and powring forth a floud of teares he said unto him: Whosoever thou art, take pitie upon a poore sea-wracked man, cast up nowe naked, and in simple state, yet borne of no base degree, but sprung foorth of noble parentage. And that thou maiest in helping me knowe whome thou succourest, I am that Apollonius, Prince of Tyrus, whome most part of the worlde knoweth; and I beseech thee to preserve my life by shewing mee friendly reliefe. When the fisherman beheld the comlinesse and beautie of the yoong gentleman, hee was mooved with compassion towardes him, and lifted him up from the grounde and lead him into his house, and feasted him with such fare as he presently had; and the more amplie to expresse his great affection towardes him, he disrobed himselfe of his poore and simple cloke, and, dividing it into two parts, gave the one halfe thereof unto Apollonius, saying: Take here at my handes such poore entertainment and furniture as I have, and goe into the citie, where perhappes thou shalt finde some of better abilitie, that will rue thine estate: and if thou doe not, returne then againe hither unto mee, and thou shalt not want what may be performed by the povertie of a poore fisherman."

(3) SCENE III.—
*And further tell him, we desire to know of him,*
*Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*]

Thus in Gower:—

"The kynge behelde his hevynesse
And of his grete gentilesse
His douhter, wich was faire and gode,
And att the borde by fore hym stode,
As it was thilke tyme usage,
He bade to go on his message,
And fonde for to make him gladde.
And she dede as her fader bade,
And goth to hym the softe pas,
And axeth whence and what he was."

(4) SCENE V.—*Exeunt.*] In the *Confessio Amantis*, as in the play, the princess reveals her love for the knight of Tyre in a letter to her father:—

"So write I to yowe, fader, thus:—
But if y have Appolinus,
Of alle this worlde what so bytide,
I wolle noon othir man abide:

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And certes if I of hym faile,
I wote riht welle, with outen faile,
Ye shull for me be douhterles.
This lettir came, and ther was prees
To fore the kyng, there as he stode;
And whan that he it understode,
He yaff hem answere by and by:
Bot that was do so pryvely,
That noon of othir counceile wiste.

* * * * * *

And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath in to his conceile nome
This man of Tyr, and let hym se
This lettir, and alle the pryvete
The wiche his douhter to hym sente."

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## ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—

—— *Now the good gods*
*Throw their best eyes upon it!*]

It may be interesting to compare this scene with the one Wilkins worked up from it and the parallel description in the old novel:—"With which stirre (good Lady) her eies and eares, hauing not till then bin acquainted, shé is strucke into such a hasty fright, that welladay she falles in travell, is delivered of a daughter, and in this childé-birth dies, while her princely husband being above the hatches, is one while praying to heaven for her safe deliverance, an other while suffering for the sorrow wherwith he knew his Quéene was imburthened, he chid the contrary storme (as if it had béen sensible of hearing) to be so unmanerly, in this unfitting season, and when so good a Quéene was in labor, to kéep such a blustering: thus while the good Prince remayned reprooving the one, and pittying the other, up comes Lycorida the Nurse, sent along by good Symonides with his daughter, and into his armes delivers his Sea-borne Babe, which he taking to kisse, and pittying it with these words: Poore inch of Nature (quoth he) thou arte as rudely welcome to the worlde, as ever Princesse Babe was, and hast as chiding a nativitie, as fire, ayre, earth, and water can affoord thee, when, as if he had forgot himselfe, he abruptly breaks out: but say Licorida, how doth my Quéene? O sir (quoth she) she hath now passed all daungers, and hath giuen uppe her griefes by ending her life. At which wordes, no tongue is able to expresse the tide of sorrowe that overbounded Pericles, first looking on his Babe, and then crying out for the mother, pittying the one that had lost her bringer ere shée had scarce saluted the worlde, lamenting for himselfe that had béene bereft of so inestimable a Iewell by the losse of his wife, in which sorrowe as he would haue procéeded, uppe came the Maister to him, who for that the storme continued still in his tempestuous height, brake off his sorrowe with these sillables. Sir, the necessitie of the time affoordes no delay, and we must intreate you to be contented, to have the dead body of your Quéene throwne overboorde. How varlet! quoth Pericles, interrupting him, wouldest thou have me cast that body into the sea for buriall, who being in misery received me into favour? We must intreate you to temperance sir (quoth the Maister) as you respect your owne safety, or the prosperitie of that prety Babe in your armes. At the naming of which word Babe, Pericles, looking mournfully upon it, shooke his heade, and wept. But the Maister going on, tolde him, that by long experience they had tried, that a shippe may not abide to carry a dead carcasse, nor would the lingering tempest cease while the dead body remayned with them. But the Prince, séeking againe to perswade them, tolde them, that it was but the fondnes of their superstition to thinke so. Call it by what you shal please sir (quoth the Maister) but we that by long practise have tried the proofe of it, if not with your graunt, then without your consent (for your owne safety, which wée with all duety tender) must so dispose of it. So calling for his servants about him, he willed one of them, to bring him a chest, which he foorthwith caused to be well bitumed and well leaded for her coffin, then taking up the body of his (even in death) faire Thaysa, he arrayed her in princely apparrell, placing a Crowne of golde uppon her head, with his owne hands, (not without store of funerall teares) he layed her in that Toombe, then placed hée also store of golde at her head, and great treasure of silver at her féete, and having written this Letter, which he layd upon her breast,



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with fresh water flowing in his eyes, as loath to leave her sight, he nayled up the Chest, the Tenor of which writing was in forme as followeth:—

If ere it hap this Chest be driven
On any shoare, or coast or haven,
I Pericles the Prince of Tyre,
(That loosing her, lost all desire,)
Intreat you give her burying,
Since she was daughter to a king:
This golde I giue you as a fee,
The Gods requite your charitie."

(2) Scene II.—*And Æsculapius guide us.*] Compare this incident with its prototype in Gower:—

"Riht as the corps was throwe on londe,
There came walkying upponn the stronde
A worthy clerk, a surgyen,
And eke a grete phisicien,
Of all that londe the wisest oon,
Wich hiht maister Cerymon:
There were of his disciples somme,
This maister to the cofre is come,
And peyseth ther was sommewhat inne,
And bade hem bere it to his inne,
And goth hymself forth with alle,
All that shall-falle, falle shalle.

Thei comen home, and taryc nouht:
This cofre in to chambre brouht,
Wich that thei fynde faste stoke,
Bot thei with crafte it have unloke.
Thei loken inne, where as thei founde
A body ded, wich was i wounde
In cloth of golde, as I seide er:
The tresour eke they founden ther
Forth with the letter, wich thei rede,
And tho thei token bettir hede.
Unsowed was the body sone:
As he that knewe what was to done,
This noble clerke, with alle haste
Be ganne the veynes for to taste,
And seih hire age was of youthe:
* * * * *
Thei leide hire on a couche softe,
And with a shete warmed ofte
Here cold breste be ganne to hete
Here herte also to flakke and bete.
This maister hath here every joynt
With certeyn oyle and bawme enoynt,
And put a liquour in here mouthe,
Wich is to fewe clerkes couthe,
So that she covereth att the laste.
And fyrst hir yhen uppe she caste,
And whan she more of strenth cauht,
Here armes both forth she strauht,
Helde up here honde, and petously
She spake, and seide, A! where am I?
Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?
As she that wote nouht how it is."

(3) Scene III.—*Come, my lord.*] So in Gower:—

"——— My frende Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is by falle:
And thou thi self arte oon of alle,
Forth with thy wiff, that I most triste;
For thi if it yow both liste,
My douhter Thayse, by youre leve,
I thenke shalle with yow bileve

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As for a tyme; and thus I pray
That she be kepte by alle weye:
And whan she hath of age more,
That she be sette to bokes lore.
And this avowe to God I make
That I shal never for hire sake
My berde for no lykyng shave,
Tille it befalle that I have,
In covenable tyme of age,
By sette hire unto mariage."

---

## ACT IV.

(1) Scene I.—

*Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.*]

In the present scene the author appears to have followed Twine, rather than Gower, as the latter makes no mention of Marina's affectionate visits to her nurse's tomb. The name of Dionyza's confederate is, however, borrowed from Gower; Leonine, in the *Confessio Amantis*, being the name of the brothel-keeper at Mitylene:—

"When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter Philomacia so dispraised, shee returned home wonderfull wroth, and, withdrawing herselfe into a solitary place, began thus secretly to discourse of the matter:—It is now fourteen yeares since Apollonius, this foolish girles father, departed from hence, and he never sendeth letters for her, nor any remembrance unto her, whereby I conjecture that he is dead. Ligozides, her nurce, is departed, and there is no bodie now of whom I should stand in feare, and therefore I will now slay her, and dresse up mine owne daughter in her apparell and jewels. When shee had thus resolved her selfe uppon this wicked purpose, in the meane while there came home one of their countrey villaines, called Theophilus, whom shee called, and said thus unto him:—Theophilus, my trustie friend, if ever thou looke for libertie, or that I shoulde doe thee pleasure, doe so much for me as to slay Tharsia. Then said Theophilus: Alas! mistresse, wherein hath that innocent maiden offended, that she should be slaine? Dionisiades answered, Shee innocent! nay she is a wicked wretch, and therefore, thou shalt not denie to fulfill my request, but doe as I commaund thee, or els I sweare by God thou shalt dearely repent it. But how shall I best doe it, mistres? said the villaine. She aunswered: Shee hath a custome, as soon as shee returneth home from schoole, not to eate meat before that she have gone into her nurces sepulchre, where I would have thee stand readie, with a dagger drawn in thine hand; and when she is come in, gripe her by the haire of the head, and so slay her: then take her bodie, and cast it into the sea, and when thou hast so done, I will make thee free, and besides reward thee liberally.

"Then tooke the villaine a dagger, and girded himselfe therewith, and with an heavy heart and weeping eies went forth towards the grave, saying within himselfe: Alas, poore wretch that I am! alas, poore Theophilus, that canst not deserve thy libertie but by shedding of innocent bloud! And with that hee went into the grave, and drue his dagger, and made him readie for the deede. Tharsia was nowe come from schoole, and made haste unto the grave with a flagon of wine, as shee was wont to doe, and entred within the vault. Then the villaine rushed violently upon her, and caught her by the haire of the head, and threw her to the ground. And while he was now readie to stab her with the dagger, poore silly Tharsia, all amazed, casting up her eies upon him, knew the villaine, and, holding up her handes, said thus unto him: O, Theophilus! against whom have I so greevously offended, that I must die therefore? The villaine answered, Thou hast not offended, but thy father hath, which left thee behind him in Stranguilios house, with so great a treasure in money and princely ornaments. O, said the mayden, would to God he had not done so! but I pray thee, Theophilus, since there is no hope for me to escape with life, give mee licence to say my praiers before I die. I give thee licence, saide the villaine; and I take God to record that I am constrained to murther thee against my will.

"As fortune, or rather the providence of God served, while Tharsia was devoutly making her praiers, certaine pyrats which were come aland, and stood under the side of an hill watching for some prey, beholding an armed man offering violence unto a mayden, cried unto him, and said," &c. &c.

(2) Scene VI.—*I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.*] Speaking of the novel by Wilkins, Mr. Collier remarks,—"It is my firm

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conviction that it supplies many passages, written by Shakespeare and recited by the performers, which were garbled, mangled, or omitted in the printed play of 'Pericles,' as it has come down to us in the quartos of 1609, 1619, and 1630, and in the folios of 1664 and 1685."

The corresponding speech of Marina at this point, as given by Wilkins, is certainly confirmatory of Mr. Collier's opinion, for it exhibits a terseness of expression and a vigour of thought, which are quite Shakespearian:—"If as you say (my Lorde) you are the Governour, let not your authoritie, which should teach you to rule others, be the meanes to make you mis-governe your selfe: If the eminence of your place came unto you by discent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life proove your birth a bastard: If it were throwne upon you by opinion, make good, that opinion was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your Iustice, who hath power over all, to undoe any? If you take from mee mine honour, you are like him, that makes a gappe into forbidden ground, after whome too many enter, and you are guiltie of all their evilles: my life is yet unspotted, my chastitie unstained in thought. Then if your violence deface this building, the workemanship of heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sinnes intemperaunce, you do kill your owne honour, abuse your owne justice, and impoverish me."

(3) Scene VI.—*But amongst honest women.*] From the words, *honest women*, which occur in the *Confessio Amantis*, it is evident the author here had Gower before him:—

"If so be, that thi maister wolde
That I his golde encrece sholde,
It may nott falle by this weye;
But soffre me to go my weye
Oute of this hous, where I am inne,
And I shall make hym for to wynne
In somme place elles of the towne,
Be so it be of religioun
Where that honest women dwelle."

---

## ACT V.

(1) Scene I.—*Marina sings.*] The song sung by Marina was very probably that given by Twine (an exact translation of the Latin original), and printed in Wilkins' novel, where it is introduced thus:—"Which when Marina heard, shee went boldely downe into the cabine to him, and with a milde voyce saluted him, saying; God save you sir, and be of good comfort, for an innocent Virgin, whose life hath bin distressed by shipwrack, and her chastity by dishonesty, and hath yet bin preserved from both, thus curteously saluteth thee: but perceiving him to yeeld her no answer, she began to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly, that Pericles, notwithstanding his great sorrow, woondered at her, at last, taking up another instrument unto his eares she preferred this:—

"Amongst the harlots foule I walke,
But harlot none am I;
The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby.
The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
Is slaine before this time,
A Bawde me bought, yet am I not
Defilde by fleshly crime;
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Then parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a King,
My blood from Kings dooth flow:
In time the heavens may mend my state
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way:
Shew gladnesse in your countenaunce,
Cast up your cheerefull eies,
That God remaines, that once of nought
Created Earth and Skies."

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(2) SCENE I.—*Thou art my child.*] So Gower :—

"And he tho toke here in his arme;
Bot such a joye as he tho made
Was never seen; thus be thei glade
That sorry hadden be to forn.
Fro this day forth fortune hath sworne
To sett hym upwarde on the whiel:
So goth the worlde, now wo, now weel."

(3) SCENE I.—*Diana disappears.*] The vision is related as follows in Twine's translation:—"All things being in a readinesse, he tooke shipping with his sonne in lawe and his daughter and weyghed anchor, and committed the sailes unto the winde, and went their way, directing their course evermore towarde Tharsus, by which Apollonius purposed to passe unto his owne countrie Tyrus. And when they had sailed one whole day, and night was come, that Apollonius laide him dowhe to rest, there appeared an angell in his sleepe, commaunding him to leave his course toward Tharsus, and to saile unto Ephesus, and to go into the temple of Diana, accompanied with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, and there with a loude voyce to declare all his adventures, whatsoever had befallen him from his youth unto that present day."

(4) SCENE III.—*Sir, lead 's the way.*] The leading incident in this scene, which so strikingly resembles the much grander one of the same nature in "The Winter's Tale," is related by the old poet with a simplicity and pathos which are irresistible:—

"With worthi knyhtes environed,
The kynge hym self hath abandoned
In to the temple in good entente,
The dore is uppe, and in he wente,
Where as with gret devocioun
Of holy contemplacioun
With inne his herte he made his shrifte,
And aftir that a rich yefte
He offreth with grete reverence;
And there in open audience
Of hem that stoden alle aboute
He tolde hem, and declareth owte
His happe, suche as hym is byfalle:
Ther was no thyng foryete of alle.
His wiff, as it was goddes grace,
Wich was professed in the place,
As she that was abbesse there,
Unto his tale hath leide hir ere.
She knew the voys, and the visage:
For pure joye, as inne a rage,
She strauht unto hym alle att ones,
And felle a swone upponn the stones
Wherof the temple flore was paved.
She was anon with water laved,
Til she came to here selfe ayeyn,
And thanne she began to seyn:
A bleased be the hihe soonde,
That I may se myn husbonde,
Wich whilom he and I were oone.

The kynge with that knewe here anoon,
And tooke her in his arme, and kyste,
And alle the towne the soone it wiste.
Tho was there joye many folde,
For every man this tale hath tolde
As for myracle, and weren glade."

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# CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"PERICLES is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakespeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakespeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted; and the extrinsic testimony, though not conclusive, being of some value, I should not dissent from the judgment of Steevens and Malone, that it was, in no inconsiderable degree, repaired and improved by his touch. Drake has placed it under the year 1590, as the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, for no better reason, apparently, than that he thought it inferior to all the rest. But if, as most will agree, it were not quite his own, this reason will have less weight; and the language seems to me rather that of his second or third manner than of his first. Pericles is not known to have existed before 1609."—HALLAM.

"This piece was acknowledged by Dryden to be a work, but a youthful work of Shakspeare's. It is most undoubtedly his, and it has been admitted into several late editions of his works. The supposed imperfections originate in the circumstance, that Shakspeare here handled a childish and extravagant romance of the old poet Gower, and was unwilling to drag the subject out of its proper sphere. Hence he even introduces Gower himself, and makes him deliver a prologue in his own antiquated language and versification. This power of assuming so foreign a manner is at least no proof of helplessness."—SCHLEGEL.

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# TWELFTH NIGHT;

## OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

### PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THIS enchanting comedy was first printed in the folio of 1623, and no quarto edition of it has ever been found. Though long supposed, upon the authority of Malone and Chalmers, to have been one of Shakespeare's very latest productions, we now know that it was acted in the Middle Temple, as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. This fact was first made public by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, who discovered, among the Harleian Collection in the library of the British Museum, a small manuscript diary, which he ascertained to have been made by a student of the Temple, named Manningham, and contains the following interesting entry:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

At our feast, wee had a play called Twelve Night or what you will, much like the Comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady in general termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c.; and then when he came to practice, making beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

This is decisive, and, as there can be no doubt that, before being acted in the Temple, it had been represented in the public theatre, and, since it is not mentioned by Meres in his list of 1598, its production may be confidently ascribed to the period between that year and February, 1602.

The story whence the serious incidents of "Twelfth Night" are derived, is found in Bandello, Parte Seconda, Novella 36:—"*Nicuola innamorata di Lattantio và a servirlo vestita da paggio; edopo Molti casi seco si marita, e ciò che ad un suo fratello avvenne;*" but whether Shakespeare borrowed them from the fountain-head, or through the English translation of Barnabie Riche, called "*The Historie of Apollonius and Silla,*" or whether he found them in the Italian play referred to by Manningham, still remains a subject for investigation. The diarist notices only one comedy called *Inganni*, but there are two Italian plays bearing the title *Gl' Inganni*, both founded upon Bandello's novel; one (*commedia recitata in Milano l'anno* 1547, *dinanzi la Maestà del Re Filippo*) by Niccolò Secchi, 1562; the other, written by Curzio Gonzago, and printed in 1592. To neither of these plays does our poet appear to have been under much, if

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any, obligation. There is, however, a third Italian comedy of the *Accademici Intronati*, to which Mr. Hunter first called attention (*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. pp. 391-2), that presents much stronger claims to consideration as the immediate origin of the plot of "Twelfth Night." This drama is entitled *Gl' Ingannati* (*Commedia celebrata ni' Giuochi del Carnevale in Siena, l'anno* 1531, *sotto il Sodo dignissimo Archintronato*), first printed in 1537, and having for its general title *Il Sacrificio*. "That it was on the model of this play," Mr. Hunter remarks, "and not on any of the *Ingannis*, that Shakespeare formed the plan of the serious part of the *Twelfth Night*, will appear evidently by the following analysis of the main parts of the story. Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome, in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flamineo, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service: Flamineo had forgotten Lelia and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia, in her male attire, is employed in love-embassies from Flamineo to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flamineo, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place; the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flamineo takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. * * * We have in the Italian play, a subordinate character named Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and in the subordinate incidents we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress's house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. . . . . The name of *Fabian* given by Shakespeare to one of his characters was probably suggested to him by the name of *Fabia*, which Lelia in the Italian play assumed in her disguise. *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation from *Malevolti*, a character in the *Il Sacrificio*. A phrase occurring in a long prologue or preface prefixed to this play in the Italian [*la Notte di Beffana*] appears to me to have suggested the title 'Twelfth-Night.'"

## Persons Represented.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, friend to* Sebastian.
*A Sea Captain, friend to* Viola.
CURIO, VALENTINE, } *Lords attending on the* Duke.
*Sir* TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to the Lady* Olivia.
*Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *Steward to* Olivia.

FABIAN, CLOWN, } *Servants to* Olivia.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the* Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's *Woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*A City in* Illyria, *and the Sea-coast near it.*

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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.——
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound[a]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour!—Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What? Curio.

CUR. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—

*Enter* VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season

[a] *O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet* sound—] So the early text, but Pope changed *sound* to *south*, and the alteration has been approved, perhaps too readily, by nearly every editor and critic since his time; at all events, if *south* were the poet's word, he must have employed it, not in the sense Pope intended of *south-wind*, but as *south*, *sowth*, or *sough* is used in the North, to signify the soft whisper of the breeze:—

> "The soft *south* of the swyre, and sound of the stremes,
> The sweit savour of the swairde, and singing of fewlis,
> Might comfort any creature of the kyn of Adam."
> *Dunbar*, MAITLAND'S POEMS, p 64

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A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!—when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd—
Her sweet perfection,[a]—with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

*Enter* VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

VIO. What country, friends, is this?
CAP. This is Illyria, lady.
VIO. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you, sailors?
CAP. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.
VIO. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;

[a] —— *when liver, brain, and heart,*
*These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd—*
*Her sweet* perfection,—*with one self king!*—]

The old copy has, "Her sweet *perfections*," a slight but unfortunate misprint, which totally destroys the meaning of the poet. The passage should be read,—

"—— When liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
With one self king,—her sweet perfection."

The "sweet perfection" not being, as Steevens conjectured, her *liver*, *brain*, and *heart*, but her husband, her "one self [or single] king." According to the doctrine of Shakespeare's time, a female was imperfect, her nature undeveloped, until by marriage she was incorporated with the other sex.

"——— and as one glorious flame,
Meeting another, grows the same:"

The writers of the period abound in allusions to this belief:—

"Marriage their object is; their *being* then,
And now *perfection*, they receive from men."
OVERBURY'S "*Wife.*"

See also Donne's "Epithalamium made at Lincoln's Inn," in which this, the predominating idea on such occasions, is made the burden of every stanza:—

"Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To-day put on *perfection*, and a woman's name."

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Where, like Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
VIO. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,—
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,—
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
CAP. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
VIO. Who governs here?
CAP. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
VIO. What is his name?
CAP. Orsino.
VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
CAP. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
VIO. What 's she?
CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight[a] of men.
VIO. O, that I served that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!
CAP. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
VIO. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously,)
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,

(*) Old text, *Orión.*

[a] —— *the* company
*And* sight *of men.*]
The old text runs:—
"—— *the sight*
*And company,*" &c.
Hanmer made the necessary transposition.

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It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

VIO. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MAR. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TO. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO. *Confine!* I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too:—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall[a] a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, (1) and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril,[b] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains

[a] *He's* as tall *a man*—] That is, as *able a* man. "*A tall man of his hands*, meant a good fighter: *a tall man of his tongue*, a licentious speaker; and *a tall man of his trencher*, a hearty feeder."—GIFFORD.

[b] Coystril,—] A mean groom or peasant; derived, it is thought, from the Low Latin, *Coterellus.*

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turn o' the toe like a parish-top. (2) What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;*[a] for here comes sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND. What 's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chamber-maid.

SIR AND. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR AND. Good mistress Mary Accost,——

SIR TO. You mistake, knight: *accost* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost?*

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

SIR AND. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MAR. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have, and here 's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, (3) and let it drink.

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweet heart? what 's your metaphor?

MAR. It 's dry, sir.[b]

SIR AND. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* MARIA.

SIR TO. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to morrow, sir Toby.

SIR TO. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed

[a] *Castiliano vulgo;*] Warburton proposed, "*Castiliano-volto*, put on your *Castilian*, that is, your grave looks;" but Maria appears already to have been more serious than suited Sir Toby's humour.

[b] *It's* dry, *sir.*] As a moist hand was commonly accounted to denote an amatory disposition, a dry one was considered symptomatic of debility.

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that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by[a] nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

SIR TO. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR AND. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she 'll none of me; the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

SIR TO. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

SIR AND. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TO. What is thy excellence? in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR AND. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? (4) why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured* stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus? that 's† sides and heart.

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

VAL. If the duke continues these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in

(*) Old text, *dam'd colour'd.* (†) Old text, *That.*

[a] *It will not* curl by *nature.*] The old text reads, it will not *cool my* nature. Corrected by Theobald.

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question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter* DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say, I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio* of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIO. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* MARIA *and* Clown. (5)

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open

(*) Old copy, *nuntio's.*



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my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLO. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.[a]

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten* answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

CLO. Where, good mistress Mary?

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then?

CLO. Not so neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins[b] fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

CLO. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

*Enter* OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, *and* Attendants.

God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLO. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

(*) Old copy, *lenton.*

[a] *Needs* to fear no colours.] Nares conjectures that to *fear no colours* was originally a military expression for *fear no enemy.* Maria suggests the same thing, but the point of the allusion here, and in other instances of this "skipping dialogue," is lost to us

[b] *Or, if both* [points] break, your gaskins fall.] See note (a), p. 348, Vol. I.

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OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much to say as,[a] I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLI. Can you do it?

CLO. Dexterously, good madonna.

OLI. Make your proof.

CLO. I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLI. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

CLO. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLI. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLO. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLI. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MAL. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool,[b] that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,[c] for thou speakest well of fools.

*Re-enter* MARIA.

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the count Orsino, is it?

[a] *That's as much to* say as,—] In modern editions this is usually printed in conformity with modern construction,—"That's as much *as to say;*" but the form in the text was not uncommon in old language:—"And yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation; which is *as much to say as,*" &c.—"Henry VI." (Part Second), Act IV. Sc. 2.

[b] *An* ordinary *fool,*—] An *ordinary* fool may mean a *common* fool; but more probably, as Shakespeare had always an eye to the manners of his own countrymen, he referred to a jester hired to make sport for the diners at a public ordinary.

[c] *Now Mercury endue thee with* leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.] The humour of this is not very conspicuous even by the light of Johnson's comment,—"May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!"



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MAR. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH.

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TO. 'T is a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! —How now, sot!

CLO. Good sir Toby!——

OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

OLI. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

CLO. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink,—he 's drowned: go, look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

MAL. H' as been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, (6) and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

OLI. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of man kind?

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he?

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MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peas-cod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* MARIA.

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter* VIOLA.*

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

VIO. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[a] even to the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLI. Are you a comedian?

VIO. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not[b] mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLI. Tell me your mind.

(*) Old copy, *Violenta.*

[a] Comptible,—] This must mean *impressible, susceptive, sensible.*

[b] *If you be* not *mad,*—] We should perhaps read—"If you be *but* mad," &c. that is, "*If you are a mere madman, begone,*" &c. No two words are more frequently confounded in these plays than *not* and *but.*

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VIO. I am a messenger.[a]

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIO. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady,——

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom.

OLI. In his bosom! in what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil, labelled to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to *praise*[b] me?

VIO. I see you what you are,—you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLI. How does he love me?

VIO. With adorations, with* fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

(*) Old copy omits, *with*.

OLI. Tell me your mind.
VIO. I am a messenger.]

In the old copy these lines are annexed to the preceding speech, thus,—"VIO. . . Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger."

[b] *To* praise *me?*] That is, to *value*, to *appraise* me.

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OLI. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
OLI. Why, what would you?
VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
OLI. You might do much. What is your parentage?
VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
OLI. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
OLI. *What is your parentage?*
*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;*
*I am a gentleman.*——I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!—

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.
OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man; he left this ring behind him
Would I or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

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Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
OLI. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be;—and be this so! [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

SEB. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANT. Alas the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my

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mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

MAL. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

VIO. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIO. She took the ring of me;—I 'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

VIO. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man! If it be so,—as 't is,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our* frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of,† such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him.
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [*Exit.*

(*) Old copy, *O.* (†) Old text, *if*; corrected by Tyrwhitt.

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## SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,——

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TO. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life[a] consist of the four elements?

SIR AND. Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine!

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Enter* Clown.

CLO. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three? (1)

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[b] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; (2) 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:[c] hadst it?

CLO. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

SIR AND. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?[d]

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

### SONG

CLO. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
*O, stay and hear; your true-love 's coming,*

[a] *Does not our* life *consist of the four elements?*] The old copy has *lives*, and the modern lection is, "*Do* not our *lives*," &c.; but see sir Andrew's rejoinder:—"I think, *it* rather consists," &c.

[b] *An excellent* breast.] *Breast* meant *voice*. The phrase is so common in our old writers that it would be superfluous to cite examples of its use in this sense.

[c] *Sixpence for thy* leman:] The old copy reads *lemon*. *Leman* signified *sweet-heart* or *mistress*.

[d] A song of good life?] That is, a *moral* song.

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*That can sing both high and low:*
*Trip no further, pretty sweeting;*
*Journeys end in lovers' meeting,*
*Every wise man's son doth know.*

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith!
SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. *What is love? 't is not hereafter;*
*Present mirth hath present laughter;*
*What's to come is still unsure:*
*In delay there lies no plenty;*
*Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty:*[a]
*Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

SIR. AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
SIR TO. A contagious breath.
SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
SIR AND. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
CLO. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
SIR AND. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.* (3)
CLO. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee *knave,* knight.
SIR AND. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
CLO. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
SIR AND. Good, i' faith! Come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*

*Enter* MARIA.

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg a-Ramsey, (4) and *Three merry men be we.* (5) Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally; *lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* (6) [*Singing.*
CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
SIR TO. *O, the twelfth day of December,—* [*Singing.*
MAR. For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of

[a] Sweet-and-twenty:] A proverbial endearment; thus in "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," "—— his little wanton wagtailes, his *sweet and twenties,* his pretty pinckineyd pigsnies," &c.

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night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'[a] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck-up.[b]

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*[c] (7). [*Singing.*

MAL. Nay, good sir Toby.

CLO. *His eyes do show his days are almost done.* [*Singing.*

MAL. Is't even so?

SIR TO. *But I will never die.* [*Singing.*

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

CLO. *What an if you do?* [*Singing.*

SIR TO. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?* [*Singing.*

CLO. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.* [*Singing.*

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir?[d] ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR. TO. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go sir, rub your chain with crumbs.[e] A stoop of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

MAR. Go shake your ears.

SIR AND. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

[a] Coziers' *catches*—] A *cozier* meant a botcher of clothes or shoes.

[b] Sneck-up.] A contemptuous exclamation, equivalent to "go hang:"—

> "And now, helter-skelter, to th' rest of the house:
> The most are good fellows, and love to carouse;
> Who's not may go *sneck-up;* he's not worth a louse
> That stops a health i' th' round."

Song by Patrick Carey, "Come, faith, since I'm parting." (See CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, Vol. I. p. 289.)

[c] Farewell, dear heart, &c.] This and the subsequent lines sung by sir Toby and the Clown are modified snatches of an ancient ballad, which will be found in the Illustrative Comments on this comedy.

[d] *Out o'* tune, *sir?*] Very needlessly changed to "Out of *time!*" in most editions. Sir Toby desires an excuse for insulting the Steward, and finds it in pretending he had decried their singing.

[e] Rub your chains with crumbs.] The steward's badge of office formerly was a gold chain, and the usual mode of cleaning plate was by rubbing it with crumbs. See Webster's play of "The Duchess of Malfy"—"Yea, and the chippings of the butlery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain.*"

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SIR TO. Do 't, knight; I 'll write thee a challenge: or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MAR. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word,[a] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog!

SIR TO. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MAR. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned[b] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:[c] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device

SIR AND. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him?

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.[d]

SIR AND. O, 't will be admirable.

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she 's a good wench.

SIR TO. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too.

[a] Nay-word,—] *By-word;* the old copy has, *ayword.*

[b] Affectioned—] That is, *affected.*

[c] *Great* swarths:] A *swarth* is explained to mean as much corn or grass as a mower cuts down at one sweep of his scythe.

[d] Ass, *I doubt not.*] This feeble pun upon the words *as* and *ass*, was an old joke. It occurs in a rare tract called "A Pil to purge Melancholy," supposed to have been printed about 1599:—

"And for bidding me, come up *asse* into a higher roome."

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SIR TO. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TO. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.[a]

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TO. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

DUKE. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it?

CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out:—and play the tune the while.
[*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true lovers are,—
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour[b] that it loves;—
ath it not, boy?

VIO. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is 't?

VIO. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIO. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take

[a] Call me cut.] *Call me cut* is a phrase not unfrequent in our old plays; so, in the Interlude of "Nature:"—

> "Yf thou se him not take his way,
> *Call me cut*, when thou metest me another day."

It appears to be synonymous with the "call me *horse*" of Falstaff, and, Malone suggests, was probably an abbreviation of *curtal.*

[b] Favour—] *Countenance.* In her reply, Viola employs the word in a double sense.

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An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[a]
Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are: alas, that they are so;—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter* CURIO *and* Clown.

DUKE. O fellow, come, the song we had last night,—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

CLO. *Come away, come away death,*
*And in sad cypress let me be laid;*
*Fly* away, fly* away breath;*
*I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*
*My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,*
*O, prepare it!*
*My part of death, no one so true*
*Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,*
*On my black coffin let there be strown;*
*Not a friend, not a friend greet*
*My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:*
*A thousand thousand sighs to save,*
*Lay me, O, where*
*Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,*
*To weep there!* (8)

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLO. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, si

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

(*) Old text, *Fye—fie.*

[a] *Sooner lost and* worn,—] Johnson proposed to read *won* for *worn*, and perhaps rightly.

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CLO. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal![a]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and* Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I* cannot be so answer'd.

VIO. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: must she not, then, be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Ay, but I know,—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,

(*) Old text, *It*.

[a] *For thy mind is a very* opal!] The *opal* being a stone which varies its hues according to the different lights in which it is seen

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Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

*Enter* MARIA.

How now, my nettle[a] of India?

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

*Enter* MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

SIR TO. Here's an over-weening rogue!

[a] *My* nettle *of India?*] So the second folio. That of 1623 has *mettle*, which in most of the modern editions is changed into *metal*, and explained to mean *gold*. By the *nettle of India*, Steevens says, is meant a zoophyte, called *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian seas. "Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen Urticæ est sortita."—FRANZII, *Hist. Animal.* 1665, p. 620. This plant is likewise mentioned in Greene's "Card of Fancie," 1608:—"The *flower of India*, pleasant to be seen but whoso smelleth to it feeleth present smart."



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FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'S light, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TO. Peace! I say.

MAL. To be count Malvolio;—

SIR TO. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy[a] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR AND. Fie on him, Jezabel!

FAB. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TO. O, for a stone-bow,(9) to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

SIR TO. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace.

MAL. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby;—

SIR TO. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

SIR TO. Shall this fellow live?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,[b] yet peace.

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus,—quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MAL. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,*—

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;*—

SIR AND. That 's me, I warrant you.

MAL. *One sir Andrew:*—

SIR AND. I knew, 't was I; for many do call me fool.

[a] *The lady of the* Strachy—] The allusion is obviously to some old story in which a lady of distinction married a person much beneath her, but who she was, and whether *Strachy* was her name, her family, or her occupation, are as much a mystery now as they were a century ago.

[b] *With* cars,—] For *cars*, an undoubted misprint, Hanmer gave "*by th' ears;*" Johnson proposed "with *carts;*" Tyrwhitt, "with *cables;*" Mr. Singer, "*tears;*" and Mr. Sidney Walker, "with *racks;*" which last we consider preferable to any suggestion here offered.

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MAL. What employment have we here? [*Taking up the letter.*

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

MAL. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MAL. [*Reads.*]

*Jove knows, I love.*
*But who?*
*Lips do not move:*
*No man must know.*

*No man must know.*—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—if this should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. [*Reads.*]

*I may command where I adore;*
*But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,*
*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;*
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

FAB. A fustian riddle!

SIR TO. Excellent wench, say I.

MAL. *M, O, A, I,* (10) *doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

FAB. What dish of poison has she dressed him!

SIR TO. And with what wing the stannyel* checks at it!

MAL. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this;—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

SIR TO. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

FAB. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL. *M,*—Malvolio;—*M,*—why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. *M,*—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

FAB. And *O* shall end, I hope.

SIR TO. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*

MAL. And then *I* comes behind.

(*) Old text, *stallion;* corrected by Hanmer



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FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. *M, O, A, I;*—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born* great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered; I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.

Day-light and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me: for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR. TO. I could marry this wench for this device,—

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter* MARIA.

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[a] and become thy bond-slave?

SIR AND. I' faith, or I either?

(*) Old text, *become.*

[a] *Tray-trip,*—] A game similar to, if not the same as, our backgammon.

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SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TO. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MAR. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar,[a] thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*(1)

VIO. 'Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

CLO. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIO. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[b] to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIO. Nay, that 's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

VIO. Thy reason, man?

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

[a] Tartar,—] *Tartarus.* So in "Henry V." Act II. Sc. 2:—
"He might return to vasty *Tartar* back."

[b] *Cheveril* glove—] See note (*), p. 243, Vol. I.

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VIO. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee,—I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

CLO. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIO. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say, element, but the word is over-worn.

[*Exit.*

VIO. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men,* folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. 'Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

VIO. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste[a] your legs, sir, put them to motion.

(*) Old text, *mens.*

[a] Taste—] *Taste* was frequently employed in the old writers as *test*, or *try*. Steevens gives an apt example from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey:—

"——— he now began
To *taste* the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard."—*Book* 21.

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VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me *taste* my legs.

SIR TO. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance:—but we are prevented.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.*

OLI. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you,—
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady,——

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[a] not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

(*) Old text, *already*.

But Sir Toby uses it as he does *encounter the house*, and as the Clown adopts *welkin* and *element*, to ridicule the fantastic jargon of the Euphuists.

[a] Cyprus,—] *Cyprus*, or *cipress*, was a thin, transparent stuff, similar to that now called *crape*.

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VIO. I pity you.
OLI. That 's a degree to love.
VIO. No, not a grise;[a] for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLI. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
VIO. Then westward-ho!—(2)
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLI. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.
OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIO. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!
VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
OLI. [*Aside.*] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLI. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *A* grise;] A *step*. Thus in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 3:—
"Which, as a *grise*, or step, may help these lovers."

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## SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

SIR AND. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

SIR TO. Did she see thee[a] the while, old boy? tell me that.

SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.

FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR AND. 'S light! will you make an ass o' me?

FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

SIR AND. And 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist(3) as a politician.

SIR TO. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

FAB. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[b] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st*(4) him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter; about it.

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We 'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[c] go. [*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

[a] *Did she see* thee *the while,*—] *Thee* was added by Rowe.
[b] Curst—] *Curst* means *churlish, cross-grained.*
[c] The cubiculo:] We should surely read "*thy* cubiculo."

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SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

SIR TO. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite,[a] the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

SIR TO. Look where the youngest wren of nine* comes.

*Enter* MARIA.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings!

SIR TO. And cross gartered?

MAR. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.[b]—I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: (5) you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,

(*) Old text, *mine.*

[a] Opposite,—] *Opponent, antagonist.*

[b] *Like a pedant that keeps a school* i' the church.] This passage may help to enlighten another in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1:—"Do you not educate youth at the *charge*-house on the top of the hill?" where *charge* is most probably a misprint for *church.*

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The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns[a]
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

SEB. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

ANT. Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEB. Do not, then, walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I 'll be your purse bearer, and leave you for an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.—

SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

[a] And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns—]
In the old copy this stands:—
"And thankes: and ever oft good turnes," &c.
The repetition was suggested by Theobald.

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## SCENE IV.—Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

OLI. [*Aside.*] I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;—
How shall I feast him? what bestow of[a] him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,[b]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

OLI. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLI. Go call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.] I 'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

*Re-enter* MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

OLI. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, *Please one, and please all.* (6)

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I 'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'t was well writ.

[a] *What bestow* of *him?*] That is, *on* him. *Of* for *on*, *to* for *with*, and the like, are archaisms repeatedly found in works of the time.

[b] *He is* sad *and* civil,—] Interpreted to import solemn and *grave*, which is mere tautology. *Civil* here means *tart*, *sour*, *bitter;* see note ([a]), p. 182. Thus in "The Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> "If he be *civil*, not your powder'd sugar,
> Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
> To live a coxcomb with him."

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OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
MAL. *Some are born great,—*
OLI. Ha!
MAL. *Some achieve greatness,—*
OLI. What sayest thou?
MAL. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*
OLI. Heaven restore thee!
MAL. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;—*
OLI. Thy[a] yellow stockings!
MAL. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*
OLI. Cross-gartered!
MAL. *Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*
OLI. Am I made?
MAL. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*
OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter* Servant.

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

MAL. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang* with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to: fellow!* not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but, *fellow.* Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter* MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

(*) Old copy, *langer.*

[a] Thy *yellow stockings!*] Mr. Lettsom suggested, we should read, "*My* yellow stockings!" since Olivia has no idea that Malvolio is quoting the letter.

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MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ah! does she so?

SIR TO. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wise woman.

MAR. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MAL. How now, mistress!

MAR. O lord!

SIR TO. Pr'y thee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness: gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TO. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir!

SIR TO. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx!

MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Is 't possible?

FAB. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as as improbable fiction.

SIR TO. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MAR. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TO. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. —But see, but see.

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

*Enter Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR AND. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FAB. Is 't so saucy?

SIR AND. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TO. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

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FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.*

FAB. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat;*[a] *that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:[b] good.

SIR TO. [*Reads.*] *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as I know his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

[a] *Thou* liest in thy throat;] See note (2), p. 333, Vol. II.

[b] Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:] Fabian alludes to a ridiculous distinction in the Rules of the Duello, which is aptly explained in the note just mentioned, at page 333, Vol. II., where it will be remarked that to tell a man, "thou liest by the throat," or even, "thou liest by the throat, like a rogue," was an offence expiable without resort to combat; but to say, "thou liest by the throat, like a rogue, *as thou art*," was an affront to be atoned for only by blood.

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*Re-enter* OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:*
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me,—'t is my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this—your true love for my master.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR TO. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,[a] be yare[b] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIO. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TO. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched[c] rapier and on carpet consideration;(7) but he is a devil in private broil; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,[d] is his word; give 't or take 't.

VIO. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct[e]

(*) Old text, *on 't.*

[a] Dismount thy tuck,—] *Draw thy rapier.*

[b] Yare—] *Yare* means *brisk, nimble.*

[c] *Dubbed with* unhatched *rapier*—] From the context it would appear that Malone was right in thinking we ought to read *an hatch'd* rapier, that is, a rapier, the hilt of which was richly inlaid and ornamented. The ordinary lection is *unhacked* rapier.

[d] Hob, nob,—] The same as *Habbe* or *Nabbe*, have or not have, hit or miss. "The citizens in their rage * * * shot *habbe* or *nabbe* at random."—HOLINSHED.

[e] Some conduct—] Some *conductor.*

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of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste[a] their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE V.—*The Street adjoining* Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in,[b] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR AND. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR AND. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[a] *To taste their valour:*] See note (*), p. 262.
[b] Stuck-in,—] A corruption of the Italian fencing term, *stoccata.*



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*Enter* FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*To* FAB.] to take up the quarrel;
I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TO. [*To* VIO.] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

VIO. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

FAB. Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TO. Come, sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

SIR AND. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

VIO. I do assure you 't is against my will. [*Draws.*

*Enter* ANTONIO.

ANT. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

SIR TO. You, sir! why what are you?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TO. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[a] I am for you. [*Draws.*

FAB. O good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TO. I 'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. [*To Sir* ANDREW.

SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

*Enter two* Officers.

1 OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

2 OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

1 OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

ANT. I must obey.—This comes [*To* VIO.] with seeking you;—
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

[a] *An* undertaker,—] One who *undertakes* the quarrel of another.

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Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 OFF. Come, sir, away.

ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIO. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIO. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

2 OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 OFF. What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

ANT. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:[a]
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 OFF. The man grows mad; away with him!
Come, come, sir.

ANT. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTONIO.

VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

VIO. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

[a] *The* unkind:] The *unnatural.*



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In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'S lid, I 'll after him again, and beat him.

SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

FAB. Come, let 's see the event.

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

CLO. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so is so.

SEB. I pr'y thee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

CLO. *Vent* my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. *Vent* my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.[a]—I pr'y thee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall *vent* to my lady; shall I *vent* to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I pr'y thee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There 's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.[b]

*Enter Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

[a] I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.] The point of this is not apparent. Douce conjectured we should read—"this great lubberly *word* will prove a cockney." Omitting the adjective "*great*," which may have been caught by the compositor from the line above, Douce's emendation probably gives us what the poet wrote.

[b] After fourteen years' purchase.] That is, After the *rate* of fourteen years' purchase. The current price of land in England when this play was written appears to have been twelve years' purchase; so, buying character of fools was a bad bargain.

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SEB. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.—
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Hold, sir! or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Come on, sir; hold! [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand!

SIR TO. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. [*Liberates himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

SIR TO. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

*Enter* OLIVIA.

OLI. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

SIR TO. Madam—

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'y thee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.[a]

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep![b]

[a] *He started one poor* heart *of mine in thee.*] Johnson was doubtful whether an ambiguity were intended between *heart* and *hart:* the hunter's technical phrase *started*, might have convinced him that the poet was playing on the word.

[b] If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!] This speech recals that of Antipholus of Syracuse ("Comedy of Errors," Act II. Sc. 2), under similar circumstances of bewilderment:—

"Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell,—
Sleeping or waking,—mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go."

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OLI. Nay, come, I pr'y thee: would thou 'dst be rul'd by me.
SEB. Madam, I will.
OLI. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* MARIA *and* Clown.

MAR. Nay, I pr'y thee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* MARIA.

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[a] enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.[b]

*Enter Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, master parson.

CLO. *Bonos dies,* sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:* so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

SIR TO. To him, sir Topas.

CLO. What, ho, I say!—Peace in this prison!

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TO. Well said, master parson.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. [*Within.*] As hell, sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay-windows[c] transparent as barricadoes, and

[a] *I am not* tall *enough*, &c.] For the sake of an antithesis, most modern editors read, —"I am not *fat* enough;" but "*tall*" in its ancient sense of *robust, stout, personable,* offers quite sufficient contrast to the *lean* of the same line.

[b] *The* competitors enter.] That is, the *confederates*, the *colleagues*. See note (c), p. 26, Vol. I.

[c] Bay-windows—] A bay-window was what we term a *bow*-window, and was so called, according to Minsheu, "because it is builded in manner of a Bay, or roade for ships, that is, round."

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the clear-stories (1) towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. [*Within.*] I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. [*Within.*] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

MAL. [*Within.*] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

CLO. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. [*Within.*] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLO. Fare thee well. remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

SIR TO. My most exquisite sir Topas!

CLO. Nay, I am for all waters.[a]

MAR. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to* the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

CLO. [*Singing.*] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,* (2)
*Tell me how thy lady does.*

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool,—

CLO. [*Singing.*] *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MAL. Fool,—

CLO. [*Singing.*] *Alas, why is she so?*

MAL. Fool, I say;—

CLO. [*Singing.*] *She loves another.*—Who calls, ha?

MAL. [*Within.*] Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my

(*) Old text omits, *to*.

[a] I am for all waters.] I can play any character. A metaphor borrowed, perhaps, from the tavern:—"Hee is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's Skiffe or Cock-boate, where having learned *to brooke all waters*, and drinke as he can out of a tarrie canne," &c.—Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe," p. 27. The literal meaning of "*I am for all waters*," was, undoubtedly, "I am ready for any drink." The cant term for potations, in Shakespeare's time, was *waters;* and to "breathe in your *watering*," "Henry IV." Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 5, meant to take breath while drinking. See Taylor's (The Water Poet) "Drinke and welcome, or the famous history of the most part of Drinkes in use in Greate Britaine and Ireland; with an especial Declaration of the Potency, Vertue, and Operation of our English Ale: with a description of all sorts of *Waters*," &c.

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hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. [*Within.*] Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But *as well?* then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. [*Within.*] They have here propertied[a] me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—[*As Sir* TOPAS.] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MAL. [*Within.*] Sir Topas,——

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.[b]—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MAL. [*Within.*] Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

MAL. [*Within.*] By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLO. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MAL. [*Within.*] Believe me I, am not; I tell thee true.

CLO. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

MAL. [*Within.*] Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'y thee, be gone.

CLO. [*Singing.*]

*I am gone, sir,*
*And anon, sir,*
*I'll be with you again,*
*In a trice,*
*Like to the old vice,*[c]
*Your need to sustain;*

*Who, with dagger of lath,*
*In his rage and his wrath,*

[a] Propertied—] *Propertied* bears here the same meaning,—that, apparently, of *circumscribed, restricted, appropriated,*—as in "King John," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"I am too high-born to be *propertied.*"

[b] Maintain no words with him, good fellow.] The clown is playing a double part, and feigns, by change of voice and language, a colloquy between Sir Topas and himself.

[c] Like to the old vice,—] See note (3) p. 82.

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*Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:*
*Like a mad lad,*
*Pare thy nails, dad,*
*Adieu, goodman drivel.** [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—Olivia's *Garden.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[a]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,—
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles[b] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep,
According to my birth.—What do you say?
SEB. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
OLI. Then lead the way, good father;——and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *devil.*

[a] Credit,—] *Information.* [b] Whiles—] That is, *until.*

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# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

*Enter* Clown *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter* Duke, Viola, Curio, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,[a] if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer;[b] there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

[a] Conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,—] A passage cited by Farmer from the tragedy of "Lust's Dominion," in some degree explains the Clown's thought:—

> "*Queen.* ——— Come, let's kisse.
> *Moor.* Away, away.
> *Queen. No, no,* says *aye;* and *twice away,* sayes, *stay.*"

[b] A double dealer:] See note (b), p. 479, Vol. II.

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DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* Officers.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scatheful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,

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Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
VIO. How can this be?
DUKE. When came he to this town?
ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.
DUKE. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

*Enter* OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
VIO. Madam!
DUKE. Gracious Olivia,——
OLI. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,——
VIO. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[a] and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.
DUKE. Still so cruel?
OLI. Still so constant, lord.
DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? (1) a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
VIO. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*
OLI. Where goes Cesario?
VIO. After him I love

[a] *It is as* fat—] *Fat*, here, means *o'ercloying, sickening.*

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More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLI. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.

DUKE. Come, away! [*To* VIOLA.

OLI. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay!

DUKE. *Husband?*

OLI. Ay, husband, can he that deny?

DUKE. Her husband, sirrah?

VIO. No, my lord, not I.

OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

*Re-enter* Attendant, *with* Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveal before 't is ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings: (2)
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?[a]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIO. My lord, I do protest,—

OLI. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *with his head broken.*

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to sir Toby.

[a] Case.] An old term, not altogether disused, for *skin.*

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OLI. What 's the matter?

SIR AND. H' as broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLI. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR AND. 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by sir Toby.

VIO. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.—Here comes sir Toby, halting—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

DUKE. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

SIR TO. That 's all one; h' as hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLO. O, he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TO. Then he 's a rogue, after a passy-measure's pavin;[a] I hate a drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND. I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help?—an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave!—a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that,
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
A natural perspective,[b] that is and is not!

SEB. Antonio? O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

After *a passy-measure's pavin;*] The first folio reads, "*and* a passy measures *panyn.*" In a MS. list of old dances, Mr. Collier has found one dance called "The passinge measure Pavyon."

[b] Perspective,—] See note (4), p. 158, Vol. II.

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ANT. Sebastian are you?
SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
ANT. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
OLI. Most wonderful!
SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
VIO. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
SEB. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow,—
SEB. And so had mine.
VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help[a]
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count;
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

[a] *Where lie my* maiden *weeds; by whose gentle help*
*I was* preserv'd *to serve this noble count;*]

To correct the prosody of the first line, Theobald reads, "my *maid's* weeds;" perhaps the object is attained more effectually by adding than subtracting a syllable:—

"Where lie my maiden weeds; *he* by whose gentle help," &c.

His alteration of *preferr'd* for *preserv'd* in the second line is, however, an undeniable improvement, and is almost verified by the passage in Act I. Sc. 2, where Viola tells the captain she is here speaking of,—

"I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt *present me.*"

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SEB. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To* OLIVIA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,—
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:—
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* VIOLA.
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIO. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLI. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter* Clown, *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting[a] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given 't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLI. Open 't, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,*—

OLI. How now! art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

OLI. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLI. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

FAB. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well*

[a] Extracting *frenzy*—] The second folio has "*exacting*," and Mr. Collier's annotator reads "distracting;" but see the passage quoted by Malone, from "The Hystorie of Hamblet," "to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits;" and another, cited by Steevens, where William de Wyrcester, speaking of Henry VI., says:—"—subito cecidit in gravem infirmitatem capitis, ita quod *extractus* à mente videbatur."

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*as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly-used* MALVOLIO.

OLI. Did he write this?
CLO. Ay, madam.
DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.
OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.
DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*To* VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,—
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,—
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
OLI. A sister!—you are she.

*Re-enter* FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?
OLI. Ay, my lord, this same:—
How now, Malvolio!
MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.
MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,—
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she



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First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,[a]
And in such forms, which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FAB. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter at sir Toby's great importance;[b]
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLI. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

CLO. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown*[c] *upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—but do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged:* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MAL. I 'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you! [*Exit.*

OLI. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except the* Clown.

[a] Then cam'st in smiling,—] *Thou* must be understood after cam'st, "then cam'st *thou* in smiling," &c.

[b] Importance;] That is, *importunity.*

[c] *Some have greatness* thrown *upon them.*] "Query," Mr. Dyce asks, "is *thrown*, instead of 'thrust,' an oversight of the author, or an error of the scribe or printer?" We believe it to be neither one nor the other, but a purposed variation common to Shakespeare in cases of repetition, possibly from his knowing, by professional experience, the difficulty of quoting with perfect accuracy. *Thrown* occurs with precisely the same sense in Wilkins' tract of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre:"—"If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth a bastard: if it were *thrown* upon you by opinion, make good that opinion," &c.

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SONG.

CLO. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,* (3)
*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*
*A foolish thing was but a toy,*
*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,*
*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*
*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,*
*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,*
*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*
*By swaggering could I never thrive,*
*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds,*
*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*
*With toss-pots still had drunken heads,*
*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,*
*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:*
*But that 's all one, our play is done,*
*And we 'll strive to please you every day.* [*Exit.*



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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE III.—*He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys.*] Mr. Gifford observes (BEN JONSON'S Works, II. 125), "that a viol-de-gambo (a bass viol, as Jonson also calls it) was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion, affected an acquaintance with this instrument." The allusions to it are frequent in our old dramas: thus, in the Induction to Marston's "Malcontent," 1604:—

"SINK. Save you, coose.
SLY. O, coosin, come, you shall sit betweene my legges heare.
SINK. No, indeede, coosin, the audience then will take me for a *viol-de-gambo*, and thinke that you play upon me."

(2) SCENE III.—*A parish-top.*] "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work."—STEEVENS.
The amusement must have been very popular, being repeatedly mentioned in early books: thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Thierry and Theodoret," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"——— I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a *parish-top*,
And make him dance before you."

So also in Taylor the Water Poet's "Jacke-a-Lent," p. 117, ed. 1630:—

"Were it not for these Netmongers, it is no flat lye to say, the Flounder might lye flat in his watry Cabin, and the Eele (whose slippery taile put mee in mind of a formall Courtiers promise) would wriggle up and downe in his muddy habitation, which would bee a great discommodity for schoole-boyes, through the want of scourges to whip Gigs and *Towne-Tops*."

(3) SCENE III.—*The buttery-bar.*] This was a favourite locality in the palaces of royalty, and in the houses of the opulent. Mr. Halliwell has furnished an engraving of one still preserved at Christ Church College, Oxford; and he remarks that "this relic of ancient customs is still found in most of our ancient colleges. 'Furst every mornyng at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panatry barre, and a galon of ale at our *buttrye barre;* Item, at dyner, a pese of beyfe, a stroke of roste, and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete bred at our panatry barre, and a galon of ale at our *buttry barre*.'—MS. dated 1522."

(4) SCENE III.—*Mistress Mall's picture.*] The picture in question is supposed to be a portrait of one Mary Frith, commonly known as Mall Cut-purse, an Amazonian *bona roba*, to whom allusions innumerable are made by the dramatic and satirical writers of the period. She is said to have been born in Barbican, and to have attained to such disreputable celebrity, that about 1610 a book was published, entitled "The Madde Prancks of mery Mall of the Banckside, with her walkes in man's apparell and to what purpose, written by John Day." In the following year she was made the heroine of a comedy by Middleton and Decker, called "The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurse, as it

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hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by the Prince his Players," on the title-page of which she is represented in her male habiliments, and smoking tobacco. About the same time she did penance at St. Paul's Cross, of which ceremony the following account is preserved in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated February 12, 1611-12:—"This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance." She died in 1659, and is stated to have left twenty pounds by her will for the Fleet-street conduit to run with wine when King Charles the Second returned, which happened soon after.

(5) Scene V.—*Clown.*] *Clown*, in our old plays, was the generical term for the *buffone*, or low-comedy character of the piece. Sometimes this merry-man was a mere country bumpkin, like the old shepherd's son in "The Winter's Tale;" or a shrewd rustic, like Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost;" or a witty retainer, such as Launce in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" and Launcelot in "The Merchant of Venice;" sometimes he was an "allowed," or hired domestic jester, like Touchstone in "As You Like it," Lavatch in "All's Well that Ends Well," and the fool in the present comedy. For a description of the sort of amusement the domestic fools were expected to afford their employers, see note (2), p. 558, Vol. II.

(6) Scene V.—*He says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*] The doors of Mayors' and Sheriffs' houses were furnished with ornamented posts, on which were set up the royal and civic proclamations. It appears to have been the custom to repaint the posts whenever a new election of these officials took place: thus in "Lingua:" "Knowes he how to become a scarlet gowne? hath he a paire of *fresh posts* at his doore?" And again in "*Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth*," 1598:—

> "Or like a new sherifes gate-posts, whose old faces
> Are furbished over to smoothe time's disgraces."

A pair of Mayors' posts are still standing in Norwich, which, from the initials T. P. and the date 159.., are conjectured to have belonged to Thomas Pettys, who was Mayor of that city in 1592.

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## ACT II.

(1) Scene III.—*Did you never see the picture of we three?*] The Clown roguishly refers to a once common sign, which represented two fools drinking, with an inscription beneath of "We *three* loggerheads be."

> "Plain home-spun stuffe shall now proceed from me,
> Much like unto the picture of *Wee Three*."
> Taylor's *Farewell to the Tower-Bottles*, 1622.

There is a marginal note to this passage,—"The picture of two fooles and the third looking on, I doe fitly compare with the two black bottles and myselfe."

(2) Scene III.—*In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus.*] Sir Andrew's commendation calls to mind one of the most characteristic accomplishments of the wittiest domestic jesters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We say the *wittiest*, for, without distributing the Clowns of the period according to the careful classification adopted by Mr. Douce, it is evident that, in the fool's calling, as in others, there were various degrees, and that the first-class jester of a royal or noble family ranked as much above his brother clown of the common sort, as the leading histrion of a London theatre tops the poor varlet who struts and frets his hour upon the stage at a country fair; "I marvel," says Malvolio, "that your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brains than a stone." All clowns were capable, more or less, of the biting sarcasms and coarse practical merriment which their vocation licensed; but few, probably, had sufficient information, not to say learning, to garnish their discourse with the mock erudition and the snatches of axiomatical philosophy exhibited by the jesters of "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It;" and from them any reasoning admitting a sensible interpretation must not, of course, be looked for; though something may be

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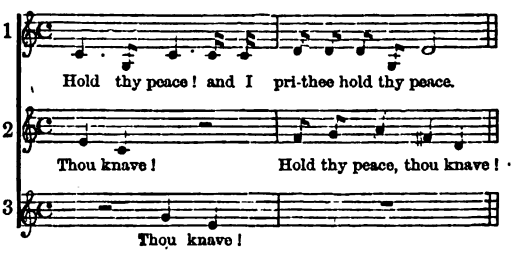
traced in them which bears a close affinity to the fantastic extravagance and wild conceits of Rabelais. The source, however, of their sham sententiousness is of an earlier date than the romance of the great French satirist. The first known edition of that work is dated 1532; but in the library of M. de Bure were found two more ancient though undated books, entitled "*Les Chroniques de Gargantua*," which have much of this peculiar humour. The history of Gargantua, as an enormous giant, was well known too in England during the sixteenth century, though the romance relating to him contains nothing of the amusing rhodomontade indulged in by Rabelais and the humorists in question. A remote resemblance to it may be detected in some parts of the poems of Robert Longland, "The Vision and Creed of Pierce Ploughman;" and there is extant a genuine specimen of the "excellent fooling" for which the clowns of Shakespeare stand unrivalled, in the form of a mock sermon, in a manuscript of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, which, with other burlesques of the same date, was printed in 1841 by Mr. T. Wright, in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, Vol. I. pp. 82—84. One extract from this effusion, with the orthography partly modernised, will convey no very imperfect notion of the clown's "gracious fooling" with Sir Toby and his companion knight:—"Why hopest thou not, for sooth, that there stood once a cook on St. Paul steeple top, and drew up the strapuls of his breech? How provest thou that? By all the four doctors of Wynebere hylles; that is to say, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadyl Trymsert; the which four doctors say, that there was once an old wife had a cook to her son; and he looked out of an old dove-cote, and warned and charged that no man should be so hardy neither to ride nor to go on St. Paul steeple top but if he rode on a three-footed stool, or else that he brought with him a warrant of his neck, and yet the lewd letherand lurdon went forth, and met seven acres of land betwixt Dover and Quicksand, and he brought an acre in his recke [hand-basket] from the Tower of London unto the Tower of Babilon; and, as he went by the way, he had a foul fall, and he fell down at the castle of Dover into a gruel pot, and brake both his shins. Thereof came tripping to the king of Hongre, that all people which might not lightly come to the Plain of Salisbury, but the fox and the grey convent, should pray for all the old shoe-soles that ben roasted in the king's dish on Saturday."

(3) Scene III.—*Let our catch be, Thou knave.*] In this catch, the notes of which we append, the fun consists in the parts being so contrived that each singer in turn calls his fellow *knave*.




(4) Scene III.—*Malvolio 's a Peg a-Ramsey.*] The words of the old ballad of *Peg-a-Ramsey* are lost, but Mr. Chappell informs us that "there are two tunes under the name, and both as old as Shakespeare's time. The first is called *Peg-a-Ramsey* in William Ballet's Lute Book, and is given by Sir John Hawkins as the tune quoted in the text. (See the *Variorum* edition.) 'Little Pegge of Ramsie' is one of the tunes in a manuscript by Dr. Bull, which formed a part of Dr. Pepusch's, and afterwards of Dr. Kitchener's library."

(5) Scene III.—*Three merry men be we.*] This song is mentioned in Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," 1595. Anticke, Frolicke, and Fantasticke, three adventurers, are lost in a wood in the night, and Anticke says, "Let us rehearse the old proverb:—

"'Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jacke sleeps in the tree.'"

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The burden being a jovial and popular one, is continually quoted by the old playwrights. For the tune the reader is referred to Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, Vol. I. p. 216.

(6) SCENE III.—*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*] Of this long and wearisome ballad we have already given a sufficient sample (Vol. I. p. 301) in illustration of the familiar burden, "lady, lady." In a broadside preserved in the Roxburghe collection, it is headed, "An excellent Ballad, Intituled, *The constancy* of Susanna. To an excellent new tune." A "ballette of the godly constante wyse Susanna," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company so early as 1562-3, and a play on the same subject was printed in 1578.

(7) SCENE III.—*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*] The ballad referred to in the note at p. 252, is printed by Percy, (Reliques, i. 205,) from an ancient miscellany, entitled "The golden Garland of princely delights."

(8) SCENE IV.—

*Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,*
*To weep there!*]

On comparing the Duke's description of that "antique song" he heard last night, with this ballad, the difference is so striking, as to beget suspicion that the latter was an interpolation and not the original song intended by the poet. It appears, indeed, to have been the privilege of the singer formerly, whenever the business of the scene required a song, to introduce one of his own choice; hence we frequently find in our old dramas, instead of the words of a ballad, merely a stage direction, "A Song," or "He sings."

(9) SCENE V.—*O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!*] "A stone-bow was a cross-bow made for propelling stones, or rather bullets, merely in contradistinction to a bow that shot arrows. 'Litle more then a yeare after I maried, I and my wife being at Skreenes with my father, (the plague being soe in London, and my building not finished,) I had exercised my-selfe with a *stone-bow* and a spar-hawke at the bush.'—*Autobiography of* SIR JOHN BRAMSTON, p. 108."—HALLIWELL.

(10) SCENE V.—*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*] Fustian riddles of this kind were not uncommon in Shakespeare's time, and several examples are quoted by Mr. Halliwell. Thus, in the "Squyr of Lowe Degre"—

In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be set
A ladyes head, with many a frete
Above the head wrytten shall be
A reason for the love of me;
Both O and R shall be therein,
With A and M it shall begynne.

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## ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Enter Clown with a tabor.*] The *tabor* was a favourite instrument with the professional fools. Most people are familiar with the print prefixed to Tarlton's Jests, 1611, in which that famous comedian is represented playing on a pipe and beating a small drum or tabor. Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakspere," has given an earlier portrait of Tarlton, (the original, apparently, of that attached to the "Jests,") which is taken from the Harleian MS. No. 3885. It is to this representation, probably, that allusion is made in "The pleasant and Stately Morall of the three Lordes and *three Ladies of London*." By Robert Wilson, 1590. The dialogue is between Wil, Wit, Wealth (pages of the three Lords), and Simplicitie ("a poore Free man of London").

*Simplicitie.* "This is Tarlton's picture. Didst thou neuer know Tarlton?"
*Wil.* "No: what was that Tarlton? I neuer knew him."
*Simplicitie.* "What was he? A prentice in his youth of this honourable city, God be with him. When he was young, he was leaning to the trade that my wife vseth nowe, and I haue vsed, *vide lice shirt*, water bearing. I wis he hath tost a tankard in Cornehil er nowe: If thou knewst him not, I will not call thee ingram; but if thou knewest not him, thou knewest nobody. I warrant, her's two crackropes knew him."

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*Wil.* "I dwelt with him."
*Simplicitie.* "Didst thou? now giue me thy hand: I loue thee the better."
*Wil.* "And I, too, sometime."
*Simplicitie.* "You, child! did you dwell with him sometime?"
Wit dwelt with him, indeed, as appeared by his rime, and served him well; and Wil was with him now and then. But soft: thy name is Wealth: I think in earnest he was litle acquainted with thee.
O, it was a fine fellow, as ere was borne:
There will neuer come his like while the earth can corne.
O, passing fine Tarlton! I would thou hadst liued yet."
*Wealth.* "He might haue some, but thou showest small wit.
There is no such finenes in the picture, that I can see."
*Simplicitie.* "Thou art no Cinque Port man; thou art not wit free.
The finenes was within, for without he was plaine;
But it was the merriest fellow, and had such jests in store,
That if thou hadst scene him, thou wouldst have laughed thy hart sore."

(2) SCENE I.—*Then westward-ho!*] In our poet's time the Thames formed the great highway of traffic, and "Westward, ho!" "Eastward, ho!" equivalent to the modern omnibus conductor's "West-end!" "City!" were the cries with which the watermen made its shores resound from morn till night. At that period, before the general introduction of coaches, there were not less, according to Taylor, than forty thousand of these clamorous Tritons plying their calling on the river in and near to the metropolis; and their desperate contentions to secure custom sometimes led to scenes of scandalous riot and confusion. Decker took the exclamation "Westward, ho!" for the title of a comedy, and Jonson, Chapman, and Marston adopted that of "Eastward, ho!" for one jointly written by them a few years afterwards.

(3) SCENE II.—*A Brownist.*] The *Brownists* were a sect who derived their name from Robert Browne, a gentleman of good family, and who had been educated at Cambridge. He separated from the Church, and gave great offence about 1580 by maintaining that her discipline was Popish and Antichristian, and her ministers not rightly ordained. Strype, in his life of Whitgift, relates, however, that in the year 1589 he "went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the Church."

(4) SCENE II.—*If thou* thou'st *him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.*] Theobald's conjecture that this passage was levelled at the Attorney-General Coke for his *thouing* Sir Walter Raleigh is at once put out of court since "Twelfth Night" is discovered to have been acted nearly two years before Sir Walter's trial took place. But if Theobald were ignorant of the fact, subsequent editors who have adopted his supposition ought to have known that to *thou* any body was once thought a direct mark of insult, as might be shown by a hundred examples. Mr. Singer has adduced one pertinent illustration from "The Enimie of Idlenesse," by William Fulwood, 1568: "A merchaunt having many servantes, to his chiefest may speake or wryte by this terme *you:* but to them whome he lesse esteemeth, and are more subject to correction, he may use thys terme *thou.*" The following, from the "Galateo of Maister John Della Casa, Archebishop of Beneventa," 4to. Lond. 1576, pp. 45-6, is even still more to the purpose:—

"Many times it chaunceth that men come to daggers drawing, even for this occasion alone, that one man hath not done the other, that worship and honour uppon the way, that he ought. For to saye a trueth, the power of custome is great and of much force, and would be taken for a lawe, in these cases. And that is the cause we say: *You:* to every one, that is not a man of very base calling, and in suche kinde of speach wee yealde such a one, no maner of courtesie of our owne. But if wee say: *Thou:* to suche a one, then wee disgrace him and offer him outrage and wronge: and by suche speach, seeme to make no better reconing of him, then of a knave and a clowne. * * * * So that it behoves us, hedefully to marke the doings and speache, wherewith daily practise and custome, wonteth to receave, salute, and name in our owne country, all sortes and kinds of people, and in all our familiar communication with men, let us use the same. And notwithstanding the Admerall * (as, peradventure, the maner of his time was such) in his talke with Peter the king of Aragon, did many times *Thou* him: Let us yet saye to our King, *Your* majestie: and *your* highnes: as well in speache as in writing."

(5) SCENE II.—*The new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.*] An allusion, it is supposed, to a *multilineal* map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyages, published in 1598. Of a portion of this "new map," Mr. Knight has given a copy in his "Pictorial Shakspere," among the notes to the present play.

* *Bocc. Novel.* 6. *Gior.* 5.

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(6) SCENE IV.—*It is with me as the very true sonnet is,* Please one, and please all.] Of this "very true sonnet" a copy, believed to be unique, was discovered a few years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr. George Daniel. It is adorned with a rude portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with her feathered fan, starched ruff, and ample farthingale, and is said to have been the composition of her majestie's right merrie and facetious droll, Dick Tarlton. The numbers of this recovered relic are not lofty, nor the expression very felicitous; but "Please One and Please All" is worth preserving, both as an illustration of Shakespeare, and as a specimen of the quaint and simple old ballad literature of our forefathers:—

A prettie new Ballad, intituled:
The Crowe sits upon the wall,
Please one and please all.

*To the tune of, Please one and please all.*

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pypeth the Crowe,
sitting upon a wall:
Please one and please all,
please one and please all.

Be they white be they black,
Have they a smock on their back,
Or a kercher on her head,
Whether they spin silke or thred,
Whatsoever they them call:
Please one and please all.

Be they sluttish be they gay,
Love they worke or love they play,
Whatsoever be theyre cheere,
Drinke they ale or drinke they beere,
Whether it be strong or small:
please one and please all.

Be they sower be they swete,
Be they shrewish be they meeke,
Weare they silke or cloth so good
Velvet bonnet or french-hood,
upon her head a cap or call:
please one and please all.

Be they halt be they lame,
Be she Lady be she dame,
If that she doo weare a pinne,
Keepe she taverne or keepe she Inne,
Either bulke bouth or stall:
please one and please all.

The goodwife I doo meane,
Be she fat or be she leane,
Whatsoever that she be,
This the Crowe tolde me,
sitting uppon a wall:
please one and please all.

If the goodwife speake aloft,
See that you then speake soft,
Whether it be good or ill,
Let her doo what she will:
and to keepe yourselfe from thrall,
please one and please all.

If the goodwife be displeased,
All the whole house is diseased,
And therefore by my will,
To please her learne the skill,
Least that she should alwaise brall:
please one and please all.

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If that you bid her do ought,
If that she doo it not,
And though that you be her goodman,
You yourself must doo it then,
be it in kitchin or in hall.
please one and please all.

Let her have her owne will,
Thus the Crowe pypeth still,
Whatsoever she command,
See that you doo it out of hand.
whensoever she doth call:
please one and please al..

Be they wanton be they wilde,
Be they gentle be they milde:
Be shee white be shee browne,
Doth shee skould or doth she frowne,
Let her doo what she shall:
please one and please all.

Be she coy be she proud,
Speake she soft or speake she loud,
Be she simple be she flaunt,
Doth she trip or dooth she taunt,
the Crowe sits upon the wall:
please one and please all.

Is she huswife is she none,
Dooth she drudge dooth she grone,
Is she nimble is she quicke,
Is she short, is she thicke,
Let her be what she shall:
please one and please all.

Be she cruel be she curst,
Come she last come she first,
Be they young be they olde,
Doo they smile doo they scold,
though they doo nought at all:
please one and please all.

Though it be some Crowes guise,
Oftentimes to tell lyes,
Yet this Crowes words dooth try,
That her tale is no lye,
For thus it is and ever shall
please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great be they small,
Be they little be they lowe,
So pipeth the Crowe,
sitting upon a wall:
please one and please all,
please one and please all.

FINIS. R T

Imprinted at London for Henry Kyrkham, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the syne of the blacke Boy.

(7) SCENE IV.—*On carpet consideration.*] By *carpet consideration* Shakespeare points at the *carpet knights*, or *knights of the green cloth*, as those persons were called who attained to the distinction of knighthood, not by military services, but for some real or supposed merit in their civil capacities. Of such, Francis Markham, in *The Books of Honour*, folio 1625, p. 71, observes: "Next unto these (he had been speaking of *Dunghill*, or *Truck knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie (for these are truly for the most part vertuous and worthie), is that rank of Knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace, by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having, by some special service done to the common-wealth, or for some other particular virtues made

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known to the soveraigne, as also for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their ancestors, deserved this great title and dignitie."

Randal Holme, in much the same terms, describes the several orders of persons eligible for the title, and speaks of it as an honourable distinction. It is plain, however, from innumerable passages in the old writers, that, to the popular idea, a *carpet knight* was synonymous then, as it is now, with an effeminate popinjay, who gained by favour what he would never have won by deeds. So, in Harrington's epigram, "Of Merit and Demerit:"—

> "That captaines in those days were not regarded:
> That only *Carpet-knights* were well rewarded."

Whetstone, in the story of *Rinaldo and Giletta*, in *The Rock of Regard*, 1576, says:—"Now he consults with *carpet knights* about curious masks and other delightful shewes; anon he runs unto the tailer's, to see his apparell made of the straungest and costliest fashion." And in "A Happy Husband, or Directions for a Maid to chuse her Mate, together with a Wive's Behaviour after Mariage," by Patrick Hannay, Gent. 1622, there is a full-length portrait of the character:—

> "A carpet knight, who makes it his chiefe care
> To trick him neatly up, and doth not spare
> (Though sparing) precious time for to devoure;
> Consulting with his glasse, a tedious houre
> Soon flees, spent so, while each irreguler haire
> His Barbor rectifies, and to seem rare,
> His heat-lost lockes, to thicken closely curles,
> And curiously doth set his misplac'd purles;
> Powders, perfumes, and then profusely spent,
> To rectifie his native, nasty sent:
> This forenoones task perform'd, his way he takes,
> And chamber-practis'd craving cursies makes
> To each he meets; with cringes, and screw'd faces,
> (Which his too partiall glasse approv'd for graces:)
> Then dines, and after courts some courtly dame,
> Or idle busie-bout misspending game;" &c.

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## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*Clear-stories.*] The clear-stories are the upper story or row of windows in a church, hall, or other erection, rising clear above the adjoining parts of the building, adopted as a means of obtaining an increase of light. "Whereupon a iij thousand werkmen was werkynge iiij monethes to make it so grete in quantyté, so statly, and all with *clere-story* lyghtys, lyk a lantorne, the roffis garnyshed with sarsnettys and buddys of golde, and borderyd over all the aras over longe to dysturbe the rychnes therof."—ARNOLD'S *Chronicle*.

(2) SCENE II.—

> *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*
> *Tell me how thy lady does!*]

"The original of this song is preserved in a MS. containing poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and is entitled 'The careful Lover complaineth, and the happy Lover counselleth:'—

> A Robyn,—Jolly Robyn,
> Tell me how thy leman doeth,—And thou shalt knowe of myn.
> My lady is unkyinde, perde.—Alack! why is she so?
> She loveth an other better than me:—And yet she will say, no.
> RESPONSE. I fynde no such doubleness:—I fynde women true.
> My lady loveth me dowtles,—And will change for no newe.
> LE PLAINTIF. Thou art happy while that doeth last;—But I say, as I fynde,
> That woman's love is but a blast,—And torneth with the wynde.
> RESPONSE. But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme,—Lerne this lesson of me,
> At others fieres thy selfe to warme,—And let them warme with the.
> LE PLAINTIF. Suche folkes can take no harme by love,—That can abide their torn,
> But I, alas, can no way prove—In love but lake and morn."

HALLIWELL.

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## ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—

*Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,*
*Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,*
*Kill what I love?*]

This relates, perhaps, as Theobald suggested, to a story found in the *Æthiopics* of Heliodorus. The *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, a native of Memphis, and the chief of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a strong body of robbers coming down upon the band of Thyamis, he was under such apprehensions for his beloved that he had her shut up in a cave with his treasure. It was customary for those barbarians, "when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear," and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, betook himself to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the mouth of the cave by a Grecian, making to the speaker by the direction of the voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

(2) SCENE I.—

*A contract of eternal bond of love,*
*Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,*
*Attested by the holy close of lips,*
*Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.*]

The ceremony which had taken place between Olivia and Sebastian, Mr. Douce has conclusively shown, was not an actual marriage, but that which was called *espousals*, namely, a *betrothing*, *affiancing*, or *promise of future marriage*. "Vincent de Beauvais, a writer of the thirteenth century, in his *Speculum historiale*, lib. ix. c. 70, has defined *espousals* to be *a contract of future marriage*, made either by a simple promise, by earnest or security given, by a ring, or by an oath. During the same period, and the following centuries, we may trace several other modes of betrothing, some of which it may be worth while to describe more at large.

I. The interchangement of rings.—Thus in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, book 3:—

'Soon after this they spake of sondry things
As fill to purpose of this aventure,
And playing *enterchaungeden her rings*
Of which I can not tellen no scripture.'

When espousals took place at church, rings were also interchanged. According to the ritual of the Greek church, the priest first placed the rings on the fingers of the parties who afterwards exchanged them. Sometimes the man only gave a ring. * * *

II. The kiss that was mutually given. When this ceremony took place at church, the lady of course withdrew the veil which was usually worn on the occasion; when in private, the drinking of healths generally followed.

III. The joining of hands. This is often alluded to by Shakspeare himself.

IV. The testimony of witnesses. That of the priest alone was generally sufficient, though we often find many other persons attending the ceremony. The words 'there before him,' and 'he shall conceal it,' in Olivia's speech, sufficiently demonstrate that betrothing and not marriage is intended; for in the latter the presence of the priest alone would not have sufficed. In later times, espousals in the church were often prohibited in France, because instances frequently occurred where the parties, relying on the testimony of the priest, scrupled not to live together as man and wife; which gave rise to much scandal and disorder."—DOUCE'S *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, I. 109—113.

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(3) SCENE I.—*When that I was and a little tiny boy.*] It is to be regretted, perhaps, that this "nonsensical ditty," as Steevens terms it, has not been long since degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs, with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden—or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which, the performer indulged in hideous grimace, and a grotesque sort of "Jump Jim Crow" dance. Of these "nonsense songs," we had formerly preserved three or four specimens, but they have unfortunately got mislaid.

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# CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"*The Twelfth Night, or What you Will*, unites the entertainment of an intrigue, contrived with great ingenuity, to a rich fund of comic characters and situations, and the beauteous colours of an ethereal poetry. In most of his plays, Shakspeare treats love more as an affair of the imagination than the heart; but here he has taken particular care to remind us that, in his language, the same word, *fancy*, signified both fancy and love. The love of the music-enraptured Duke for Olivia is not merely a fancy, but an imagination; Viola appears at first to fall arbitrarily in love with the Duke, whom she serves as a page, although she afterwards touches the tenderest strings of feeling; the proud Olivia is captivated by the modest and insinuating messenger of the Duke, in whom she is far from suspecting a disguised rival, and at last, by a second deception, takes the brother for the sister. To these, which I might call ideal follies, a contrast is formed by the naked absurdities to which the entertaining tricks of the ludicrous persons of the piece give rise, under the pretext also of love: the silly and profligate knight's awkward courtship of Olivia, and her declaration of love to Viola; the imagination of the pedantic steward, Malvolio, that his mistress is secretly in love with him, which carries him so far that he is at last shut up as a lunatic, and visited by the clown in the dress of a priest. These scenes are admirably conceived, and as significant as they are laughable. If this were really, as is asserted, Shakspeare's latest work, he must have enjoyed to the last the same youthful elasticity of mind, and have carried with him to the grave the undiminished fulness of his talents."—SCHLEGEL.

"The serious and the humorous scenes are alike excellent; the former

> ———————' give a very echo to the seat
> Where love is thron'd,'

and are tinted with those romantic hues, which impart to passion the fascinations of fancy, and which stamp the poetry of Shakespeare with a character so transcendently his own, so sweetly wild, so tenderly imaginative. Of this description are the loves of Viola and Orsino, which, though involving a few improbabilities of incident, are told in a manner so true to nature, and in a strain of such melancholy enthusiasm, as instantly put to flight all petty objections, and leave the mind wrapped in a dream of the most delicious sadness. The fourth scene of the second act more particularly breathes the blended emotions of love, of hope, and of despair, opening with a highly interesting description of the soothing effects of music in allaying the pangs of unrequited affection, and in which the attachment of Shakespeare to the simple melodies of the olden time is strongly and beautifully expressed.

"From the same source which has given birth to this delightful portion of the drama, appears to spring a large share of that rich and frolic humour which distinguishes its gayer incidents. The delusion of Malvolio, in supposing himself the object of Olivia's desires, and the ludicrous pretension of Sir Andrew Aguecheek to the same lady, fostered as they are by the comic manœuvres of the convivial Sir Toby and the keen-witted Maria, furnish, together with the professional drollery of Feste, the jester, an ever-varying fund of pleasantry and mirth; scenes in which wit and raillery are finely blended with touches of original character, and strokes of poignant satire."—DRAKE.

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# THE FIRST PART OF

# KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE first edition of this play known, is that of the folio 1623. It is generally supposed to be the same "*Henery the vj.*," somewhat modified and improved by Shakespeare, which is entered in Henslowe's diary as first acted on the 3rd of March, 1591-2, and to which Nash alludes in his "*Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil,*" 1592:—"How would it have joy'd brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at severall times,) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." This opinion has, however, been strenuously impugned by Mr. Knight, in his able "Essay on the Three Parts of King Henry VI. and King Richard III.," wherein he attempts to show, that the present drama, as well as the two parts of the "Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster," which Malone has been at such infinite pains to prove the works of earlier writers, are wholly the productions of Shakespeare.

The subject is of extreme difficulty, and one upon which there will always be a conflict of opinion. For our own part, we can no more agree with Mr. Knight in ascribing the piece before us solely to Shakespeare, than with Malone in the attempt to despoil him of the two parts of the "Contention." To us, in the present play, the hand of the great Master is only occasionally perceptible; while in the "Contention," it is unmistakeably visible in nearly every scene. The former was probably an early play of some inferior author, which he partly re-modelled; the latter appears to have been his first alteration of a more important production, perhaps by Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, which he subsequently re-wrote, re-christened, and divided, as it now appears, into what are called the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

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# Persons Represented.

KING HENRY VI.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *Uncle to the* King, *and* Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the* King, *and Regent of* France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of* Exeter, *Great Uncle to the* King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, *Great Uncle to the* King, *Bishop of* Winchester, *and afterwards* Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of* Somerset, *afterwards Duke.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Eldest Son of* Richard, *late Earl of* Cambridge; *afterwards Duke of* York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewsbury.
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
VERNON, *of the* White Rose, *or* York *faction.*
BASSET, *of the* Red Rose, *or* Lancaster *faction.*
A Lawyer.
Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, afterwards King of* France.
REIGNIER, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular King of* Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
General of the French Forces *in* Bourdeaux.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his* Son.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, *father to* Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *Daughter to* Reignier; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called* Joan of Arc.

*Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and various Attendants both on the* English *and* French, *Fiends appearing to* La Pucelle.

SCENE,—*Partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

*Dead March. The corpse of* KING HENRY THE FIFTH, *discovered lying in State; attended on by the* DUKES *of* BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER; *the* EARL OF WARWICK; *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER; Heralds, &c.

BED. Hung be the heavens with black, (1) yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented[a] unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLO. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

EXE. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end? (2)

WIN. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLO. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

[a] Consented—] Steevens proposed to read *concented*, believing the word was not employed here in its ordinary sense, but as *concentus*.



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WIN. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.
GLO. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
BED. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let 's to the altar:—heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry 's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist[a] eyes, babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a marish[b] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ——[c]

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
BED. What say'st thou, man![d] before dead Henry's corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
GLO. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
EXE. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
MESS. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

[a] Moist—] The reading of the second folio: the first has *moisten'd*.

[b] Marish—] The first folio reads *Nourish*, an evident misprint, but one not lacking defenders. Our reading is Pope's, which Ritson has very well supported by a line from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy:"

"Made mountains *marsh with spring-tides of my tears*."

[c] Or bright——] Malone conjectured that the blank arose from the transcriber's or compositor's inability to decipher the name. Johnson would fill it up with "Berenice;" while Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "Cassiopé," which he took from Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 452.

[d] What say'st thou, man!] This line is invariably printed, "What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?"

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A third man* thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

BED. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter a second* Messenger.

2 MESS. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier,† duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

EXE. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLO. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BED. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

*Enter a third* Messenger.

3 MESS. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 MESS. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;

(*) First folio omits, *man*. (†) Old text, *Reynold*.



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Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:*
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe† had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward,[a] (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BED. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 MESS. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours,—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

GLO. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,

(*) Old text, *slew.* (†) Old text, *Falstaffe.*

[a] Vaward,—] Some editors, perhaps rightly, read *rear-ward*, which we owe, not to Mr. Collier's annotator, but to Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 414.

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To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

EXE. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,[a]
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—France. *Before* Orleans.

*Flourish. Enter* CHARLES, *with his* Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

CHAR. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side,
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALEN. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIG. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French![b]—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums; Excursions; the* French *are beaten back by the* English *with great loss.*

*Re-enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

CHAR. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIG. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

[a] Steal,—] The folio has, *send*. Mason suggested, what is obvious enough, that *steal* was the poet's word; and Mr. Collier's annotator has made the same correction.

[b] *The* forlorn *French!*] The sense of *forlorn*, in this place does not appear to have been understood, and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes to read *forborne*, instead. But the old word, meaning *fore-lost*, needs no change; the Dauphin apostrophises the honour of those French who had *previously fallen*.

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The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
ALEN. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
CHAR. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to[a] be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
REIG. I think, by some odd gimmers or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
ALEN. Be it so.

*Enter the* Bastard of Orleans.

BAST. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
CHAR. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
BAST. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
CHAR. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Bastard.] but, first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*

*Re-enter the* Bastard of Orleans, *with* LA PUCELLE. (3)

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?
PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

(*) Old text, *breed.*

[a] To *be* more eager:] As Steevens suggested, the preposition ought to be omitted. The same redundancy is found in a subsequent line,—

"Peel'd priest, dost thou command me *to* be shut out?"

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In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you[a] see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve[b] on this;—thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
CHAR. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.
PUC. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five* flower-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Touraine, in saint Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
CHAR. Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.
PUC. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight, and* LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*
CHAR. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
PUC. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be.
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
PUC. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:

(*) Old copy, *fine.*

[a] Which you see.] Thus the second folio; the first has superfluously, "which you *may* see."

[b] Resolve *on this;*] Be *assured* of it.

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When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
CHAR. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
ALEN. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
REIG. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
REIG. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
PUC. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, I will be your guard.
CHAR. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
PUC. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect saint Martin's summer,[a] halcyon* days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once. (4)
CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? (5)
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
CHAR. Presently we'll try:—come, let's away about it;
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—London. Tower Hill.

*Enter, at the Gates, the* DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*

GLO. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[b]—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates, 't is Gloster that calls.[c] [Servants *knock.*

(*) Old text, *halcyons.*

[a] Saint Martin's summer,—] "That is, expect *prosperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun."—JOHNSON.

[b] Conveyance.] *Deception, fraudulence,*—perhaps *connivance.*

[c] 'T is Gloster that calls.] See note (c), p. 314.

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1 WARD. [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?
1 SERV. It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2 WARD. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
1 WARD. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do not otherwise than we are will'd.
GLO. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up[a] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOUCESTER's men *rush at the* Tower *gates: and* WOODVILLE, *the* Lieutenant, *speaks within.*

WOOD. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
GLO. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.
WOOD. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,[b]
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
GLO. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
1 SERV. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter* WINCHESTER, *with his* Serving-men *in tawny coats.*[c]

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphrey!* what means this?
GLO. Peel'd[d] priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
WIN. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.
GLO. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvas[e] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
WIN. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot;

(*) Old copies, *Umpheir*, and *Umpire*.

[a] Break up *the gates*,—] To *break up*, meant to *break open*.
[b] Commandement,—] *Commandement*, here, as in "The Merchant of Venice," Act IV. Sc. 1—

"Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement,"

must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.
[c] Tawny *coats*.] A *tawny coat* was the dress worn by persons employed in the ecclesiastical courts, and by the retainers of a church dignitary. Thus, in Stow's *Chronicle*, p. 822:—"— and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*."
[d] Peel'd *priest*,—] In allusion to his shaven crown.
[e] Canvas—] That is, *toss*, as in a blanket. Thus, in "The Second Part of Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 4, when Falstaff says:—"I will toss the rogue in a blanket," Doll Tearsheet rejoins, "— if thou dost, I'll *canvas* thee between a pair of sheets."

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This be Damascus,[a] be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
GLO. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.
WIN. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.
GLO. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face!—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I 'll stamp thy cardinal's hat:[b]
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.
WIN. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.
GLO. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here* GLOUCESTER's men *beat out the* Cardinal's men. *In the hurly-burly, enter the* Mayor of London *and his* Officers.

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
GLO. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs:
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
WIN. Here 's Gloster too,[c] a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and to suppress the prince.
GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*
MAY. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as ever thou canst cry.
OFF. [*Reads.*] *All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to*

[a] Damascus,—] Damascus was anciently believed to be the spot where Cain killed his brother:—"*Damascus* is as moche to saye as shedynge of blood. For there *Chayn* slowe *Abell*, and hidde hym in the sonde."—*Polychronicon*, fol. xii. quoted by Ritson.

[b] *Under my feet* I 'll *stamp*, &c.] So the second folio; the first reads, "*I* stamp."

[c] *Here's Gloster* too, *a foe to citizens;*] So the second folio; the first omits, too. But query, whether here, and in the line:—

"Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls,"

and—

"Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy cost, be sure,"

we were not intended to read, *Gloucester*.

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*wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

GLO. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy dear[a] cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAY. I 'll call for clubs,[b] if you will not away:—
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

GLO. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

WIN. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have 't ere long. [*Exeunt.*

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God![c] these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty[d] year. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—France. *Before* Orleans.

*Enter, on the walls, the* Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

SON. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,* through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully† even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy,‡ do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

SON. Father, I warrant you; take you no care,
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

(*) Old text, *went*. (†) First folio omits, *fully*.
(‡) First folio omits, *boy*.

[a] *To thy* dear *cost, be sure:*] The reading of the second folio; in the first, *dear* is omitted. See the preceding note.

[b] I 'll call for clubs,—] See note (a), p. 145.

[c] *Good God!* these *nobles*, &c.] Here, *that* is understood,—"Good God! *that* these nobles," &c.

[d] Forty *year*.] That is, *many* years. See note (5), p. 204, Vol. I.

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*Enter, in an upper chamber of a Tower, the* LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
TAL. The duke* of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile†-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
SAL. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
TAL. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through[a] this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

(*) Old text, *Earle.* (†) Old text, *Pick'd.*

[a] *Here,* through *this grate, I count each one,*—] This is the reading of the first folio, although Steevens, in error, states it has *thorough;* and Mr. Knight endorses his mistake by adopting that word.

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GAR. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
TAL. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.[a]

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and* SIR THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!
TAL. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
*Remember to avenge me on the French.*—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,[b]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Alarum: thunder and lightning.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head!
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*

TAL. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,[c] dolphin or dogfish,

[a] Enfeebled.] Enfeebled, in this instance, must be read as a quadrisyllable.
[b] And like thee, Nero,—] The first folio omits, "*Nero;*" the second reads,—
"—— and, Nero like, will," &c.
[c] Puzzel,—] *A foul drab.*

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Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.[a]
[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

## SCENE V.—*The same.*

*Before one of the Gates of* Orleans.

*Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter* TALBOT, *pursuing the* Dauphin; *he drives him in, and exit: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving* Englishmen *before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter* TALBOT.

TAL. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them!
Here, here she comes:

*Enter* LA PUCELLE.

—— I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[b]—thou art a witch,—
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
PUC. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*
TAL. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet. [*They fight again.*
PUC. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved* men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[LA PUCELLE *enters the town, with* Soldiers.
TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,(6)
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [*A short alarum.*

(*) Old copy, *hungry-starved.*

[a] And then, &c.] Steevens proposed to restore the measure of this line by omitting *and* or *these*, or by reading,—

"Then try we what these dastard Frenchmen dare."

[b] Blood will I draw on thee,—] It was formerly believed that drawing blood from a witch rendered her malice impotent.

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Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous[a] from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves. [*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his* Forces, *&c*

*Flourish. Enter, on the walls,* PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and* Soldiers.

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:—[b]
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
CHAR. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,[c]
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
REIG. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
ALEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
CHAR. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
Than Rhodope's of* Memphis, (7) ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius, (8)
Transported shall be at high festivals

(*) Old text, *o:*.

[a] *So* timorous *from the wolf*,—] The old text has *trecherous*, which was corrected by Pope.

[b] From the English:—] The second folio reads,—"English *wolves;*" but, remembering what Talbot had just before said,—

"They call us, for our fierceness, English *dogs*."

we should prefer adding *dogs*.

[c] Bright Astræa's daughter,—] So the second folio; the first omits, *bright*.

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Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—*Before* Orleans.

*Enter to the Gates, a* French Sergeant *and two* Sentinels.

SERG. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
1 SENT. Sergeant, you shall.—[*Exit* Sergeant.] Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter* TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and* Forces, *with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

TAL. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we, then, this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.
BED. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,—
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,—
To join with witches and the help of hell.
BUR. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
TAL. A maid, they say.
BED. A maid! and be so martial!
BUR. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
TAL. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
BED. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
TAL. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;

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That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
BED. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.
BUR. And I to this.
TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter by the town.*

SENT. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

*The* French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the* Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

ALEN. How now, my lords! what, all unready[a] so?
BAST. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
REIG. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
ALEN. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous or desperate than this.
BAST. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
REIG. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
ALEN. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.
BAST. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Enter* CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
PUC. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
ALEN. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.
BAST. Mine was secure.
REIG. And so was mine, my lord.
CHAR. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

[a] Unready,—] *Undressed.*



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About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way[a] should they first break in?
PUC. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way; 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[c] to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter an* English Soldier, *crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLD. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

*Enter* TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [*Retreat sounded.*
TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.
BED. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,

[a] *Then* how or which way—] In a note on a passage of "Richard the Second," (see p. 108, Vol. II.) where this pleonasm occurs, we expressed a suspicion that "*or which way*" was an uncancelled interlineation of the poet. We have since discovered our error. "*How or which way,*" like "Many a time and oft," was evidently an admitted phrase of old. Thus, in "All 's Well that Ends Well," Act IV. Sc. 3:—"I'll take the sacrament on 't, *how and which way* you will." Again, in a curious ballad of the sixteenth century, entitled "Of Evyll Tongues," in the collection of Mr. George Daniel:—

"*Howe and which way* together they agree,
And what their talke and conference might be."

[b] Platforms,—] *Plans, schemes.*

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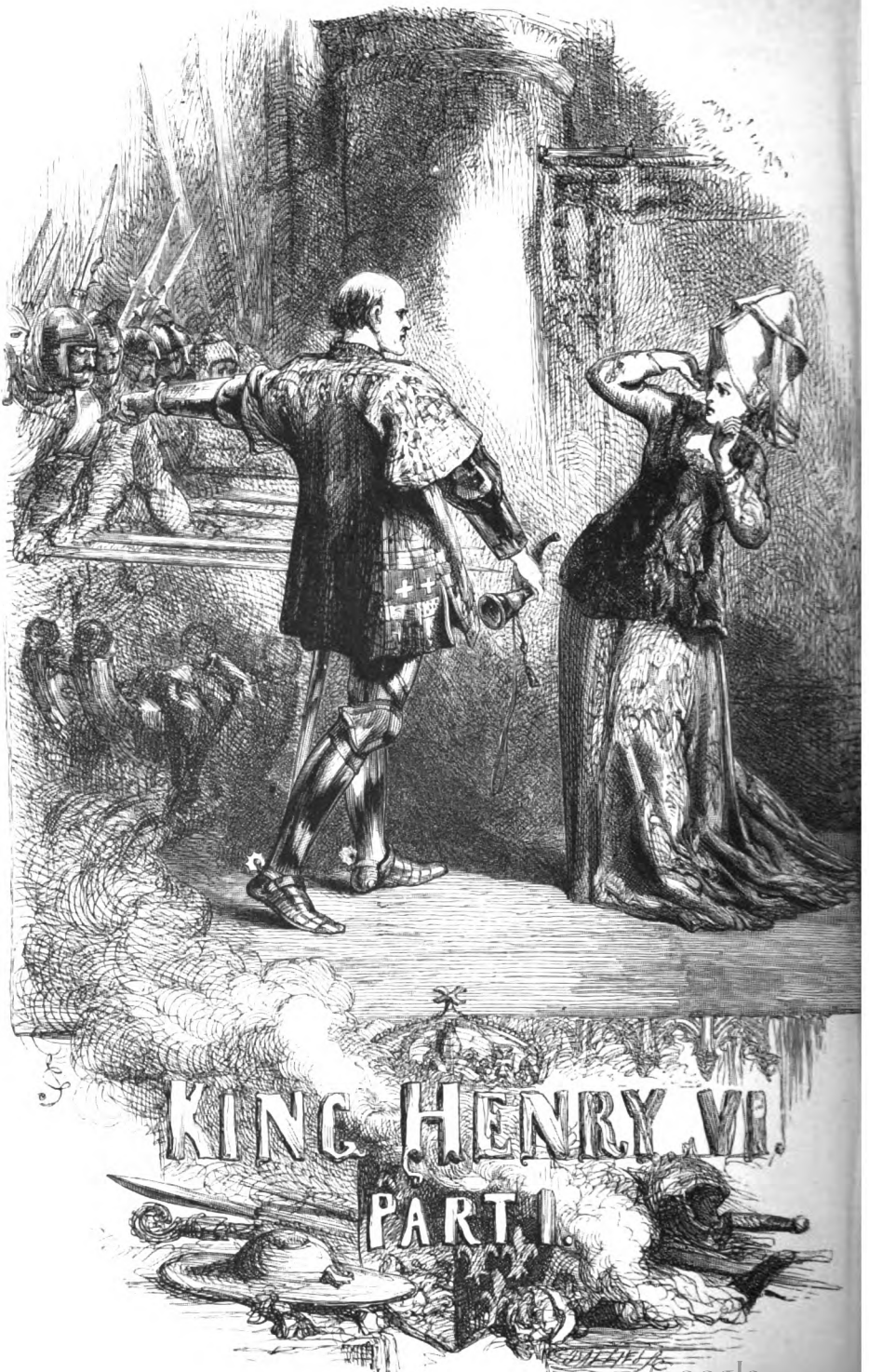


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Act II. Sc. 5.

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
BUR. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
TAL. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?
MESS. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
TAL. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
BED. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.
CAPT. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

*Enter the* COUNTESS *and her* Porter.

COUNT. Porter, remember what I give in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
PORT. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
COUNT. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.



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Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

*Enter* Messenger *and* TALBOT.

MESS. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
MESS. Madam, it is.
COUNT. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*
COUNT. What means he now!—Go ask him whither he goes.
MESS. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
TAL. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot 's here.

*Re-enter* Porter *with keys.*

COUNT. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
TAL. Prisoner! to whom?
COUNT. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
TAL. Ha, ha, ha!
COUNT. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
TAL. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[a]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
COUNT. Why, art not thou the man?
TAL. I am indeed.
COUNT. Then have I substance too.

[a] Fond,—] That is, *foolish.*

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TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
COUNT. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
TAL. That will I show you presently.
[*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter* Soldiers.
How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
COUNT. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
TAL. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
COUNT. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—London. *The* Temple Garden.

*Enter the* EARLS OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK: RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a* Lawyer.

PLAN. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
SUF. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
PLAN. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
SUF. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

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WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLAN. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

SOM. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours;[a] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUF. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOM. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLAN. And I.

VER. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on: who else?

LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To* SOMERSET.
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLAN. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

[a] Colours;—] The word is employed equivocally for *artifices, specious glosses*, &c.

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SOM. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
PLAN. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
SOM. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
SOM. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
PLAN. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,[a] peevish boy.
SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
PLAN. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
SUF. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
SOM. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
PLAN. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
SOM. By Him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted.
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor:
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[b] Poole, and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[c]
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

[a] *I scorn thee and thy* fashion,—] Theobald reads *faction*, we believe rightly; Plantagenet presently after says,—

"——— This pale and angry rose,——
Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

[b] Partaker—] *Particeps;* a *partner*, a *factionary*.
[c] Apprehension:—] *Conceit, sarcasm.* He alludes to their calling him a *yeoman*.

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SOM. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these, my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
PLAN. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
SUF. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
SOM. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
PLAN. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
WAR. This blot, that they object against your house
Shall be wip'd* out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
PLAN. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
LAW. And so will I.
PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.†
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the* Tower.

*Enter* MORTIMER, (1) *brought in a chair by* Keepers.

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like, aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;

(*) First folio, *whipt.* (†) First folio omits, *sir.*

* Cognizance—] "A *badge* is called a *cognisance, à cognoscendo,* because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognisance* is seated upon the most prominent part of the helmet."—TOLLET.

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And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 KEEP. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to* his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

MOR. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MOR. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth

(*) Old text, *unto*.

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Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLAN. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

MOR. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew[a] Richard,—Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king* Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the† third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty[b] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MOR. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death;
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

(*) First folio omits, *king*. (†) First folio omits, *the*.

[a] Nephew—] Some editors read *cousin*. If *nephew* is the author's word, it must be used like the Latin *nepos*.

[b] Haughty—] *High*.

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But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

PLAN. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

MOR. Thou dost, then, wrong me,—as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so, farewell, and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

PLAN. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out the body of* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[a] th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

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# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—London. *The* Parliament-House.

*Flourish. Enter* KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOUCESTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

WIN. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLO. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.

[a] *Or make my* ill—] The old text is, "make my *will*," &c.; for the restoration of the intended antithesis, we are indebted to Theobald.

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Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
*Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WIN. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

GLO. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

WIN. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

GLO. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church?

GLO. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unreverent Gloster!

GLO. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. Rome shall remedy this.

WAR. Roam thither then.

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.[a]

[a] SOM. My lord, &c.] This distribution of the speeches was made by Theobald. In the folio, 1623, the dialogue runs:—

"*War.* Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
*Som.* I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:
Methinkes my Lord should be Religious," &c.

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WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
SOM. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
WAR. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
SOM. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
WAR. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
PLAN. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
*Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?*
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*
K. HEN. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise without;* "Down with the tawny coats!"
What tumult's this?
WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again;* "Stones! Stones!"

*Enter the* Mayor of London, *attended.*

MAY. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the* Retainers *of* GLOUCESTER *and* WINCHESTER *with bloody pates.*

K. HEN. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 SERV. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [*Skirmish again.*
GLO. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
3 SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

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Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[a]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 SERV. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field[b] when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*

GLO. Stay, stay, I say!
An if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. HEN. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLO. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

WAR. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

GLO. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. HEN. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

WAR. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—[c]
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WIN. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee
Love for thy love; and hand for hand I give.

[a] *An* inkhorn *mate,*—] A *bookman*, a *pedant*.

[b] Shall pitch a field—] To understand this allusion, it must be remembered that before beginning a battle it was customary for the archers and other foot-men to encompass themselves with sharp stakes firmly pitched in the ground, to prevent their being overpowered by the cavalry. Thus, in a previous speech, Act I. Sc. 1:—

> "No leisure had he to enrank his men;
> He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
> Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
> They *pitched* in the ground confusedly,
> To keep the horsemen off from breaking in."

[c] A kindly gird.] An *appropriate taunt; a reproach in kind.* See note (a), p. 243, Vol. I.

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GLO. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
WIN. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
K. HEN. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 SERV. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.
2 SERV. And so will I.
3 SERV. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt* Mayor, Servants, *&c.*
WAR. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
GLO. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.
K. HEN. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
WAR. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
WIN. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. HEN. If Richard will be true, not that* alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
PLAN. Thy humble[a] servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. HEN. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot,
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York.
PLAN. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!
SOM. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
GLO. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love

(*) First folio inserts, *all.*

[a] *Thy* humble *servant*—] We incline to read, with Mr. Collier's annotator, "thy *honour'd* servant," &c.

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Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. HEN. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes,
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLO. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except* EXETER.

EXE. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
And Henry, born at Windsor, should* lose all,
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—France. *Before* Rouen.

*Enter* LA PUCELLE *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like* Countrymen, *with sacks upon their backs.*

PUC. These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:(1)
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 SOL. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

GUARD. [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*

PUC. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France,—*
Poor market folks, that come to sell their corn.

GUARD. [*Opening the gates.*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

PUC. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[LA PUCELLE, *&c., enter the city.*

*Enter* CHARLES, *the* Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, *and* Forces.

CHAR. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants.

(*) First folio omits, *should.*

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Now she is there, how will she specify
Where* is the best and safest passage in?
ALEN. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

*Enter* LA PUCELLE *on a battlement, holding out a burning torch.*

PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning-fatal to the Talbotites!
BAST. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
CHAR. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
ALEN. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

*Alarums. Enter* TALBOT, *and* English Soldiers *from the town.*

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride[a] of France. [*Exeunt into the town.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter, from the town,* BEDFORD, *brought in sick, in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* English Forces. *Then, enter on the walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, *and others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?
BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
CHAR. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
PUC. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a-tilt at death, within a chair?
TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,[b]
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

(*) Old text, *Here.*

[a] *That hardly we escap'd the* pride *of France.*] Warburton explains *pride* to mean *haughty power.* In "Henry V." Act I. Sc. 2, we meet the same expression:—

"—— could entertain
With half their forces the *full pride of France.*"

[b] *Hag of* all *despite,*—] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes, "hag of *hell's* despite;" but see "Henry VI." Pt. 3, Act II. Sc. 6:—

"That I in *all despite* might rail at him."



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Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
PUC. Are ye so hot, sir?—yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT *and the rest consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
TAL. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
PUC. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
TAL. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
ALEN. Signior, no.
TAL. *Signior*, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
PUC. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God b' wi' my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c., from the walls.*
TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betray'd town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town or die.
BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.
BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt into the town* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and* Forces, *leaving* BEDFORD *and others.*

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*Alarum: excursions. Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

CAP. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
FAST. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
CAP. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
FAST. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
CAP. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

*Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town,* LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt, flying.*

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

*Alarum. Re-enter* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

TAL. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.
TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort! Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
BUR. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
TAL. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near* Rouen.

*Enter* CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and* Forces.

PUC. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered;
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,



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For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

CHAR. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BAST. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALEN. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUC. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

CHAR. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

ALEN. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drum heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An* English *March heard.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

*A* French *March. Enter the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and his* Forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him. [*Trumpets sound a parley.*

CHAR. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BUR. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

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Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

PUC. Done like a Frenchman;—turn, and turn again!

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALEN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and other* Lords, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT *and some of his* Officers.

TAL. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:

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In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. HEN. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLO. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. HEN. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt all except* VERNON *and* BASSET.

VER. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BAS. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [*Strikes him.*

BAS. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death;[a]
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

[a] That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death;] Meaning, possibly, that to draw a sword within the precincts of the Court was a capital offence.

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor OF Paris, *and others.*

GLO. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
WIN. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
GLO. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,— [Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;
And none your foes but such as shall pretend[a]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Governor *and his* Train.

*Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

FAST. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
TAL. Shame to the duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg. [*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,*—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no. (1)
GLO. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

(*) Old text, *Poictiers.*
[a] Pretend—] *Design.*

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Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most[a] extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. HEN. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.— [*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, my* lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

GLO. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend[b] some alteration in good will?
What's here?—[*Reads.*] *I have, upon especial cause,*
*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,*
*Together with the pitiful complaints*
*Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—*
*Forsaken your pernicious faction,*
*And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.*
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,—
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. HEN. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLO. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. HEN. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLO. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. HEN. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

TAL. Content, my liege! yes; but that I am prevented,[c]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. HEN. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *my*.

[a] Most *extremes.*] Mr. Collier's annotator reads "*worst* extremes."

[b] Pretend *some alteration in good will?*] *Pretend* is here equivalent to *portend*, a sense it seems sometimes to have formerly borne. Thus, in Barclay's "Ship of Fooles," fol. 129, ed. 1570, quoted by Mr. Dyce:—

"What misfortune, adversitie, or blame,
Can all the planets to man or childe *pretende*,
If God most glorious by his might us defende."

[c] Prevented,—] *Anticipated*, by the king's speech.

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*Enter* VERNON *and* BASSET.

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
YORK. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!
SOM. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him!
K. HEN. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
VER. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
BAS. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. HEN. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.
BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
VER. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd[a] the faintness of my master's heart.
YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. HEN. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
YORK. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
BAS. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
GLO. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

[a] Bewray'd—] That is, *Betrayed, betokened.*

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Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXE. It grieves his highness;—good my lords, be friends.

K. HEN. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father;
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York;
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, *and* BASSET.

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KING HENRY VI. PART SECOND.

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WAR. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
YORK. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
WIN. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
YORK. An if I wist[a] he did!—but let it rest,
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

EXE. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that[b] it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy[c] breeds unkind[d] division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

*Enter* TALBOT, *with his* Forces.

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the* General *of the* French Forces, *and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls* you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire; (2)
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

(*) First folio, *call.*

[a] *An if I* wist *he did!*—] An if I *thought* he did, &c. The old text for *wist*, an emendation by Capell, reads *wish.*

[b] *But* that *it doth presage some ill event.*] This is very awkwardly expressed. We should perhaps read—

"But *feels* it doth presage," &c.

[c] Envy—] *Enmity.*

[d] Unkind—] *Unnatural.*

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GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, dew[a] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead. [*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the walls.*

TAL. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be, then, in blood;[b]
Not rascal-like,[c] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

[a] Dew *thee withal;*] So the old text; but the modern reading *due*, in the sense of paying a deserved tribute, is, perhaps, to be preferred.
[b] Be, then, in blood;] See note (b), p. 97, Vol. I.
[c] *Not* rascal-*like*,—] *Rascal* has been before explained to be a term of the chase for a deer, lean and altogether out of condition.

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## SCENE III.—*Plains in* Gascony.

*Enter* YORK *with* Forces; *to him a* Messenger.

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
MESS. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[a] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.
YORK. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
YORK. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.
LUCY. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
YORK. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,

[a] *And I am* lowted *by a traitor villain,*—] Malone interprets this:—"I am treated with contempt like a *lowt*, or low country fellow." It means, more probably, I am *left in the mire, land-lurch'd*, by a traitor, &c.

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That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay! [*Exit.*

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of* Gascony.

*Enter* SOMERSET, *with his* Forces; *an* Officer *of* TALBOT'*s with him.*

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

OFF. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SOM. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold[a] lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.*
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering,[b] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields† up his life unto a world of odds:

(*) Old text, *Regions.* (†) First folio, *Yield.*

[a] Bought and sold—] A proverbial phrase applied to any one entrapped or made a victim of by treachery or mismanagement; it is found again in "The Comedy of Errors," Act III. Sc. 1, in "King John," Act V. Sc. 4, and in "Richard III." Act V. Sc. 3.

[b] *And, in* advantage lingering,—] Perhaps originally,—

"And, in *disadvantage ling'ring,*" &c.

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Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and * Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.
SOM. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.
LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied horse,[a]
Collected for this expedition.
SOM. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.
LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.
SOM. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.
LUCY. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu!
LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*The* English *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

*Enter* TALBOT *and* JOHN *his* Son.

TAL. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[b] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say—he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
TAL. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.
JOHN. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

(*) First folio omits, *and*

[a] *His levied* horse,—] In the old text, *hoast*. The correction is Hanmer's.
[b] Unavoided—] *Unavoidable*, as in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 1:—
"Whose *unavoided eye* is murderous."
And as in the same play, Act IV. Sc. 4:—
"All *unavoided* is the doom of destiny."

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TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow,[a] they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
JOHN. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
TAL. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
TAL. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
JOHN. No part of him but will be shame in me.
TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
JOHN. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?
TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: excursions, wherein* TALBOT's Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

TAL. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
JOHN. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;

[a] Bow,—] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *fly*, and Mr. Singer, *flew;* but the *bow* of the old text, in the sense of *give way*, is no doubt the genuine word.

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Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
*And misbegotten blood, I spill of thine,*
*Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,*
*Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:*—
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,—
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet[a] leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like[b] me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;[c]
If son to Talbot die at Talbot's foot.

[a] Yet—] That is, *now*.
[b] Like *me*—] *Reduce me to the level of.*
[c] *It is no* boot;] *Boot* is from the Anglo-Saxon *botan, advantage, profit*, &c. *It is no boot*, means, *it is of no avail.* So, in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act V. Sc. 2:—
"Then vail your stomachs, for *it is no boot.*"



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TAL. Then follow thou thy desp'rate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.—*Another part of the same.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter* TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

TAL. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee!—
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

SERV. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

*Enter* Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT. (3)

TAL. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots winged, through the lither[a] sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become[b] hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether[c] he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.

[a] *The* lither *sky*,—] This is sometimes explained to signify the *yielding* sky; it means indisputably the *lazy*, *sluggish* sky. *Lither* is still used in this sense in many parts of England. So in Holinshed:—"Howbeit she hath not shewed hir self so bountifull a mother in pouring forth such riches as she proveth hirself an envious stepdame, in that she instilleth in the inhabitants a drousie *lythernesse* to withdraw them from the ensearching of hir hourded and hidden jewelles." See North's Plutarch, (Life of Sertorius,) "— he saw that Octavius was but a slow and *lither* man." See also Florio in *voce* "*Badalone*." And compare

"Why then give way, *dull* clouds, to my *quick* curses."
"Richard the Third," Act I. Sc. 2.

[b] Become *hard-favour'd death*,—] That is, *adorn*, *beautify*, hard-favour'd death. See note (b), p. 123.

[c] *Brave death by speaking*, whether *he will or no*;] *Whether*, in the old copies, when required to be pronounced as a monosyllable, is sometimes, but not always, contracted to *where*. In the present case it should be pronounced, if not printed, *whe'r*, or *whèr*.

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Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

*Alarums. Exeunt* Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *the* Bastard, LA PUCELLE, *and* Forces.

CHAR. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[a]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
*Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:*
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
*To be the pillage of a giglot*[b] *wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
BUR. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms![c]
BAST. Hew them to pieces! hack their bones asunder!
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
CHAR. O, no; forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter* SIR WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

LUCY. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent?
LUCY. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
CHAR. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.[d]
LUCY. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford,[e] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge,

[a] Raging-wood,—] That is, raging-*mad.*
[b] *A* giglot *wench:*] A *wanton* wench.
[c] *The most bloody nurser of* his *harms!*] Query "of *our* harms."
[d] But tell me whom thou seek'st.] From this imperfect line, and Lucy's abrupt inquiry, something, probably to the effect that the chief prisoners spared were present, appears to have been omitted by the transcriber or compositor.
[e] Washford,—] *Wexford* was anciently called both *Weysford* and *Washford.*



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Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
PUC. Here is a silly stately style, indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
LUCY. Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
PUC. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em;* to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.
LUCY. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd[a]
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
CHAR. So we be rid of them, do with 'em* what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein.
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER.

K. HEN. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
GLO. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

(*) First folio, *him.*

[a] But from their ashes shall be rear'd—] The deficiency in this line Pope supplied by reading,—

"But from their ashes, *Dauphin,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator gives,—

"But from their *very* ashes," &c.

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K. HEN. How doth your grace affect their motion?
GLO. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.
K. HEN. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[a] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
GLO. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near kin[b] to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. HEN. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter a* Legate *and two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER, *now* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *in a* Cardinal's *habit.*

EXE. [*Aside.*] What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—
*If once he come to be a cardinal,*
*He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*
K. HEN. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.
GLO. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
K. HEN. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.——
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY *and* Train; GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and* Ambassadors.

[a] Immanity—] *Cruelty, ferocity.*
[b] *Near* kin *to Charles,*—] The old text has "near *knit* to Charles." "*Kin*" is Pope's suggestion, and it is the alteration made by Mr. Collier's annotator.

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CAR. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
LEG. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [*Exit.*
CAR. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—France. *Plains in* Anjou.

*Enter* CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and* Forces, *marching.*

CHAR. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
PUC. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us.
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter a* Scout.

SCOUT. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
CHAR. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'y thee, speak.
SCOUT. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts,* is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
CHAR. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
BUR. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
PUC. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
CHAR. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The same. Before* Angiers.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* LA PUCELLE.

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[a]

(*) Old text, *parties.*

[a] *Charming spells, and* periapts;] *Periapts* or *amulets* were charms worn on the person to avert disease or danger.

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And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents— [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,(1)
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

*Enter* Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions* under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where* I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.— [*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit. [*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul,—my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter* French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE† *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken.*(2) *The* French *fly.*

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape!
PUC. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
YORK. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
PUC. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
YORK. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
PUC. I pr'y thee, give me leave to curse a while.
YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *regions.* (†) Old text, *Burgundie.*
* Where—] That is, *whereas.*

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*Alarums.* *Enter* SUFFOLK, *leading in* LADY MARGARET.

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers[a] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
MAR. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.
SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her* wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend. [*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable[b] not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?[c]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.[d]
MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

(*) First folio, *his.*

[a] I kiss these fingers—] In the modern editions, a stage direction [*Kissing her hand*] is given here, which may mislead. From the ensuing line:—

"And lay them gently *on thy tender side,*'

it would seem that Suffolk is speaking of his own hand, which he kisses in attestation of homage, and then replaces gently round the lady's waist. This view of the action is strengthened by the stage direction of the old copies:—"*Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand,*" and by what he presently says:—

"So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
*Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings,*"

and obviates the necessity of any transposition in the lines. But yet see "Richard the Third," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss *thy* hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee."

[b] Disable—] That is, *disparage.* See note ([a]), p. 150.

[c] *Is she not here* thy prisoner?] The last two words of this line are omitted in the first folio.

[d] Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.]

This is a troublesome passage. Hanmer, for *rough*, reads *crouch.* Mr. Collier's annotator, for "makes the senses rough," proposes "*mocks the sense of touch;*" and Mr. Singer's corrector, "*wakes the sense's touch.*"

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What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
SUF. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
MAR. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
SUF. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom—yea, or no?
SUF. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
MAR. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
SUF. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card. [*Aside.*
MAR. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had. [*Aside.*
MAR. And yet I would that you would answer me.
SUF. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden[a] thing. [*Aside.*
MAR. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
SUF. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
MAR. Hear ye, captain,—are you not at leisure?
SUF. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.— [*Aside.*
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
MAR. What though I be enthrall'd, he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
MAR. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
MAR. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?[b]
MAR. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.[c]
SUF. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
MAR. To be a queen in bondage is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

[a] Wooden—] As we now say *blockish*. So in Lily's *Galathea*, 1592:—"Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck;" and in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (both quoted by Steevens):—

"Or, seeing, have so *woodden* wits as not that worth to know."

[b] Lady, wherefore talk you so?] Mr. Collier's annotator remedies the imperfection of this line by inserting "pray tell me."

[c] 'T is but *quid* for *quo*.] Falstaff, it will be recollected, adopts the same effective course to reprove the Chief Justice for his "disease of not listening," in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act I. Sc. 2.

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SUF. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
MAR. What?
SUF. His love.
MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are ye so content?
MAR. An if my father please, I am content.
SUF. Then call our captains and our colours forth!—
And, madam, at your father's castle-walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. [Troops *come forward.*

*A Parley sounded. Enter* REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

SUF. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
REIG. To whom?
SUF. To me.
REIG. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
SUF. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
REIG. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand. [*Exit from the walls.*
SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter* REIGNIER, *below.*

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
SUF. Thanks, Reignier; happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
REIG. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county* Maine and Anjou,

(*) Old text, *country.*

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Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
SUF. That is her ransom,—I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
REIG. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:—
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.— [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
MAR. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
SUF. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;—
No princely commendations to my king?
MAR. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
SUF. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly* directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
MAR. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
SUF. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
MAR. That for thyself;—I will not so presume
To send such peevish[a] tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.
SUF. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
And[b] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *modestie.*

[a] Peevish—] *Childish, foolish.*
[b] And *natural graces*—] The first folio has "*mad* natural graces;" *and* is the emendation of Capell. Mr. Collier, on the faith of his annotator, reads "*Mid,*" which he pronounces incontestable. We must take leave to differ with him, believing either *And*, or "*Her,*" another substitution of the commentators, much better suited to the context.

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## SCENE IV.—*Camp of the* Duke of York, *in* Anjou.

*Enter* YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

*Enter* LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
PUC. Decrepit miser![a] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
SHEP. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.
WAR. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been;—
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
SHEP. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![b]
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
PUC. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
SHEP. 'T is true; I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
YORK. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
PUC. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not one* begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,

(*) Old text, *me.*

[a] *Decrepit* miser!] *Miser* here does not imply avarice; but means a *miserable caitiff;* a sense it so commonly bore formerly that examples are needless.
[b] *So* obstacle!] An old vulgar corruption of *obstinate.*

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To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived![a] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution!

WAR. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

PUC. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

PUC. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'T was neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A married man! that 's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here 's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

[a] No, misconceived! *Joan of Arc hath been*—] Steevens interprets this, "No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities." If this be the meaning, the author probably wrote:—

"*Know*, misconceived," &c.

But, perhaps, the punctuation adopted by Mr. Collier gives the true solution:—

"No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been," &c.

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PUC. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse;
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves. [*Exit, guarded.*

YORK. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter* CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *the* Bastard, REIGNIER, *and others.*

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd[a] voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CAR. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear

[a] Prison'd *voice,*—] In the old text, "*poyson'd* voice." Theobald first substituted *prison'd.*

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To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALEN. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I 'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[a] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity. [*Aside to* CHARLES.

ALEN. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to* CHARLES.

WAR. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

CHAR. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England;
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES *and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Of* benefit *proceeding from our king,*—] "*Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king."—JOHNSON.

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## SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. HEN. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts,
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. HEN. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLO. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLO. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF. Yes, my good* lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

(*) First folio omits, *good.*

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GLO. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant* liberal dower
Where Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
SUF. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It[a] most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,[b]
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
K. HEN. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

(*) First folio inserts, *a*

[a] It *most of all*, &c.] *It* is an addition of Rowe's; the old text exhibiting the line,
"Most of all these reasons bindeth us."

We should prefer reading, "*And* most of all," &c. conceiving Suffolk's meaning to be —since he loves her best, and we ourselves in the choice of a wife are most bound by considerations of affection, she should be preferred.

[b] *Whereas the* contrary *bringeth bliss,*—] *Contrary* must here be read as a quadrisyllable.



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Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EXETER.

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Hung be the heavens with black.*] In our early theatres, before the introduction of movable scenery, it appears that the back and sides of the stage were usually adorned with tapestry or arras, while the internal roof, or ceiling, technically called the "Heavens," by means of blue hangings, similar perhaps to those still in use, was made to represent the actual sky. When the performance was of a tragic nature, however, the furniture of the stage partook in some degree of the sombre character of the piece, and the walls and interior covering were always hung with black. To this change in the aspect of the stage when tragedy was played, the passage in the text is one of many allusions which may be instanced from Elizabethan writers. Thus Shakespeare again, in his "Rape of Lucrece:"—

> "*Black stage* for *tragedies*, and murthers fell."

So, in the Induction to a tragedy called "A Warning for Fair Women," 1599:—

> "*Historie.* Look, Comedie, I mark'd it not till now,
> *The stage is hung with blacke*, and I perceive
> The auditors prepar'd for tragedie."

So, also, in Marston's "Insatiate Countess," Act IV.:—

> "The stage of heav'n is *hung* with solemne *black*,
> A time best fitting to act *tragedies*."

And so Sidney, in his "Arcadia," p. 125, ed. 1598:—"There arose, even with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly (like inke powred into water) had *blacked over all the face of heaven;* preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a Tragedie to be played on." For further illustration of the practice, the reader may consult Malone's "Historical Account of the English Stage," Vol. III. p. 103 of the "Variorum" Shakespeare; and Whiter's "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare," p. 156.

(2) SCENE I.—

> *Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,*
> *By magic verses have contriv'd his end.*]

The superstition to which Rosalind refers, "I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras time that I was an Irish rat," ("As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 2.) was of the same species, though of a less tragic and malignant character, as that indicated in the passage above. The rhyming rats to death was supposed to be effected partly by force of the verses employed, and partly by the solemn, ceaseless, and monotonous chant with which they were repeated. But the "magic verses" to which the death of Henry V. is here attributed were not required to be uttered in his presence: their deadly energy existing solely in the words of the imprecation and the malevolence of the reciter, which were supposed to render them effectual at any distance. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, says, "I will not wish you to be rimed to death as is said to be done in Ireland;" and Sir William Temple, with much probability, suggests that the practice in that country was derived from the various kinds of poetical charms employed by the Gothic races in their Runes, and the stanzas which they composed in them. The Runic letters were all believed to have different and individual powers;



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and some were accordingly entitled Noxious, or Bitter Runes, and to verses formed of such characters the passage in the text refers. There were, also, other Runes which would secure victory, avert misfortune, excite love, and cure disease; to which class the rat-rhymes probably belonged.

Among other reasons which might be assigned for verse being chosen as the medium for these charms, are the precise adherence to the words which was insured by the limitations of rhyme and metre; and the great assistance they afforded to the memory. The mystic language of the bards who composed these formulæ would also naturally run into rhythm and verse as being the oldest and most appropriate diction for expressing them. In the ancient epigram, called *The Poem of the Furnace*, addressed to the potters of Samos, and attributed to Homer, there is a remarkable instance of verse employed both as a blessing and a malediction; the effect of the invocation being dependent on the good or ill reward the poet met with from the workmen.

King Henry V. died at Vincennes, August 31st, 1422; but though contemporaneous historians differ as to his mortal disease, none of them attributes his death to the magical influence of conjurors and sorcerers.

(3) SCENE II.—*La Pucelle.*] The Pucelle of this play is a parody on the Pucelle of history. The leading incidents in the career of this remarkable female are roughly sketched, indeed, but in the actions and speeches attributed to her we have no indication whatever of that simplicity and meekness which, in strange combination with undaunted resolution and the most reckless personal bravery, so pre-eminently distinguished the heroic Maid of Orleans. The circumstances connected with Joan's first interview with the dauphin appear to have been derived by the dramatist from Holinshed, whose narrative runs as follows:—"In time of this siege at Orleance (French stories saie) the first weeke of March, 1428, unto Charles the Dolphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and studie how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, capteine of Vacouleur (made after marshall of France by the Dolphin's creation), was caried a young wench of an eighteene yeeres old, called Joan Arc, by name of hir father (a sorie sheepheard) James of Arc, and Isabell hir mother, brought up poorlie in their trade of keeping cattel, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Jone Domprin) upon Meuse in Lorraine within the diocesse of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, and understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse days in the week. A person (as their bookes make hir) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeplie in distresse, in whome, for planting a credit the rather, first the companie that toward the Dolphin did conduct hir, through places all dangerous, as holden by the English, where she never was afore, all the waie and by nightertale safely did she lead: then at the Dolphins sending by hir assignement, from saint Katharin's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did manie slaughters by hir owne hands. In warfar rode she in armour, capapie and mustered as a man, before hir an ensigne all white, wherin was Jesus Christ painted with a floure delice in his hand.

"Unto the Dolphin into his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie lords before him to try hir cunning from all the companie, with a salutation (that indeed marred all the matter) she pickt him out alone, who thereupon had hir to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a signe to let hir saie on."

(4) SCENE II.—

*Now am I like that proud insulting ship.*
*Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.*]

This may have been suggested by a passage Steevens found in Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar, as translated by North:—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, sayd unto him, good fellow, be of good cheere, forwardes hardily, and feare not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

(5) SCENE II.—*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] Mahomet, it is related, had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."—See SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S *History of the World*, b. i. part i. ch. vi.

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(6) SCENE V.—

*A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,*
*Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.*]

Referring to Hannibal's escape by the stratagem of fixing burning twigs on the horns of oxen, as told in Livy, b. xxii. c. xvi.

(7) SCENE V.—*Than Rhodope's of Memphis.*] The old text reads:— "—— Rhodope's or Memphis." Capell first proposed the lection usually adopted. Of the pyramids near Memphis, Pliny records that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet." See also Ælian, Var. His. xiii. 33; and Strabo, xvii. p. 180.

(8) SCENE V.—*Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius.*] This alludes to the costly casket which Alexander selected from the *opima spolia* of Darius at the taking of Gaza, as a befitting shrine for the Iliad of Homer. "In what price the noble poemes of *Homer* were holden with *Alexander* the great, in so much as every night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in *the rich iewell cofer of Darius*, lately before vanquished by him in battaile."—PUTTENHAM'S *Arte of English Poesie*, chap. viii.

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## ACT II.

(1) SCENE V.—*Mortimer.*] "This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his kinsman, who was perhaps about thirty years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer was born in December, 1392, and consequently at the time of his death was thirty-two years old.

"This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, about 1353, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father, Edward III., Duke of *Clarence*, in consequence of possessing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa, the duke's only daughter, succeeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey, near Cork, in December, 1381. His son, Roger Mortimer, was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slain at a place called Kenles, in Ossory, in 1398. Edmund, his son, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, also Chief Governor of Ireland, in the years 1423 and 1424, and died there in 1425. His nephew and heir, Richard, Duke of York (the Plantagenet of this play), was in 1449 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his son George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Castle of Dublin, in 1450. This prince filled the same office which so many of his ancestors had possessed, being constituted Chief Governor of Ireland for *life*, by his brother Edward IV. in the third year of his reign.

"Perhaps I have been mistaken in one assertion which I have made in the former part of this note; Mortimer probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Irish possessions (as I have suggested), but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth le Clare, third daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloster, and sister to Gilbert de Clare, the last (of that name) Earl of Gloster, who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

"The error concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard, Earl of Cambridge, having been 'kept in captivity untill he died,' seems to have arisen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in the 'Mirrour for Magistrates,' 1575, where the following lines are found:—

'His cursed son ensued his cruell path,
'And kept my giltlesse *cosin* strayt in *duraunce*,
'For whome my father hard entreated hath,
'But living hopelesse of his life's assuraunce,
'Hee thought it best by pollitike procuraunce
'To slay the king, and so restore his frend;
'Which brought himself to an infamous end:
'So whan King *Henry*, of that name the fifte,
'Had tane my father in his conspiracie,
'Hee, from Sir *Edmund* all the blame to shifte,

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'Was fayne to say, the *French* king Charles, his alley,
'Had hyred him this trayterous act to trye;
'For which condemned shortly hee was slain,
'In helping right this was my father's gaine.'"

MALONE.

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## ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—

*These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,*
*Through which our policy must make a breach.*]

Both Hall and Holinshed relate, in nearly the same words, a stratagem employed at the siege of Evreux in 1442, which furnished the poet with materials for this scene.—"The Frenchmen, a little before this season, had taken the town of Evreux by treason of a fisher. Sir Francis the Arragonois hearing of that chance apparelled six strong fellowes, like men of the countrie, with sacks and baskets, as cariers of corne and vittels, and sent them to the castell of Cornill, in the which diverse Englishmen were kept as prisoners, and he with an ambush of Englishmen laie in a vallie nigh to the fortresse. The six counterfet husbandmen entered the castell unsuspected, and streight came to the chamber of the capteine, and laieng hands on him, gave knowledge to them that laie in ambush to come to their aid. The which suddenlie made foorth, and entered the castell, slue and tooke all the Frenchmen, and set the Englishmen at libertie: which thing doone, they set fire in the castell, and departed to Rone with their bootie and prisoners."—HOLINSHED.

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## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

*Or whether that such cowards ought to wear*
*This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.*]

The imputation of cowardice which for a short time dimmed the fame of Sir John Fastolfe, arose at the battle of Patay, where the English forces under Lord Talbot, consisting of about six thousand men, were suddenly assailed by the French, in numbers of nearly four to one. "The Englishmen had not leysure to put themselves in aray, after they had pight up their stakes before their Archers, so that there was no remedie but to fight at adventure. This battaile continued by the space of three long houres: for the Englishmen, though they were oppressed with multitude of their enimies, yet they never fled backe one foote, tyl theyr Captayne the Lord Talbot was sore wounded at the backe, and so taken. Then theyr heartes began to faint, and they fledde, in which flight were slaine above twelve hundred, and fortie taken, of whome the Lorde Talbot, the Lorde Scales, the Lord Hungerforde, and Sir Thomas Rampston, were chiefe. * * * From this battail departed, without any stroke striken, sir John Fastolfe, the same yeare for his valiantnesse elected into the order of the Garter, for which cause the Duke of Bedforde tooke from him the Image of saint George, and his Garter, though afterward, by meane of friends and apparaunt causes of good excuse, the same were to him againe delivered agaynst the mynde of the Lorde Talbot."—HOLINSHED.

(2) SCENE II.—*Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.*] So in Hall:—"The Goddesse of warre, called Bellona—hath these three *hand maides* ever of necessitie attendyng on her; *Bloud, Fire, and Famine;* whiche thre damosels be of that force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous countrey and most richest region of the world."

(3) SCENE VII.—*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the earl's eldest son by a second wife; he was created Viscount Lisle in 1451, only two years before the engagement in which his father and he were killed. The circum-

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stances attending the death of the "renowned Talbot" and his gallant son are graphically told by Hall:—"When the Englishmen were come to the place where the Frenchmen were encamped, in the which were iii. C peces of brasse, beside divers other small peces, and subtill Engynes to the Englishmen unknowen, and nothing suspected, they lyghted al on fote, the erle of Shrewesbury only except, which because of his age, rode on a litle hakeney, and fought fiercely with the Frenchmen, and gat thentre of their campe, and by fyne force entered into the same. This conflict continued in doubtfull judgement of victory two longe houres: duryngo which fight the lordes of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great companye of Frenchemen entered the battayle, and began a new felde, and sodaynly the gonners perceivynge the Englishmen to approche nere, discharged their ordinance, and slew iii. C persons, nere to the erle, who perceivynge the imminent icopardy, and subtile labirynth, in the which he and hys people were enclosed and illaqueate, despisynge his owne savegarde, and desirynge the life of his entierly and welbeloved sonne the lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counsailled hym to departe out of the felde, and to save hym selfe. But when the sonne had aunswered that it was neither honest nor natural for him, to leve his father in the extreme icopardye of hys life, and that he would taste of that draught, which his father and parent should assay and begyn: the noble erle and comfortable caiptayn sayd to him: Oh sonne, sonne, I thy father which onely hath bene the terror and scourge of the French people so many yeres, which hath subverted so many townes, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battayle, and marcial conflict, neither can here dye, for the honor of my countrey, without great laude and perpetuall fame, nor flye or depart without perpetuall shame and continualle infamy. But because this is thy first iourney and enterprise, neither thy flyeng shall redounde to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth, as a temerarious person folishely abidethe, therefore the fleyng of me shal be the dishonor, not only of me and my progenie, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy lyfe and make thee able another tyme, if I be slayne to revenge my death and to do honor to thy Prince and profyt to his Reame. But nature so wrought in the sonne, that neither desire of lyfe, nor thought of securitie, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father: Who consideryng the constancy of his chyld, and the great daunger that they stode in, comforted his soldiours, cheared his capitayns, and valeantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies havyng a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinaunce then before had bene sene in a battayle, fyrst shot him through the thyghe with a handgonne, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lyenge on the ground, whome they never durst loke in the face, whyle he stode on his fete, and with him, there dyed manfully hys sonne the lord Lisle."

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## ACT V.

(1) Scene III.—

*You speedy helpers, that are substitutes*
*Under the lordly monarch of the north,*
*Appear.*]

"The *monarch of the North* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier *De præstigiis dæmonum*, in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, book xv. c. 2 and 3."—Douce.

(2) Scene III.—*La Pucelle is taken.*] In illustration of the capture and martyrdom of this heroic female, the accompanying extracts from a brief memoir of her by Lord Mahon, (Quarterly Review, No. 138,) are well deserving perpetuation:—

"On leaving Picardy in the preceding year, Charles had confided his newly-acquired fortress of Compiègne to the charge of Guillaume de Flavy, a captain of tried bravery, but, even beyond his compeers in that age, harsh and pitiless. He was now besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army. Joan, hearing of his danger, courageously resolved to share his fortunes, and threw herself into the place on the 24th of May, accompanied by Xaintrailles, Chabannes, Valperga, and other knights of renown. The very evening of her arrival, she headed the garrison in a sally on the side of the bridge across the Oise. She found the Burgundians scattered and unprepared; twice she drove them from their entrenchments, but, seeing their numbers increase

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every moment, she gave the signal to retreat, herself maintaining the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard. Never had she shown greater intrepidity; but as she approached the town-gate, she found it partly closed, so that but few could press in together: confusion spread amongst her friends, less eager to succour her than to save themselves, and she found herself surrounded by her enemies. Still she made those before her recoil, and might have effected her retreat, when an archer from Picardy, coming up from behind, seized her by her coat of crimson velvet, and drew her from her horse to the ground. She struggled to rise again, and reached the outer fosse: there, however, she was overpowered, and compelled to surrender to Lionel, a bastard of Vendone,* and a soldier in the company of John of Luxemburg. The battlements of Compiègne have long since mouldered away; choked by the fallen fragments, the fosse is once more level with the plain; even the old bridge has been replaced by another higher up the stream—yet, amidst all these manifold changes, the precise spot of the catastrophe is still pointed out by popular tradition to the passing stranger. * * *

"The captive heroine was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, and transferred in succession to the prisons of Beaurevoir, Arras, and Le Crotoy, at the mouth of the Somme. She made two intrepid attempts to escape. Once she had broken a passage through the wall, but was arrested on her way, and still more closely confined. Another time she threw herself headlong from the summit of her prison tower, but was taken up senseless on the ground.

* * * * * * * *

"The English were, however, impatient to hold the prisoner in their own hands; and, in the month of November, 1430, she was purchased from John of Luxemburg for a sum of ten thousand livres. Her cruel treatment in her new captivity is well described by M. de Barante:—'Joan was taken to Rouen, where were then the young King Henry and all the chiefs of the English. She was led into the great tower of the castle, an iron cage was made for her, and her feet were secured by a chain. The English archers who guarded her treated her with gross contumely, and more than once attempted violence towards her. Nor were they merely common soldiers who showed themselves cruel and violent towards her. The Sire de Luxembourg, whose prisoner she had been, happening to pass through Rouen, went to see her in her prison, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Stafford.† "Joan," said he in jest, "I am come to put you to ransom, but you will have to promise never again to bear arms against us." "*Ah! mon Dieu*, you are laughing at me," said she, "you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well that the English will cause me to die, thinking that after my death they will win back the kingdom of France; but even were they a hundred thousand *Goddams* more than they are, they shall never have this kingdom." Incensed at these words, the Earl of Stafford drew his dagger to strike her, but was prevented by the Earl of Warwick.'

"The forebodings of the unhappy woman were but too true; her doom was indeed already sealed. * * * * On the 21st of February, 1431, Joan was brought for the first time before her judges. She underwent, nearly on successive days, fifteen examinations. The scene was the castle-chapel at Rouen; and she appeared clad, as of yore, in military attire, but loaded with chains. Undepressed either by her fallen fortunes, or by her long and cruel captivity, she displayed in her answers the same courageous spirit with which she had defended Orleans and stormed Jargeau. Nor was it courage only; her plain and clear good sense often seemed to retrieve her want of education, and to pierce through the subtle wiles and artifices elaborately prepared to ensnare her. Thus, for example, she was asked whether she knew herself to be in the grace of God? Had she answered in the affirmative, then arrogance and presumption would forthwith have been charged upon her; if in the negative, she would have been treated as guilty by her own confession. 'It is a great matter,' she said, 'to reply to such a question.' 'So great a matter,' interposed one of the assessors, touched with pity,—his name deserves to be recorded: it was Jean Fabry,—'that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer it.' 'You had better be silent,' said the Bishop of Beauvais fiercely to Fabry; and he repeated the question to Joan. 'If I am not in the grace of God,' she said, 'I pray God that it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.' * * *

"The two points on which Joan's enemies and judges (the terms are here synonymous) mainly relied were—first, the 'Tree of the Fairies,' near Domremy; and secondly, the banner borne by herself in battle. Both of these it was attempted to connect with evil spirits or magical spells. As to the first, Joan replied, clearly and simply, that she had often been round the tree in procession with the other maidens of the village, but had never beheld any of her visions at that spot. With regard to the

* Not Vendome, as most writers have supposed. The place meant is now called Wandomme, in the Département du Pas de Calais.—Quicherat, 'Procès de Jeanne d'Arc,' vol. i. p. 13.

† Not Strafford, as written by M. de Barante.

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banner, she declared that she had assumed it in battle on purpose to spare the lance and the sword; that she wished not to kill any one with her own hand, and that she never had.

* * * * * * *

"So plain and candid had been the general tenor of her answers, that it being referred to the assessors whether or not she should be put to the rack, in hopes of extorting further revelations, only two were found to vote in favour of this atrocious proposal. It is said that one of our countrymen present at the trial was so much struck with the evident good faith of her replies, that he could not forbear exclaiming, 'A worthy woman—if she were only English!' *

"Her judges, however, heedless of her innocence, or perhaps only the more inflamed by it, drew up twelve articles of accusation, upon the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which articles were eagerly confirmed by the University of Paris. On the 24th of May, 1431,—the very day on which Joan had been taken prisoner the year before—she was led to the churchyard before Saint Ouen, where two scaffolds had been raised; on the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several prelates; the other was designed for the Maid, and for a preacher named Erard. The preacher then began his sermon, which was filled with the most vehement invectives against herself; these she bore with perfect patience; but when he came to the words: 'Your King, that heretic and that schismatic,' she could not forbear exclaiming aloud, 'Speak of me, but do not speak of the King—he is a good Christian . . . . By my faith, sir, I can swear to you, as my life shall answer for it, that he is the noblest of all Christians, and not such as you say.' The Bishop of Beauvais, much incensed, directed the guards to stop her voice, and the preacher proceeded At his conclusion, a formula of abjuration was presented to Joan for her signature. It was necessary, in the first place, to explain to her what was the meaning of the word abjuration; she then exclaimed that she had nothing to abjure, for that whatever she had done was at the command of God; but she was eagerly pressed with arguments and with entreaties to sign. At the same time, the prelates pointed to the public hangman, who stood close by in his car, ready to bear her away to instant death if she refused. Thus urged, Joan said at length: 'I would sign rather than burn,' and put her mark to the paper.† The object, however, was to sink her in public estimation; and with that view, by another most unworthy artifice, a much fuller and more explicit confession of her errors was afterwards made public, instead of the one which had been read to her, and which she had really signed.

"The submission of Joan having been thus extorted, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass sentence in the name of the tribunal. He announced to her, that out of 'grace and moderation' her life should be spared, but that the remainder of it must be passed in prison, 'with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.' ‡ Joan heard the sentence unmoved, saying only: 'Well, then, ye men of the church, lead me to your own prisons, and let me no longer remain in the hands of these English.' But she was taken back to the same dungeon as before.

"Nor was it designed that her life should indeed be spared. Her enemies only hoped, by a short delay and a pretended lenity, to palliate the guilt of her murder, or to heap a heavier load upon her memory. She had promised to resume a female dress; and it is related that a suit of men's apparel was placed in her cell, and her own removed during the night; so that she had no other choice next morning but to clothe herself again in the forbidden garments. Such is the common version of the story. But we greatly fear that a darker and a sadder tale remains behind. A priest, named Martin l'Advenu, who was allowed to receive her confession at this period, and to shrive her in her dying moments, was afterwards examined at the trial of revision, and declared that an English lord (*un millourt d'Angleterre*) had entered her prison and attempted violence; that, on his departure, she was found with her face disfigured and in tears; and that she had resumed men's apparel as a more effectual safeguard to her honour.§

"But whether the means employed in this infamous transaction were of fraud or of force, the object was clearly the same—to find a pretext for further rigour. For, according to the rules of the Inquisition, it was not heresy in the first instance, but only a relapse into heresy, that could be punished with death. No sooner, then, was the Bishop of Beauvais apprised of Joan's change of dress than he hastened to the prison to convict her of the fact. He asked her whether she had heard 'her Voices' again? 'I have,' answered Joan; 'St. Catherine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my

* 'C'est une bonne femme—si elle était Anglaise!' *Supplément aux Mémoires*, Collection, vol. viii. p. 294.

† Deposition, at the Trial of Revision, of Massieu, a priest and rural dean, who had stood by her side on the scaffold.—QUICHERAT, *Procès*, vol. i. p. 8.

‡ 'Au pain de douleurs et à l'eau d'angoisse.'—*Collection des Mémoires*, vol. viii. p. 304.

§ Compare Sismondi, vol. xiii. p. 190, with the *Supplément aux Mémoires* (Collection, vol. viii. p. 304).

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weakness in signing the abjuration, and commanded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.' This was enough; the Bishop and his compeers straightway pronounced her a heretic relapsed: no pardon could now be granted—scarce any delay allowed.

"At daybreak, on the 30th of May, her confessor, Martin l'Advenu, was directed to enter her cell and prepare her for her coming doom—to be burned alive that very day in the market-place of Rouen. At first hearing this barbarous sentence the Maid's firmness forsook her for some moments; she burst into piteous cries, and tore her hair in agony, loudly appealing to God, 'the great Judge,' against the wrongs and cruelties done her. But ere long regaining her serene demeanour, she made her last confession to the priest, and received the Holy Sacrament from his hands. At nine o'clock, having been ordered to array herself for the last time in female attire, she was placed in the hangman's car, with her confessor and some other persons, and was escorted to the place of execution by a party of English soldiers. * * * * At the market-place (it is now adorned by a statue to her memory) she found the wood ready piled, and the Bishop of Beauvais, with the Cardinal of Winchester and other prelates, awaiting their victim. First a sermon was read, and then her sentence; at this her tears flowed afresh, but she knelt down to pray with her confessor, and asked for a cross. There was none at hand, and one was sent for to a neighbouring church; meanwhile an English soldier made another by breaking his staff asunder, and this cross she devoutly clasped to her breast. But the other soldiers were already murmuring at these long delays. 'How now, priest?' said they to l'Advenu: 'do you mean to make us dine here?' At length their fierce impatience was indulged; the ill-fated woman was bound to the stake, and upon her head was placed a mitre with the following words inscribed:—

'HERETIQUE RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRE.'

The Bishop of Beauvais drew nigh just after the pile was kindled; 'It is you,' said she to him, 'who have brought me to this death.' To the very last, as l'Advenu states in his deposition, she continued to protest and maintain that her Voices were true and unfeigned, and that in obeying them she had obeyed the will of God. As the flames increased, she bid l'Advenu stand further from her side, but still hold the cross aloft, that her latest look on earth might fall on the Redeemer's blessed sign. And the last word which she was heard to speak ere she expired was—JESUS. Several of the prelates and assessors had already withdrawn in horror from the sight, and others were melted to tears. But the Cardinal of Winchester, still unmoved, gave orders that the ashes and bones of 'the heretic' should be collected and cast into the Seine. Such was the end of Joan of Arc—in her death the martyr, as in her life the champion, of her country."

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# THE SECOND PART OF

# KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

"THE Second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey," was first printed in its complete form, in the folio of 1623. In the brief notice prefixed to the foregoing drama, we have ventured an opinion that the two plays, or one play divided into two parts, called "The First Part of the Contention," &c.* and "The True Tragedie," &c.,† afterwards published by Pavier, under the title of "The Whole Contention," &c.,‡ were not, as Malone has laboured to prove, the production of a preceding writer, but were Shakespeare's first sketches (surreptitiously and inaccurately printed) of what he subsequently re-wrote, and entitled "The Second and Third Parts of Henry VI."

In expressing this opinion, we must not be understood to go the extreme length of ascribing the whole of these two pieces to Shakespeare. Much in them unquestionably belongs to another and a very different hand; but the greater portion, especially in "The First Part of the Contention," appears to our judgment far beyond the reach of any other writer of the age. Such, too, we are pleased to find, is the view entertained by Mr. Halliwell. In his Introduction to the excellent reprint of these two dramas for the Shakespeare Society, in 1843, after a careful revision of the evidence in opposition to the claims of Shakespeare to their author-

* "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion of *Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne.* London, Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594."

† "The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* good King Henrie the Sixt, *with the whole contention betweene* the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S., for Thomas Millington, *and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal.* 1595."

‡ "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

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ship, this judicious authority well observes:—"There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that, as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the 'Contention,' as well as that of 1 Henry VI."

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# Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of* Gloucester, *his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester, *Great Uncle to the* King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his* Sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
LORD CLIFFORD,
YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his* Son, } *of the* King's *party.*
EARL OF SALISBURY,
EARL OF WARWICK, } *of the* Yorkist *party.*
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the* Tower.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his* Brother.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea-Captain, Master, *and* Master's Mate, *and* WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with* Suffolk.
VAUX.
HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer.*
A Spirit *raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*
PETER, *his man.*
Clerk *of* Chatham.
Mayor *of* St. Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, *a Rebel.*
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the* Weaver, MICHAEL, *&c. his followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a* Kentish *Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to* King Henry.
ELEANOR, *Duchess of* Gloucester.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*
Wife *to* Simpcox.

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriffs, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various parts of* England.

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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side,* KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* CARDINAL BEAUFORT; *on the other,* QUEEN MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

SUF. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. HEN. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. MAR. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;—
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,—[a]
With you mine alder-liefest[b] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. HEN. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping, joys;

[a] Or at my beads,—] See note (c), p. 4, Vol. I.
[b] Alder-liefest—] *All-dearest; dearest of all;* a Saxon compound found in many of our early writers, from Chaucer to Shakespeare.

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Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. MAR. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

SUF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

GLO. [*Reads.*] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father*——

K. HEN. Uncle, how now!

GLO. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. HEN. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR. [*Reads.*] *Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. HEN. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

GLO. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

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Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been[a] crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O, peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

GLO. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SAL. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy!—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
*Mort Dieu!*

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives;
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLO. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!

[a] Been *crown'd in Paris,*—] The old text reads "Crowned in Paris," &c Capell added "*Been,*" as did also Mr. Collier's annotator.

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She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

CAR. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLO. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
*Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*
With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

BUCK. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,*
Despite duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

(*) First folio, *protectors.*

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I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign;
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

YORK. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

SAL. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WAR. *Unto the main!* O, father, Maine is lost,—
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,—
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[a] point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; what is't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,

[a] *On a* tickle *point,*—] *Tickle* was commonly used by the old writers for *ticklish.*



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While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[a]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit* not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* Duke of Gloucester's *House.*

*Enter* GLOUCESTER *and the* DUCHESS.

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,

(*) Old text, *fits.*

[a] Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.] This fable is alluded to also in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 2. See note (b), p. 277, Vol. II.

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We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

GLO. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream* this night doth make me sad.

DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

GLO. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are[a] crown'd;
Where[b] Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

GLO. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

GLO. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,

(*) Old text, *dreames.*

[a] *Where kings and queens* are *crown'd;*] The old text has "*wer;*" an obvious misprint for *are;* witness "The Contention," which reads—

"Where Kings and Queenes *are* crownde."

[b] Where—] Another probable misprint for *There.*



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You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas[a] the king and queen do mean to hawk.
GLO. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou wilt ride with us?
DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* Messenger.
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there, sir John?[b] nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter* HUME.

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
DUCH. What say'st thou? *majesty!* I am but grace.
HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
DUCH. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch; (1)
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
HUME. This they have promised to show your highness,
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
DUCH. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*
HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold?
Marry, and shall. But, how now, sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

[a] Whereas—] *Where* and *whereas*, like *when* and *whenas*, *while* and *whileas*, were convertible.

[b] Sir *John?*] The title *Sir*, a translation of *Dominus*, it has already been explained, was one commonly applied to certain churchmen.

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They say,—a crafty knave does need no broker;[a]
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* PETER, *and others, with petitions.*

1 PET. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[b]

2 PET. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

1 PET. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

*Enter* SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN MARGARET.

2 PET. Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

1 PET. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. MAR. [*Reading the superscription.*] *To my lord protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

1 PET. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

SUF. Thy wife, too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 PET. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. MAR. What say'st thou? did the duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER. That my master * was? no, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

SUF. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and

(*) Old text, *Mistresse.*

[a] A crafty knave does need no broker;] This was proverbial.

[b] *In the* quill.] Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer would read in the *coil*, or *quoil*, that is, *the stir;* while Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes "*in sequel.*" Of the two, we prefer the former, but have not sufficient confidence in either to advance it to the text.

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send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETER.

Q. MAR. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

ALL. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Q. MAR. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion * in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought king Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are, the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;—
That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUF. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. MAR. Beside the haught† protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. MAR. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,

(*) Old text, *Fashions.* (†) First folio, *haughtie.*

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She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
SUF. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York,—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter* KING HENRY, YORK *and* SOMERSET; DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. HEN. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[a] the regentship.
SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.
CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
WAR. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
SAL. Peace, son!——and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. MAR. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.
Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
GLO. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
SUF. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

[a] Denay'd—] Denay was the old form of *deny*. So in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 4:—

"My love can give no place, bide no *denay*."

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And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
BUCK. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,—
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOUCESTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
DUCH. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd * set my ten commandments in your face.
K. HEN. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.
DUCH. *Against her will!* good king, look to 't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*
BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need † no spurs,
She'll gallop fast[a] enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
SUF. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

(*) Old text, *I could.* (†) First folio, *fume needs.*

[a] *She'll gallop* fast *enough*—] In the old text, we have "*farre* enough." Corrected by Pope; and by Mr. Collier's annotator.

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My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
WAR. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
SUF. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter* Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

SUF. Because here is a man accus'd of treason;
Pray God the duke of York excuse himself!
YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. HEN. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?
SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. HEN. Say, man, were these thy words?
HOR. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.
PET. By these ten bones,[a] my lords [*holding up his hands*], he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.
YORK. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.
HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.
K. HEN. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?
GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

[a] By these ten bones,—] An old and a very common adjuration: thus, in the Mystery of "Candlemas-Day," 1512, quoted by Steevens:—

"But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue."

Again in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"By these *ten bones*, sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see ——"

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K. HEN. Then be it so.—My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.[a]
SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
HOR. And I accept the combat willingly.
PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight! for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!
GLO. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
K. HEN. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*The same. The* Duke of Gloucester's *Garden.*

*Enter* MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.
BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[b]
HUME. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.
BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work.

*Enter* DUCHESS, *above.*

DUCH. Well said,[c] my masters; and welcome all. To this gear, the sooner the better.
BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent[d] of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,—
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[a] Then be it so.—My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.]

These lines,—which are essential, since without them Somerset returns thanks for the regency before he is appointed,—were restored by Theobald from "The First Part of the Contention."

[b] Exorcisms?] Mason was mistaken in asserting that Shakespeare's acceptation of *exorcise*, to raise spirits, not to lay them, was peculiar to him; it was the ordinary meaning of the word. See Minsheu, Dict. 1617, in voce "*Conjuration*," and Florio's "World of Words," 1611, under "*Esorcisma*."

[c] Well said,—] That is, *well done*. See note ([b]), p. 297, Vol. II.

[d] *The* silent *of the night*,—] So reads the folio 1623; but Steevens and Mason, as well as Mr. Collier's annotator, prefer the lection of the earlier version of the play,—

"—— the *silence* of the night."

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*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;*
BOLINGBROKE *or* SOUTHWELL *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*
SPIR. *Adsum.*
M. JOURD. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
SPIR. Ask what thou wilt:—that I had said and done![a]
BOLING. *First, of the king: what shall of him become?*
[*Reading out of a paper.*
SPIR. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*
BOLING. *What fates await the duke of Suffolk?*
SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.
BOLING. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset?*
SPIR. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.—
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
BOLING. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

*Enter* YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM *hastily, with their* Guards, *and others.*

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? The king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.
BUCK. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
[*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.——
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;—
All, away! (2) [*Exit* DUCHESS, *from above. Exeunt* Guards, *with* HUME, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c.*
YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*

[a] That I had said and done!] This impatience of *Asmath* is conformable to the ancient belief that spirits called to earth by spells and incantations were intolerant of question and eager to be dismissed.

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*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;*
*But him outlive, and die a violent death.*
Why, this is just
*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
*Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*
*By water shall he die, and take his end.—*
*What shall betide the duke of Somerset?*
*Let him shun castles;*
*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,*
*Than where castles mounted stand.*
Come, come, my lords:
These oracles are hardily [a] attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither goes these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a* Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

*Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, *and* SUFFOL *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

Q. MAR. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook, (1)
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. HEN. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

[a] *Are* hardily *attain'd,*—] *Hardily* is an emendation of Theobald; the old text has *hardly* both in this and the next line.

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They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
GLO. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
CAR. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. HEN. The treasury of everlasting joy!
CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on[a] a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
GLO. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
*Tantœne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
Churchmen so hot! good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you dote?[b]
SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
GLO. As who, my lord?
SUF. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
GLO. Why, Suffolk, England knows thy insolence.
Q. MAR. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. HEN. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
GLO. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that!
[*Aside to the* CARDINAL.
CAR. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside to* CAR.
CAR. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside to* GLO.
K. HEN. How now, my lords!
CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.
[*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. True, uncle.

[a] Beat on *a crown*,—] Thus in "The Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"Do not infest your mind with *beating on*
The strangeness of this business."

And in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"Whereon his brains still *beating*."

[b] *With such holiness can you* dote?] "Can you *do it*," is the lection of the old copies of the amended play, from which it seems impossible to extract any sense. Our reading, *dote*, is that of "The Contention," &c. 4to, 1594; and this word, in its ancient meaning *to rave, to speak madly*, is peculiarly appropriate to the context.

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CAR. Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?[a]
[*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside to* CAR.
K. HEN. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
GLO. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside to* CAR.
CAR. *Medice teipsum;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside to* GLO.
K. HEN. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an* Inhabitant *of* Saint Alban's, *crying*, "A Miracle!"

GLO. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
INHAB. A miracle! a miracle!
SUF. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
INHAB. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. HEN. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the* Mayor of Saint Alban's *and his* Brethren; *and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his* Wife *and a great multitude following.*

CAR. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
K. HEN. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
GLO. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. HEN. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
SIMP. Born blind, an't please your grace.
WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.
SUF. What woman is this?
WIFE. His wife, an't like your worship.
GLO. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
K. HEN. Where wert thou born?
SIMP. At Berwick, in the north, an't like your grace.
K. HEN. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

[a] Are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?] In the old copies, this is made to form part of Gloucester's speech. Theobald properly assigned it to the Cardinal.

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Q. MAR. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?
SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion: being call'd
A hundred times and oft'ner, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox,** *come;*
*Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*
WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
CAR. What, art thou lame?
SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!
SUF. How cam'st thou so?
SIMP. A fall off of a tree.
WIFE. A plum-tree, master.
GLO. How long hast thou been blind?
SIMP. O, born so, master.
GLO. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
GLO. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
SIMP. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
GLO. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.
SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.
GLO. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
SIMP. Red, master; red as blood.
GLO. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
SIMP. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
K. HEN. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
GLO. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.
GLO. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
SIMP. Alas, master, I know not.
GLO. What's his name?
SIMP. I know not.
GLO. Nor his?
SIMP. No, indeed, master.
GLO. What's thine own name?
SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
GLO. Then, Saunder, sit there,[a] the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

(*) Old text, *Symon.*

[a] Sit there,—] Capell reads—"sit *thou* there," and Mr. Collier's annotator restores the measure in the same way.

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My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think his* cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

SIMP. O, master, that you could!

GLO. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLO. Then send for one presently.[a]

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

GLO. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.[b] [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter* Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

GLO. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEAD. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly.

SIMP. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* "A Miracle!"

K. HEN. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. MAR. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLO. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLO. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.(2)

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUF. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLO. But you have done more miracles than I:
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

K. HEN. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort[c] of naughty persons, lewdly[d] bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurors,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

(*) Old text, *it.*

[a] Presently.] *Immediately.*
[b] By and by.] *Directly, instantly.*
[c] A sort—] A *company.*
[d] Lewdly—] *Wickedly.*

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Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
CAR. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet[a] at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* GLOUCESTER.
GLO. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.
K. HEN. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Q. MAR. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
GLO. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
K. HEN. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—London. *The* Duke of York's *Garden.*

*Enter* YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

YORK. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
SAL. My lord, I long to hear 't at full.
WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
YORK. Then thus—
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;

[a] Yet—] That is, *now.*



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The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
I claim the crown), had issue—Philippe, a daughter:
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.*
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding* is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

(*) First folio, *proceedings*.

* Edward the third's fifth son.] In the old copies:—

"Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne."

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It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'T is that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
WAR. My heart assures me that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

*Trumpets sounded. Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. HEN. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins*
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again; [*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.
DUCH. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

(*) Old text, *sinn.*



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GLO. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS, *and the other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[a]

K. HEN. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey;—no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. MAR. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and king Henry govern England's helm!—[b]
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLO. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff:[c]
As willingly do I the same resign,
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Q. MAR. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught,[d] there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest[e] days.

YORK. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

[a] Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.] That is, "Sorrow would *have* solace, and age would *have* ease."

[b] *God and king Henry govern England's* helm!] In the old text,—"England's *realme.*" The correction is Johnson's.

[c] My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff:] At this point Mr. Collier's annotator interpolates a line of such sheer absurdity,—

"*To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh!*"

that it is hard to believe he was not attempting a joke. This miserable puerility, we are grieved to find, Mr. Collier not only approves, but actually inserts as Shakespeare's, in his "emended" edition of the poet's works.

[d] Raught,—] That is, *reft, riven.*

[e] *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her* youngest *days.*] For *youngest* Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes *proudest;* and a marginal note in Mr. Singer's copy of the second folio proposes *strongest.* The genuine word, there can be little doubt, was *haughtiest* or *proudest.*

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Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
K. HEN. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side,* HORNER, *and his neighbours, the former bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;* (3) *a drum before him; during the scene he drinks with so many that he becomes drunk: at the other side,* PETER *enters, with a similar staff, and a drummer before him; accompanied by* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
2 NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[a]
3 NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
HOR. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!
1 PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.
2 PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.
PETER. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.
SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?
PETER. Peter, forsooth.
SAL. Peter! what more?
PETER. Thump.
SAL. *Thump!* then see thou thump thy master well.
HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.
YORK. Dispatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!
[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his master.* (4)
HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*
YORK. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.
PETER. O God! have I overcome mine enemy* in this presence? O Peter, thou has prevailed in right!

(*) First folio, *Enemies.*

[a] Charneco.] This is a wine often mentioned by the writers of Shakespeare's time, and so named from a village near Lisbon, where it was made.

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K. HEN. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter* GLOUCESTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

GLO. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?
SERV. Ten, my lord.
GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath[a] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,[b]
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *the* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.
GLO. No, stir not, for your lives! let her pass by.
DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
GLO. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
DUCH. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,

[a] Uneath—] *Hardly, painfully, scarcely.*
[b] With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,—] So, both in the folio 1623, and in "The Contention;" but the second folio has,—

"With envious looks, *still* laughing at thy shame."

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Mail'd up[a] in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLO. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a* Herald.

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's Parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLO. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHER. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

[a] Mail'd up—] *Wrapped up, inclosed.* "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle."—R. HOLME'S *Acad. of Armory*, 1688, b. ii. p. 239, quoted by Mr. Dyce.

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And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.
GLO. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
STAN. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.
GLO. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again:[a]
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.
DUCH. What! gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell!
GLO. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* Servants.
DUCH. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
STAN. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.
DUCH. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
STAN. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.
DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,—
Although thou hast been conduct[b] of my shame!
SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*The Abbey at* Bury St. Edmund's.

*Sennet. Enter to the Parliament,* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

K. HEN. I muse my lord of Gloster is not come;
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

[a] The world may laugh again:] Equivalent to, *Fortune may smile again.*
[b] Conduct—] *Conductor.*

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Q. MAR. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, an be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts:
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing[a] of his high descent

[a] Reputing—] Not, as it is invariably explained, *valuing himself*, but *presuming*, *boasting*. See Florio's "World of Words," 1611, in voce, *Riputatione*. So in "Julius Cæsar," Act I. Sc. 2:—

> "Brutus had rather be a villager,
> Than to *repute* himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions."

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As, next the king, he was successive heir,—
And such high vaunts of his nobility,—
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason:
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

BUCK. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. HEN. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the suckling lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. MAR. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.*
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

*Enter* SOMERSET.

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. HEN. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

SOM. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. HEN. Cold news, lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

YORK. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER.

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

(*) Old text, *Wolves.*

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SUF. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
GLO. Well, Suffolk, yet[a] thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
YORK. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
GLO. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
GLO. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
YORK. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
GLO. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.
SUF. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.
K. HEN. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;[b]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

[a] Yet *thou shalt not see me blush*,—] *Yet* was added in the second folio. The parallel line in "The Contention" reads,—"Why, *Suffolke's Duke*," &c.
[b] From all suspect;] So Capell and Mr. Collier's annotator. The old copies have *suspense*.

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GLO. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest[a] liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUF. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. MAR. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLO. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLO. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!

[a] Liefest—] *Dearest.*

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Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*

K. HEN. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. MAR. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. HEN. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,—
For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence,
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who 's a traitor,*[a] *Gloster he is none.* [*Exit.*

Q. MAR. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams:
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;

[a] Who 's *a traitor,*—] That is, *Whoe'er 's* a traitor.

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The commons haply rise to save his life;
And we have yet but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
YORK. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. MAR. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
SUF. Madam, 't is true: and wer 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates[a] him first that first intends deceit.
Q. MAR. Thrice noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.
SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
CAR. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner,—
I tender so the safety of my liege.
SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Q. MAR. And so say I.
YORK. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills[b] not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain.

[a] Mates—] This appears to be an allusion to the check-*mate*, or stale-*mate*, in the game of chess; but it may mean merely, *confounds* or *destroys*.

[b] *It* skills *not*—] *It matters not, It is not important.* We often find to *force* bearing the same signification:—"Our enemies beare the poore people in hand that theirs is the old religion, and oures is an yesterdaies bird: but sooner or later called, *it skilleth not*, old or new, if true, *it forceth not*."—PRIME, *On Galathians*, p. 44.

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To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
CAR. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.
Q. MAR. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have been far worse than his.
YORK. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
SOM. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
CAR. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
SUF. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
YORK. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take orders for mine own affairs.
SUF. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
YORK. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
SUF. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all except* YORK.
YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:

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Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death—it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[a]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Mórisco, (1)
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive (as 't is great like he will),

[a] *Mad-bred* flaw.] *Flaw* here means a violent *gust* of wind, as in "Hamlet," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"Should patch a wall to expel the winter's *flaw*!"

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Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter certain* Murderers, *hastily.* (2)

1 MUR. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2 MUR. O, that it were to do!—What have we done!
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?
1 MUR. Here comes my lord.

*Enter* SUFFOLK.

SUF. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
1 MUR. Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
SUF. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 MUR. 'T is, my good lord.
SUF. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt* Murderers.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

K. HEN. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.
SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. HEN. Lords, take your places;—and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. MAR. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. HEN. I thank thee, Margaret;* these words content me much.

*Re-enter* SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord! Gloster is dead!

(*) Old text, *Nell.*



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Q. MAR. Marry, God forefend!
CAR. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The* KING *swoons.*
Q. MAR. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Q. MAR. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!
SUF. He doth revive again;—madam, be patient.
K. HEN. O heavenly God!
Q. MAR. How fares my gracious lord?
SUF. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. HEN. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. MAR. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach,
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. HEN. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. MAR. Be woe for me more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper,—look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

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Why, then dame Margaret* was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua† and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward[a] wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore!
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle[b] gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),
To sit and witch‡ me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!§
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

(*) Old text, *Elianor*. (†) Old text, *statue*.
(‡) Old text, *watch*. (§) Old text, *Elinor*.

[a] Awkward *wind*—] That is, *contrary* wind. So in Marlowe's "King Edward II." Act IV. Sc. 6:—

"With *aukward* winds, and with sore tempests driven
To fall on shore."

[b] *The* gentle *gusts*,—] The gusts that kindly would have kept her from the English shore. Mr. Collier's annotator, and the old corrector of Mr. Singer's folio, however, both read *ungentle*, and they may be right.



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*Noise without. Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.*

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. HEN. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. HEN. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain[a]
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[*The folding-doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and* GLOUCESTER *is discovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*[b]

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. HEN. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke!

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

WAR. See, how the blood is settled in his face!

[a] *To* drain—] Steevens and Mr. Collier's annotator substitute *rain*, which is certainly a more becoming word.

[b] Warwick and others standing by it.] The whole of this direction is modern. In the old copies we find only "*Bed put forth.*"

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Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[a]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.(3)

SUF. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WAR. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. MAR. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. MAR. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort termed a kite? where are his talons?

SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOM. *and others.*

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

[a] A timely-parted ghost,—] Though *timely* is commonly used in our ancient writers to signify *early*, it appears here to import *duly, in proper time*, as opposed to *timeless*. *Ghost* means *corse*, a sense in which, of old, it is found repeatedly: thus, in "The Contention:"—

> "O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
> All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
> Sweete father, to thy *murthred ghoast* I sweare"

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Q. MAR. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
WAR. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
SUF. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence!
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.
K. HEN. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A noise without.*
Q. MAR. What noise is this?

*Re-enter* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. HEN. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
SUF. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [*Noise of a crowd without.*

*Re-enter* SALISBURY.

SAL. [*To those without.*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false[a] Suffolk straight be done to death,

[a] False *Suffolk*—] So "The Contention." The folio 1623, owing, probably, to the compositor having caught the word, *Lord*, from the preceding line, has "*Lord* Suffolke," &c.

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Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whêr you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. [*Without.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!

SUF. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS. [*Without.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. HEN. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air,
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. MAR. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. HEN. Ungentle queen, to call him *gentle Suffolk!*
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

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But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick,—come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, *&c.*

Q. MAR. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. MAR. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?*

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[a]
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. MAR. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. MAR. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

(*) Old text, *enemy*.

[a] The mandrake's groan,—] See note (5), p. 306, Vol. I.

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Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me:—even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou hence; *
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no [a] joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

*Enter* VAUX.

Q. MAR. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. MAR. Go, tell this heavy message to the king. [*Exit* VAUX.
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

(*) First folio, *thence.*

*Myself* no *joy in nought*—] Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—"Myself *to* joy," &c

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Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;—
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,[a] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!
Q. MAR. Away! Though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
SUF. I go.
Q. MAR. And take my heart with thee.
SUF. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. MAR. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* CARDINAL *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. HEN. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
CAR. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. HEN. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
CAR. Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whêr they will or no?—
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again! then show me where he is;
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

[a] Where,—] For *whereas.*

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Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. HEN. O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WAR. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

SAL. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. HEN. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. HEN. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. (4) [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore near* Dover.

*Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a boat, a* Captain,[a] *a* Master, *a* Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised, and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

CAP. The gaudy, blabbing,[b] and remorseful[c] day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*Pointing to* SUFFOLK.], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[a] Captain,—] So in "The Contention." The folios have *Lieutenant*, and prefix *Lieu.* to all his speeches.

[b] Blabbing,—] "The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*."—JOHNSON.

[c] Remorseful—] *Pitiful.*

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1 GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me know.
MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
CAP. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;—
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?[a]
1 GENT. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
2 GENT. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To* SUF.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
SUF. Look on my George, I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
SUF. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
WHIT. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.
SUF. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.
WHIT. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
SUF. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?[b]
CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,[c]
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

[a] The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?]

Something is evidently wrong here. Rowe reads:—

"*Nor can* those lives," &c.

Capell—

"*Cannot be pois'd*," &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator:—

"*Can* lives of those," &c.

[b] Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?] A line found only in the earlier draft of this play—the First Part of "The Contention," but which the context renders indispensable.

[c] Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,—] In the old text this line is inadvertently given to the Captain, and *lowly* is misprinted *lowrie*.

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Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

CAP. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou dar'st not for thy own!

CAP. Yes, Poole.

SUF. Poole? [a]

CAP. Poole! Sir Poole! Lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding * heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France;
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprís'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are † rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,

(*) Old text, *Mother-bleeding.* (†) Old text, *and.*

[a] Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?]

These two speeches are only found in the First Part of "The Contention." They are obviously necessary to the dialogue.

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By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun,[a] striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms;
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

SUF. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.[b]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me;
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely 'cross the channel.

CAP. Walter,—

WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*[c]—
It is thee I fear.

WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,[d]

[a] ——— whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun,—]

"Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."—CAMDEN'S *Remaines.*

[b] *Than* Bargulus, *the strong Illyrian pirate.*] This noted robber, rightly *Bardyllis*, is mentioned in Cicero *De Off. Lib. ii. cap. xi.* "*Bargulus* Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum," &c. See note on the passage in the "Variorum." The corresponding passage in "The Contention" has:—

"——— then mightie *Abradas*,
The great Massadonian pyrate."

[c] *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*—] In the first folio we have, "*Pine* gelidus," &c., which led Malone to read "*Pene* gelidus." The editor of the second folio struck out the first word, and his example has been generally followed.

[d] Come, soldiers, &c.] A line wrongly assigned to the previous speaker in the old text.

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That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians:[a]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt* SUF. *with* WHITMORE *and others.*

CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

*Re-enter* WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'*s body.*

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

1 GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear. (1) [*Exit with the body.*

## SCENE II.—Blackheath.

*Enter* GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

GEO. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

JOHN. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

GEO. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

JOHN. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

GEO. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handy-craftsmen.

JOHN. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

GEO. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

JOHN. True; and yet it is said,—*labour in thy vocation:* which is as much to say as,[b]—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

GEO. Thou hast hit it: for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

JOHN. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

GEO. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

JOHN. And Dick the butcher,—

[a] Bezonians:] See note (b), p. 72, Vol. I.

[b] *Which is* as much to say as,—] Mr. Collier adopts the modern form of the phrase, upon the authority of his annotator, "*as*," he observes, "having been misplaced in the old editions;" but, as we have before said (see note (a), p. 243), the construction found in the early copies was not unusual.

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GEO. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

JOHN. And Smith the weaver.

GEO. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

JOHN. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter* JACK CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

CADE. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

DICK. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us[a]—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer,—

DICK. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—

DICK. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

DICK. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

SMITH. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge,—for his father had never a house but the cage. [*Aside.*

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

CADE. I am able to endure much.

SMITH. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together. [*Aside.*

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

DICK. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

CADE. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pots shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king,—as king I will be—

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

[a] *Our enemies shall* fall *before us*—] Alluding, though not consistently—for the truculent rebel was no scholar—to the supposed etymology of his name, *Cade*, from *cado, to fall*. The old copies have "*faile* before us."

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CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the* Clerk of Chatham.

SMITH. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here 's a villain!

SMITH. H 'as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK. Emanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters; (2)—'t will go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

ALL. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen-and-inkhorn about his neck. (3) [*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

*Enter* MICHAEL.

MICH. Where 's our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICH. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; [*Kneels.*] rise up sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him!

*Enter* SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and* WILLIAM *his brother, with drum and* Forces.

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.



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W. STAF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore, yield or die.
CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;[a]
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman,—art thou not?
CADE. And Adam was a gardener.
W. STAF. And what of that?
CADE. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter—did he not?
STAF. Ay, sir.
CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.
W. STAF. That's false.
CADE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 't is true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.
DICK. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.
SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.
STAF. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?
ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.
W. STAF. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.
CADE. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.
DICK. And furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.
CADE. And good reason, for thereby is England maimed,* and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and, more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.
STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!
CADE. Nay, answer, if you can:—the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor or no?
ALL. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.
W. STAF. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.
STAF. Herald, away: and throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

(*) Old text, *main'd.*

[a] *I* pass *not;*] I *care* not, or, I *regard* not

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That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and* Forces.

CADE. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order, and march toward us.

CADE. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of* Blackheath.

*Alarum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the* STAFFORDS *are slain.*

CADE. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK. Here, sir.

CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one a week.[a]

DICK. I desire no more.

CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. The monument of the victory will I bear; [*Putting on part of* SIR H. STAFFORD's *armour.*] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee.—Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one* a week.] The last two words are restored from "The Contention." In the reign of Elizabeth, butchers were prohibited from selling flesh-meat in Lent; "not," so the statute 5 Eliz. c. 5, expresses it, "for any superstition to be maintained in the choyce of meates," but for the double purpose of diminishing the consumption of flesh-meat (already restricted to four days in the week throughout the year), and of encouraging the fisheries, and augmenting the number of seamen. Sick and infirm people, however, unable to abstain from animal food, were dispensed by a licence from their bishop or curate, and certain butchers were specially privileged to supply a limited number each week.



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## SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, *reading a supplication; the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and* LORD SAY, *with him: at a distance* QUEEN MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'*s head.*

Q. MAR. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast,
But where 's the body that I should embrace?
BUCK. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?
K. HEN. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.
Q. MAR. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me:
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?
K. HEN. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.
K. HEN. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?[a]
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. MAR. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a* Messenger.

K. HEN. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?
MESS. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
K. HEN. O graceless men! they know not what they do.
BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

[a] Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?] Might we not read,
"Still mourning and lamenting Suffolk's death?"

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Q. MAR. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.
K. HEN. Lord Say, the traitor* hateth thee;
Therefore, away with us to Kenilworth.
SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter a second* Messenger.

2 MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.
BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
K. HEN. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
Q. MAR. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
K. HEN. Farewell, my lord; [*To* LORD SAY.] trust not the Kentish rebels.
BUCK. Trust nobody, for fear you be† betray'd.
SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*The same. The* Tower.

*Enter* LORD SCALES, *and others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

SCALES. How, now! is Jack Cade slain?
1 CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.
SCALES. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*The same.* Cannon-street.

*Enter* JACK CADE, *and his* Followers. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city! And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our

(*) Old text, *traitors.* (†) First folio omits, *be.*

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reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

*Enter a* Soldier, *running.*

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come then, let 's go fight with them: but first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

*Alarums. Enter, on one side,* CADE *and his Company; on the other,* Citizens, *and the* KING'S Forces, *headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

CADE. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

JOHN. Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [*Aside.*

SMITH. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

CADE. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

JOHN. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,[a] and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter* GEORGE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court

[a] *One-and-twenty* fifteens,—] The impost called a *fifteen*, was the fifteenth part of all the personal property of each subject.

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clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent—

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens.*

CADE. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:[a]
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But[b] to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

CADE. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

SAY. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEO. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

[a] The civil'st place of all this isle:] "*Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt.*"—Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," Lib. v. This passage is translated by Arthur Golding, 1565, as follows:—"Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the *civilest* are the *Kentish folke.*"

[b] But *to maintain*—] In the folios,—"*Kent* to maintain," &c. The word "*But*" was substituted by Johnson.

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SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle* then, and the help[a] of a hatchet.

DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man?

SAY. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

CADE. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

SAY. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour?—speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

CADE. [*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with* LORD SAY.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

(*) Old copies, *candle.*

[a] *The* help *of a hatchet.*] Farmer suggests that we ought to read "*pap with* a hatchet." This was a cant phrase of Shakespeare's day, and Lily has adopted it in the title of his celebrated pamphlet, "*Pap with an hatchet;* alias, a fig for my godson; or crack me this nut; or a country cuff: that is, a sound box of the ear, et cætera;" he has again introduced it, too, in his "Mother Bombie," 1594:—"They give us pap with a spoone before we can speake, and when wee speake for that we love, *pap with a hatchet.*" So also in Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," under "Lying:"—"their purpose was to entangle him in his words, and to entrap him, that they might catch advantage against him, and so cut his throat, and give him *pap with a hatchet.*" The *pap of a hatchet* meant, the stroke of the headsman's axe; as a *hempen caudle,* which Cade promises with it, signified, death by the rope. The latter slang occurs, also, in the old play called, "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"Here, Warman, put this *hempen caudle* o'er thy head."

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CADE. Marry, presently.
ALL. O brave!

*Re-enter* Rebels, *with the heads of* LORD SAY *and his* Son-in-law.

CADE. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

*Alarum. Enter* CADE *and all his Rabblement.*

CADE. Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus' corner![a] (4) Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD, *with* Forces.

BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.
CLIF. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rebel[b] lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—*God save his majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.
ALL. God save the king! God save the king!
CADE. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out[c] these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces;

[a] Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus' corner!] As these places are on the opposite side of the river to that on which Cade now is, we must suppose him issuing orders to different parties of his rebels as to the direction they should take.

[b] *Or let a* rebel *lead you to your deaths?*] So, and rightly, read Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's annotator. The folios have, "Or let a *rabble*," &c.

[c] *Have* given out, &c.] Have *given up*, have *relinquished*. To *give out*, in the sense of *resign* or *surrender*, is yet current among the vulgar.

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for me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying,—*Viliaco!*[a] unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

CADE. [*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

BUCK. What, is he fled? Go, some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. HEN. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old.

[a] Viliaco!] The old copies have, *Villiago*, which Theobald transformed into *Villageois*. *Villiago*, or *Viliaco*, signifying *rascal*, *scoundrel*, and the like, is an epithet from the Italian, which occurs in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Act V. Sc. 3, and in other of our early writers.

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Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

BUCK. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
K. HEN. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of* CADE'S Followers, *with halters about their necks.*

CLIF. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
K. HEN. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.
ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses, and stout kerns, (5)
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
K. HEN. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York, distress'd;
Like to a ship, that having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd,[a] and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;[b]

[a] *Is straightway* calm'd,—] This reading is derived from the fourth folio; the first has, "*calme;*" the second, "*claimd;*" the third, "*claim'd.*" Mr. Collier adopts *calm.*

[b] I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;] In the Variorum this was altered to,—

"—— go *forth* and meet him,"

and,—

"—— go and meet *with* him."

Mr. Dyce proposes,—

"—— go *thou* and meet him;"

and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"—— go *then* and meet him."

But the rhythm may be restored by the transposition of a word:—

"*Go,* I pray thee, Buckingham, and meet him"

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And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
SOM. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.
K. HEN. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.
K. HEN. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's *Garden.*

*Enter* CADE.

CADE. Fie on ambition!* fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet,[a] my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

*Enter* IDEN.

IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these!
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;†

(*) First folio, *ambitions.* (†) Old text, *warning.*

[a] Sallet,—] This feeble quibble on *sallet*, a helmet, and *salad* must have been sufficiently hackneyed. It occurs as early as 1537 in "A new Enterlude called Thersytes:"—

"THERSITES. I say abyde good Mulciber, I pray ye make me a sallet.
MULCIBER. Why Thersites hast thou anye wytte in thy head,
Woldest thou have a sallet nowe all the herbes are dead?
* * * * * * *
THERSITES. Goddes passion, Mulciber, where is thy wit and memory?
I wolde have a sallet made of stele.
MULCIBER. Whye Syr, in youre stomacke longe you shall it fele,
For stele is harde for to digest.
THERSITES. Mans bones and sydes, hee is worse then a beast!
I wolde have a sallet to were on my hed."
&c. &c. &c.

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Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. [*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seizé me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him! but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God[a] on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hob-nails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

CADE. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be

[a] *I beseech* God—] So "The Contention;" but in the folios, Cade is made to swear by *Jove.*

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cowards,—for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit* IDEN, *dragging out the body.*

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# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between* Dartford *and* Blackheath.

*The* KING'*s Camp on one side. On the other, enter* YORK *attended, with drum and colours; his* Forces *at some distance.*

YORK. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king!
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,—
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

[*Aside.*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

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YORK. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms!
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! *Aside*
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
(*) Buckingham, I pr'ythee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while,
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I 'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter* KING HENRY, *attended.*

K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
YORK. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. HEN. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter* IDEN, *with* CADE'*s head.*

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

(*) First folio omits, *O.*

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K. HEN. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art thou!
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.—
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
IDEN. I was, an 't like your majesty.
K. HEN. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
IDEN. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
K. HEN. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*
K. HEN. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. MAR. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
YORK. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee?—no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not,—no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.
SOM. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
YORK. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons* to be my bail; [*Exit an* Attendant.

(*) First folio, *sonne.*

* *First let me ask* of these, &c.] The old text reads, "—— of *thee.*" By *these* York is supposed to mean his sons, or his forces.

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I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for* my enfranchisement.
Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.[a]
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!
See, where they come; I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.
Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

*Enter* EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with* Forces, *at one side; at the other, with* Forces *also, old* CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford,—kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
CLIF. This is my king, York,—I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. HEN. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. MAR. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
YORK. Will you not, sons?
EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Drums. Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with* Forces.

CLIF. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,

(*) First folio, *of*.

[a] *Exit* BUCKINGHAM.] The old copies have no stage direction here; but it is evident from what the King says presently—

"*Call Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself"—

that he must have left the stage at some period of the scene. The modern editors have been equally unmindful of his *exit*.



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And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
RICH. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd[a] with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. HEN. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is faith! O, where is loyalty!
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. HEN. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
SAL. I have.
K. HEN. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
SAL. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

[a] *Who*, being suffer'd—] That is, who being *unrestrained, unchecked*. So in Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Lest, *being suffer'd* in that harmful slumber," &c.

And in "Henry VI." Part III. Act IV. Sc. 8:—

"A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which *being suffer'd*, rivers cannot quench."

Mr. Collier's annotator, from ignorance of the idiom, substitutes *having* for *being* "and," Mr. C. remarks, "we may be confident, gives us the poet's language."

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Q. MAR. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. HEN. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
YORK. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or * dignity.
CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
WAR. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
CLIF. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household[a] badge.
WAR. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to † affright thee with the view thereof.
CLIF. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their 'complices.
RICH. Fie! charity! for shame, speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatic,[b] that 's more than thou canst tell.
RICH. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* WARWICK.

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter* YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what all a-foot?
YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,

(*) Old text, *and.* (†) Old text, *so.*

[a] Household *badge.*] So "The Contention." The first folio misprints *household, housed.*

[b] *Foul* stigmatic,—] A *stigmatic* originally signified any one marked, as a criminal punishment, with a hot iron. To appreciate the application of this term to Richard, we must call to mind the cruel belief once prevalent, that personal deformity was a brand or *stigma* set by Nature on a being, to indicate a vicious and malignant disposition.



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And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter* CLIFFORD.

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.
YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
WAR. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?
YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.
YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!—
YORK. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls.*
CLIF. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*
YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

*Enter Young* CLIFFORD.

Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit heaven and earth together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 't is mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

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Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house; [*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

RICH. So, lie thou there;—
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. MAR. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!
K. HEN. Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay.
Q. MAR. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly. [*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

*Re-enter Young* CLIFFORD.

Y. CLIF. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! And we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE III.—*Fields near* Saint Alban's.

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter* YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

YORK. Of[a] Salisbury, who can report of him,—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

RICH. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter* SALISBURY.

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

YORK. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

WAR. After them! Nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drum and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! (1) [*Exeunt.*

[a] Of *Salisbury*,—] Mr. Collier's annotator, following the earlier version of the play, which reads,—

"But did you see *old* Salisbury?"—

substitutes *old* for *of*.

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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) Scene II.—*With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch.*] From Rymer's *Fœdera* we find that on the ninth of May, 1432 (the 10th of Henry VI.), *Margery Jourdemayn*, *John Virley*, clerk, and friar *John Ashwell*, who had been confined on a charge of sorcery in the castle of Windsor, were conveyed by the Constable of the castle, Walter Hungerford, to the Council at Westminster, and were there delivered into the custody of the Lord Chancellor. The same day, upon finding securities for their good behaviour, they were discharged.

(2) Scene IV.—*All, away!*] Hall's account of the arrest and trial of the Duchess and her confederates, is as follows:—"Thys yere (1442-3), dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, entended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to advaunce and promote her husbande to the croune: upon thys she was examined in sainct Stephens chapell, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged to do open penaunce. in iii open places within the cytie of London, and after that adiudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the kepyng of Sir Ihon Stanley, knyght. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsailers to the sayde duchesse, Thomas Southwel, prieste and chanon of saincte Stephens in Westmynster, Ihon Hum priest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Iourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was laied, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe representyng the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entendyng therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death; for the which treison, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in smithfelde, and Roger Bolyngbroke was drawen and quartered at tiborne; takyng upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagined; Ihon Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the toure before execution."

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## ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—

——— *for flying at the brook,*
*I saw not better sport, these seven years' day.*]

Thomas Nash, (not the satirical author of "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication,") in his "Quaternio, or a Fourefold Way to a Happie Life," 1633, p. 35, affords an animated picture of the sport of hawking at water-fowl:—"And to heare an Accipitrary relate againe, how he went forth in a cleare, calme, and Sun-shine Evening, about an houre before the Sunne did usually maske himselfe, unto the River, where finding of a Mallard, he whistled off his Faulcon, and how shee flew from him as if shee would never have turned head againe, yet presently upon a shoote came in, how then by degrees, by little and little, by flying about and about, she mounted so high, until she had lessened herselfe to the view of the beholder, to the shape of a Pigeon or Partridge, and had made the height of the Moone the place of her flight, how presently upon the landing of the fowle, shee came downe like a stone and enewed it, and suddenly got up againe, and suddenly upon a second landing came downe againe, and missing of it, in the downecome recovered it, beyond expectation, to the admiration of the beholder at a long flight."

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(2) SCENE I.—*Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.*] Shakespeare may have derived the incidents of the foregoing scene from a story related by Sir Thomas More as communicated to him by his father:—"I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to Saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saienge that he was borne blinde and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that sainct Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Glocester, a great wyse man and very well lerned, having great joy to se such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing hymselfe joyouse of Goddes glory so shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himself, nor to be proued of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himself affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yea, sir, quoth he, I thanke God, and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is my gowne? Than anone the beggar tolde him. What coloure, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though he could have sene soudenly by miracle, the dyfference betwene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se."

(3) SCENE III.—*Enter, on one side, Horner, &c.*] The stage direction of "The Contention" is amusing:—"*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffs with a sand-bag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his Man with a drum and sandbagge, and Prentises drinking to him.*"

(4) SCENE III.—*Peter strikes down his master.*] In our illustration of the trial by battle between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk (see Illustrative Comments to "Richard the Second," Act I. Sc. 3, p. 153, Vol. II.), the combat represented in this play was especially referred to. In the former instance the duello takes place between noblemen of the first rank, in the present betwixt two persons of the lowest degree, but in both the parties are each other's equals, and in both the combat springs from an accusation of treason, which, with the appeal of murder, was always submitted to be a valid cause for permitting the Wager of Battle. The cases in question were thus far parallel, and even in the ceremonial proper to each, though widely different in the scene of action, and the habits and weapons of the combatants, there was a marked degree of similarity. The event here introduced took place early in December, 1446, and was the second appeal of treason made in that year, for which the Trial by Battle was appointed. The Prior of Kilmaine had appeached the Earl of Ormond, and "for trial thereof," says Fabian, "the place of battaill was assigned in Smithfield, and the barriers for the same there readie pight. In which meane tyme a Doctour of Divinitie, named Master Gilbert Worthington, Parsone of Saint Andrews in Holborne, and other good menne, made soche labour to the kynges counsaill, that when the daie of battaill approched, the quarell was taken into the kynges hande and there ended." The same author also records the Appeal of Treason represented in the present drama; and he, in all probability, as Mr. Douce conjectured, was Shakespeare's authority for the incident. In his Chronicle there is a blank space left for the name of the armourer, which is supplied by Holinshed. "The real names of these combatants," Mr. Douce observes, "were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs, still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne; and the latter, which occurs on the page of Fabian's Chronicle that records the duel, might have suggested the name of Horner to Shakespeare." The following is Fabian's narrative, by which it will be seen that the poet has historical authority for exhibiting the armourer as overcome by intoxication, though he appears to have deviated from it in making him "confess treason:"—"In

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this yere an armurer named . . . . was appeched of treason by a servaunte of his owne: for triall whereof a daie to them was given to fight in Smithfield. At which daie of battaill the saied armurer was overcomen and slain, and that by the misguiding of himself: for upon the morowe when he should come to the fielde, his neighbours came to him, and gave unto him so moche wine and good ale, that he was therewithe distempered, that he reeled as he went, *and so was slaine without gilt.* But that false servaunt lived not longe unpunished, for he was after hanged for felony at Tiburne." In the volume of "Illustrations of the Manners and Expences of Antient Times in England," published by Nichols, will be found the Exchequer record of the items and charges for erecting the barriers and preparing the field for this duello, amounting to £10 18*s.* 9*d.* These works occupied about a week; the barriers were brought in nine carts from Westminster, and the ground was cleared of snow, and strewed with rushes and 168 loads of sand and gravel. The account is closed with some items partly disallowed by the Barons of the Exchequer, showing that however innocent the vanquished armourer really might have been, his body was treated as that of a traitor:—"Paid to Officeres for watching of y^e ded man in Smythfelde, y^e same daye and y^e nyghte aftyr that the bataill was doon; and for hors hyre for the Officeres at the execution doying; and for the hangmans labour,—11*s.* 6*d.* Also paid for y^e cloth yat lay upon y^e ded man in Smythfelde—8*d.* Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis and setting up of y^e manny's hed on London bridge—8*d.*"

It is not so easy to ascertain the source whence Shakespeare derived the costume of these combatants, as it was in the case of the important personages who fought in "Richard the Second." No one of the Chronicles notices the "staff with a sand-bag fastened to it," with which Horner and Peter were to settle their differences. The weapons proper to civil persons under the rank of gentlemen, and in a case of felony, were batons of an ell in length, tipped with horn at each end, but without any iron; and square targets covered with leather. The sand-bags appear to have been attached to the batons only when the combat was assigned on a Writ of Right; which became, as Blackstone regards it, a species of cudgel-playing, the end of which was not the death of either party, but only a manifest superiority of skill. Any nice distinction as to the peculiar weapons appointed by the legal character of appeal was not to be expected in Shakespeare, especially as such disputes commonly related to questions of property, and not to criminal accusations.

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## ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—*Caper upright like a wild Móriseo.*] There can be little doubt that upon the first introduction of the Moorish dance, or as it soon became corrupted *Morris* dance, the performers endeavoured, by the wildness of their gestures, by colouring their faces, and by assuming a costume which resembled that of Africa, to imitate as nearly as they could the actions and appearance of the native dancers. One peculiarity which has been already noticed (see Illustrative Comments to "All's Well that Ends Well," p. 307), and which lasted in this country as long as the Morris dance itself, was that of the dancers hanging bells about their knees, and sometimes their arms also; hence the allusion in the text to the *shaking his bells.* From some passages in our old writers, it is evident also, that in imitation of the original dancers, they were once in the habit of bearing swords, which they shook and probably clashed with vehemence, as they became excited by the motion, the noise they made, and by the plaudits of the spectators:—"There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring capering skilfully, *shaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris, with divers actions of meeting."—Haydocke's *Translation of Lomazzo, on Painting,* 1598.

(2) Scene II.—*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*] The stage direction in the folio 1623 is:—"*Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of Duke* Humphrey;" but from that in the earlier version of the play, "The Contention," it is evident the murder was represented to the audience in dumb show:—"*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke* Humphrey *is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of* Suffolke *to them.*"

(3) Scene II.—

*It cannot be but he was murder'd here;*
*The least of all these signs were probable.*]

It is instructive and interesting also to observe the care with which this terrible picture

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was elaborated from what we believe to have been Shakespeare's first rough design of it in "The Contention:"—

"WAR. Oft have I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liv'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surpriede, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered."

An eminent medical authority makes the following observation upon the poet's description of Gloucester's death:—"My readers will smile, perhaps, to see me quoting Shakespeare among physicians and theologists; but not one of all their tribe, populous though it be, could describe so exquisitely the marks of apoplexy, conspiring with the struggles for life, and the agonies of suffocation, to deform the countenance of the dead: so curiously does our poet present to our conceptions all the signs from which it might be inferred that the good duke Humfrey had died a violent death."—BELL's *Principles of Surgery*, 1815. ii. 557.

(4) SCENE III.—

*Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;*
*And let us all to meditation.*]

Every circumstance connected with a scene so universally admired as this commands attention, and no apology therefore need be offered for the introduction here of Shakespeare's original version of it as it stands in the old "Contention," or of the passage from the Chronicles on which it appears to have been based:—

"*Enter King and* Salsbury, *and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde.*

CAR. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another iland.
KING. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule.
CAR. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
SAL. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.
KING. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us. [*The Cardinall dies.*
Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgive his soule.
SALB. So bad an ende did never none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
KING. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde. [*Exet omnes.*"

The account in Hall, which in all probability suggested the scene, is as follows:—"During these doynges, Henry Beaufford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester. This man was sonne to Ihon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, discended of an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learnyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenaunce, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before friendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng. His covetous insaciable, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hym selfe, in his latter daies: for Doctor Ihon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chappellayn, wrote, that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes: 'Why should I dye, having so muche ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? when my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other

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nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought myself able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worne a tryple Croune. But I se nowe the worlde faileth me, and so I am deceyved, praiyng you all to pray for me.'"

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add that there is no historical foundation for charging Cardinal Beaufort with complicity in the murder of Gloucester. Long before that time he had retired from public affairs, applying himself sedulously to the duties of his diocese, and distinguishing himself by many acts of munificence and charity.

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## ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*So will the queen, that living held him dear.*] The circumstances attending the capture and murder of the Duke of Suffolk are thus briefly narrated by Hall:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious person shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendynge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe of warre appertainyng to the duke of Excester, the constable of the towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitayne of the same barke with small fighte entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wingfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men judge by God's punyshment for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and diviser of the destruccion of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the blouddo of the innocente man was with his dolorous death, recompensed and punished."

(2) SCENE II.—

Cade. *What is thy name?*
Clerk. *Emanuel.*
Dick. *They use to write it on the top of letters.*]

An exemplification of Dick's remark is found in the following letter from John Speed, the historian, to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1609 or 1610, and published by the Camden Society in "Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men," 1843:—

"EMANUELL.

Worshipfull Sir, my thoughts runnyng upon the well performance of this worke, and fearfull to comitt any thing disagreeing from the truth, I have sent you a coppy of some part of that which you have alredy sene, because you left in writing at the Printers that with a fast eye you had overune it, and your leasure better affording that busines in the contrey than here you had; this therefore hath caused me to send you as much as my Printer can espare, beseiching your Worshipe to read it more attentyvly, to place the Coynes, and what adicssions you will before you returne it; and I pray you to past a paper where you doe adde, and not to intirline the coppy, for somewhere we cannot read your Notes because the place geves your pene not rome to exprese your mynd. I have sent such Coynes as are cutt, and will weekly supply the same; so much therefore as you shall perfect I praye you send againe with as much speed as you can; but where you do want the Coynes, kepe that coppy still with you, untill I send them: for I shall not be sattisfied with your other directions or Mr. Coles helpe. Good Sir, afford me herein your assistance as you have begune, and remember my suit to my L. privy-seall, wherein you shall binde me in all dutifull service and affection to your Worship's command. So beseiking the Almighty to prosper our indevours I humbly take my leave, and leave your Worship to the Lordes protection. Your Worships to comand in all dutifull service, JOH. SPEED."

It is somewhat surprising that modern editors of Shakespeare, to whose research we owe so much, should have been unable to furnish a single example of the use of this prefix to letters. Warburton speaks of it as adopted only in "letters missive and such like publick acts," and Mr. Collier echoes him. This is a curious mistake. In addition to the instance cited above, we can refer to one MS. alone in the British Museum (Add.

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MSS. 19,400) which contains no less than fourteen private epistles headed "*Emanuell*, or "Jesus *Immanuel*." See folios 40, 47, 100, 116, 137, 142, 145, 150, 155, 163, 165, 168, 185, and 204.

(3) SCENE II.—*Hang him with his pen-and-inkhorn about his neck.*] A horn, to contain pens and ink, or a pencase and an inkhorn attached together by a cord, used formerly to be carried about by professional people, such as schoolmasters, lawyers, notaries, &c., who are always represented in ancient illuminations, pictures, and tombs, with these useful appendages hanging from their girdles. A good ideal representative of the Clerk of Chatham will be found in Waller's "Series of Monumental Brasses," from a monument, *temp.* Edward IV., in the church of St. Mary Tower, Ipswich. As more intimately connected, however, with the present drama, it is interesting to know that the identical pen-and-ink case formerly belonging to king Henry VI. still exists. It is made of leather, ornamented with the arms of England, and the rose of the House of Lancaster, surmounted by the crown. Inside are three cells, one to receive the ink-stand, the other two to hold pens, &c. This curious relic is engraved in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages."

(4) SCENE VIII.—*Up Fish-street! Down Saint Magnus' corner!*] The insurrection of Jack Cade, with all its concomitant circumstances, is told with great spirit by the old chroniclers, but at too great length to be transcribed entire: we subjoin, therefore, Holinshed's account of the fight at London-bridge:—

"The Maior and other the Magistrates of London, perceyving themselves neyther to bee sure of goodes, nor of life well warranted, determined to repulse and keepe out of their citie such a mischievous caitife and his wicked company. And to be the better able so to do, they made the lorde Scales and that renowned captaine Matthew Gough privye both of their intent and enterprise, beseeching them of their helpe and furtherance therein. The Lord Scales promised them his aide with shooting off the artillerie in the tower, and Matthew Gough was by hym appointed to assiste the Maior and Londoners, in all that he might, and so he and other captaines, appointed for defense of the citie, tooke upon them in the night to keepe the brydge, and would not suffer the Kentishmen once to approche. The rebelles which never soundly slept for feare of soddaine chaunces, hearing that the bridge was thus kept, ran with greate haste to open that passage, where betwene both parties was a fierce and cruell fight. Matthew Gough perceiving the rebels to stand to their tackling more manfullie than he thought they would have doone, advised his companie not to advance anie further toward Southwarke, till the date appeared, that they might see where the place of jeopardie rested, and so to provide for the same; but this little availed. For the rebels with their multitude drave backe the citizens from the stoulps at the bridge-foot to the draw bridge, and began to set fire in diverse houses. Great ruth it was to behold the miserable state, wherein some desiring to eschew the fire died upon their enimies weapon; women with children in their armes lept for feare into the river, other in a deadlie care how to save themselves, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses choked and smothered. Yet the captains not sparing, fought on the bridge all the night valiantlie: but in conclusion the rebels gat the draw bridge, and drouned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardie citizen, with manie other, beside Matthew Gough, a man of great wit, and much experience in feates of chivalry, the which in continual warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father.

"This sore conflict endured in doubtfull wise on the bridge, till nine of the clocke in the morning; for sometime the Londoners were beaten backe to sainte Magnus corner; and suddenelie againe, the rebels were repulsed to the stoulpes in Southwarke, so that both parts beeing faint and wearie, agreed to leave off from fighting till the next day, uppon condition that neyther Londoners should passe into Southwarke, nor Kentishmen into London. Upon this abstinence, this rakehell capteine for making him more friends, brake up the gailes of the kings Bench and Marshalsie, and so were manie mates set at libertie verie meet for his matters in hand."—HOLINSHED, *sub anno* 1450.

(5) SCENE IX.—

*The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:*
*And with a puissant and a mighty power,*
*Of gallowglasses, and stout kerns,*
*Is marching hitherward in proud array.*]

The only distinction between these formidable mercenaries, whose wild appearance and ferocious habits are specially depicted by English writers of the time of Elizabeth, was that the kerns were light, and the gallowglasses heavy, armed foot soldiers; the principal weapon of the former being a dart, which, an eye-witness of their prowess assures us,

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they wielded with such force as to pierce through both the chain and plate armour of their antagonists.* The gallowglass, chosen for his size and strength, was armed with a shirt of mail, a skull cap, and a gallowglass axe. Savage and merciless in warfare,

"——— the gallowglass, the kerne,
Yield or not yield, whomso they take they slay," †

they were a terror at home in times of peace. "The kerne," says Barnaby Riche in his Description of Ireland, 1610, p. 37, "are the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live; these be they that live by robbing and spoiling the poore countreyman, that maketh him many times to buy bread to give unto them, though he want for himselfe and his poore children. These are they, that are ready to run out with everie rebell, and these are the verie hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."

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## ACT V.

(1) Scene III.—

*Sound drum and trumpets :—and to London all:*
*And more such days as these to us befall!*]

The first battle of St. Alban's, fought on Thursday, 22nd May, 1455, is thus described by Holinshed. "The king enformed hereof, assembled lykewise a great host, and meaning to meet with the Duke, rather in the north parts than about London, where it was thought he had too many friends, with great speede, and small lucke, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Erles of Pembroke, Stafford, Northumberland, Devonshire, Dorset, and Wiltshire, the Lords Clifford, Sudley, Berneis, Roos, and others, beeing in all above two thousande men of warre, departed from Westminster the twentith, or, as some have, the one and twentith of May, and lay the first night at Wadford. Of whose doings the duke of Yorke by espials having still advertisement, with all his power, being not past three thousande men (as some write), coasted the countrey, and came to the toune of Saint Albons, the third day next ensuing. The king there had pight his standerte in a place called Gosclowe, otherwise Sandiford, in Saint Peeters streete: the Lord Clifforde kept the barriers of the toune, to stop that the Duke, being assembled in Keye field, should not enter the toune. * * * The king, when first he heard of the Dukes approche, sent to him messengers, as the Duke of Buckingham and others, to understand what he meant by his comming, thus furnished after the manner of warre. The Duke of Buckingham, doing his message as hee had in commaundement, was answered by the Duke of Yorke and his complices, that they were all of them the king's faithfull liege subjects, and intended no harme to him at all: but the cause of our comming (saie they) is not in meaning anie hurt to his person. But let that wicked and naughtie man the duke of Somerset be delivered unto us, who hath lost Normandie, and taken no regard to the preservation of Gascoigne; and furthermore hath brought the realme into this miserable estate: that where it was the floure of nations, and the princesse of provinces, now is it haled into desolation and spoile, not so dreadfull by malice of forren enimie, that indeed utterlie (as yee knowe) seeketh our ruine, as by the intollerable outrages of him that so long ago and even still appeares to have sworne the confusion of our king and realme. If it therefore please the king to deliver that bad man into our hands, we are readie without trouble or breach of peace, to returne into our countrie. But if the king be not minded so to do, because he cannot misse him; let him understand, that we will rather die in the field, than suffer such a mischeefe unredressed.

"The king, advertised of this aunswere, more wilfull than reasonable, chose rather to trie battell than deliver the duke of Somerset to his enimies. Whereof they ascertained made no longer staie, but straightway sounded the trumpet to battell, or rather as Hall hath, while King Henry sent forth his ambassadors to treate of peace at the one ende of the toune, the Erle of Warwike, with his Marchmen, entred at the other end, and fiercely setting on the king's foreward, within a small tyme discomfited the same. The place where they first brake into the towne was about the middle of saint Peter's street. The fight for a time was ryghte sharp and cruell, for the Duke of Somerset, with the other lords, coming to the succours of their companions, that were put to the

* French Metrical History of the Deposition of Richard II. *Archæologia*, xx. p. 33.
† Mirrour for Magistrates.

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worse, did what they could to beate back the enimies, but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the wearie, and to supplie the places of them that were hurt, by which policie, the king's army was finally brought to confusion, and all the chiefetaines of the fielde slaine and beaten doune. For there dyed under the sign of the Castell, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who, as hath bin reported, was warned long before to avoid all castels: and beside hym laye Henry the second of that name Earle of Northumberland, Humfrey erle of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, sir Barthram Antwisell knight, a Norman born (who forsaking his native countrie to continue in his loiall obedience to king Henrie, came over to dwell here in England when Normandie was lost), William Zouch, John Boutreux, Rafe Babthorp, with his sonne, William Corwin, William Cotton, Gilbert Faldinger, Reginald Griffon, John Dawes, Elice Wood, John Eith, Rafe Woodward, Gilbert Skarlock, and Rafe Willoughbie esquires, with many other, in all to the number of eight thousand, as Edward Hall saith in his chronicle: if there escaped not a fault in the impression, as 8000 for 800, sith hundreds in verie deed would better agree with the number of the kings whole power, which he brought with him to that battell, being not manie above two thousand, as by writers appeareth.

"Humfrey, duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler, Earle of Ormond and Wiltshire, and Thomas Thorpe lord cheefe baron of the escheker, seeing fortune thus to bee against them, left the king alone and with a number fledde away. Those that thus fled, made the best shift they could to get awaie through gardens and backesides, through shrubs, hedges, and woods, seeking places where to hide themselves, untill that dangerous tempest of the battell were overblowne. Diverse of the kings house also, that could better skill to plaie the courtiers than warriors, fled with the first; and those of the east parts of the realme were likewise noted of too much lacke of courage, for their speedie withdrawing themselves, and leaving the king in danger of his adversaries, who, perceyving hys men thus fledde from him, withdrewe into a poor mans house to save himselfe from the shot of arrowes, that flew about his eares as thicke as snowe."

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# THE THIRD PART OF

# KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THIS tragedy was first printed in its present form, in the folio of 1623. It is an enlarged and improved version by Shakespeare, of "The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke," &c. before adverted to, as that, we conceive, was an alteration and improvement by him of an earlier drama, the work of one or more of his contemporaries.

From the circumstance of Robert Greene's paraphrasing a line of "The True Tragedy:"—

> "O, tiger's hart, wrapt in a woman's hide;"

when reflecting on Shakespeare, in his "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592,* and of some resemblances between passages in his acknowledged dramas and passages in "The True Tragedy," it may be inferred that he had some share in the production of the piece or pieces, on which were based "The First Part of the Contention," and "The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke." This deduction is strengthened by a passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R. B. Gent." 4to. Lond. 1594, a small tract of twelve leaves preserved in the Bodleian Library:—

> "Greene is the pleasing Obiect of an eie;
> Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt upon him.
> Greene is the ground of everie Painter's die;
> Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;
> Nay, more, the men that so Eclipst his fame,
> Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same?"

* "Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygre's heart wrapt in a player's hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceyt, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey."

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# Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of* Wales, *his* Son.
LEWIS XI., *King of* France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} *On* King Henry's *side.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York
EDWARD, *Earl of* March, *afterwards* King Edward IV.,
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of* Gloucester,
EDMUND, *Earl of* Rutland,
} *his Sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} *Uncles to the Duke of* York.
HENRY, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to* Lady Grey.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son *that killed his* Father.
A Father *that killed his* Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.
BONA, *Sister to the* French *Queen.*

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on* King Henry *and* King Edward, *Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—*During part of the Third Act, in* France; *during the rest of the Play, in* England.

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# ACT I.

## SCENE I.—London. *The* Parliament-House.

*Drums. Some* Soldiers *of* YORK'*s party break in. Then enter the* DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

WAR. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
YORK. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
EDW. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood. [*Showing his bloody sword.*
MONT. And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's blood.
[*To* YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
RICH. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the* DUKE OF SOMERSET'*s head.*
YORK. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
NORF. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
RICH. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.
WAR. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
YORK. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
NORF. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
WAR. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [*The* Soldiers *retire.*
YORK. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
RICH. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,



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Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us bywords to our enemies.
YORK. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my right.
WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

*Flourish. Enter* KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. HEN. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
NORTH. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!
CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
WEST. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. HEN. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
CLIF. Patience is for poltroons,[a] such as he;
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
NORTH. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. HEN. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
EXE. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.[b]
K. HEN. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
YORK. I am thine.[c]
EXE. For shame, come down: he made thee duke of York.
YORK. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom[d] was.

[a] Patience is for poltroons,—] An old Italian proverb says the same:—"*Pazienza è pasto di poltroni.*"

[b] But when, &c.] In the folio 1623, this is assigned to Westmoreland: in "The True Tragedy," 1595, it has, rightly, the prefix, *Exeter*.

[c] I am thine.] "The True Tragedy" reads:—"Thou art deceiv'd: I am thine," which Malone adopts.

[d] *As the* earldom *was.*] For *earldom*, "The True Tragedy" has *kingdome*.

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EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
WAR. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
CLIF. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
WAR. True, Clifford; and[a] that's Richard, duke of York.
K. HEN. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
YORK. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
WAR. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
WEST. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
WAR. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread,
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
NORTH. Yes,[b] Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
WEST. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
CLIF. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
WAR. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
YORK. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. HEN. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy[c] father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
WAR. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. HEN. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
RICH. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
EDW. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
MONT. Good brother [*To* YORK.], as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
RICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
YORK. Sons, peace!
K. HEN. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.
WAR. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

[a] And *that's Richard,*—] *And,* omitted in the folio, 1623, is restored from "The True Tragedy."
[b] Yes, *Warwick,*—] The earlier version reads, "*No,* Warwick," which is preferable.
[c] Thy father—] In the folio 1623, "*My* father," &c., corrected from "The True Tragedy."



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K. HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
WAR. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. HEN. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
YORK. 'T was by rebellion against his king.
K. HEN. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
YORK. What then?
K. HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?
EXE. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. HEN. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
EXE. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. HEN. [*Aside.*] All will revolt from me and turn to him.
NORTH. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
WAR. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
NORTH. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
CLIF. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. HEN. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
WAR. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the* Soldiers *show themselves.*
K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word;—
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
YORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

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K. HEN. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
CLIF. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
WAR. What good is this to England and himself!
WEST. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
CLIF. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
NORTH. Nor I.
CLIF. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
NORTH. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!
CLIF. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
EXE. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. HEN. Ah, Exeter!
WAR. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. HEN. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever; (1)
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
YORK. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the throne.*
WAR. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. HEN. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
YORK. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
EXE. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. The* Lords *come forward.*
YORK. Farewell, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.
WAR. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.
NORF. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
MONT. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and his* Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
K. HEN. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.
EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[a] her anger:
I 'll steal away.
K. HEN. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Q. MAR. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

[a] Bewray—] That is, *disclose, discover.*

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K. HEN. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. MAR. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,—
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. HEN. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.
Q. MAR. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge (2) commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let 's away;
Our army 's ready; come, we 'll after them.
K. HEN. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Q. MAR. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. HEN. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. MAR. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
PRINCE. When I return with victory from[a] the field,
I 'll see your grace: till then, I 'll follow her.

[a] From *the field*,—] So the early version; the folio 1623, by mistake, prints, "*to* the field."

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Q. MAR. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.

K. HEN. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost[a] my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire[b] on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXE. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sandal Castle, *near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

*Enter* EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

RICH. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
EDW. No, I can better play the orator.
MONT. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter* YORK.

YORK. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
EDW. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
YORK. About what?
RICH. About that which concerns your grace and us—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
YORK. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
RICH. Your right depends not on his life or death.
EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
YORK. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
EDW. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I 'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
RICH. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
YORK. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
RICH. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
YORK. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

[a] *Will* cost *my crown*,—] Warburton suggested *coast* for cost. To *coast* means to *keep alongside:* but in that sense it seems as little applicable to the context as the word it would displace.

[b] Tire *on the flesh of me*, &c.] To *tire* is to *peck* as birds do; and generally implies to tear and rend the food. Steevens quotes an apt example of the word used in this sense from Decker's "Match Me in London," 1631:—

"——— the vulture *tires*
Upon the eagle's heart."

And Mr. Collier another from *Histriomastix*, 1610, Sig. F. 3:—

"O, how this vulture, vile ambition,
*Tires* on the heart of greatnesse, and *devours*."

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RICH. An oath is of no moment, being not took[a]
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! and, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
YORK. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a* Messenger.[b]

But, stay; what news? Why com'st thou in such post?
MESS. The queen with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
YORK. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.
MONT. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Enter* SIR JOHN *and* SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

YORK. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

[a] *Being not* took—] "The True Tragedy," with more propriety, reads:—"Being not *sworne.*"

[b] Enter a Messenger.] The folio 1623 has, "*Enter Gabriel.*" *Gabriel* is supposed to have been the Christian name of the actor who performed the part.

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You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
SIR JOHN. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.
YORK. What, with five thousand men?
RICH. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman 's general; what should we fear? [*A march afar off.*
EDW. I hear their drums; let 's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
YORK. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success? [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Plains near* Sandal Castle.

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter* RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter* CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

CLIF. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
TUTOR. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
CLIF. Soldiers, away with him.
TUTOR. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.
CLIF. How now! is he dead already? or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I 'll open them.
RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look!
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
RUT. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

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And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*
RUT. O, let me pray before I take my death!—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
RUT. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?
CLIF. Thy father hath.
RUT. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son,—for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
CLIF. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. (3) [*Stabs him.*
RUT. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*[a] [*Dies.*
CLIF. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Plains.*

*Alarum. Enter* YORK.

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
*A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!*
With this we charg'd again: but, out alas!
We bodg'd[b] again; as I have seen a swan

[a] *Di faciant*, &c.] This line, from Ovid's "Epist. *Phillis ad. Demophoon*," is quoted also by Nash in his "*Have With You to Saffron Walden*, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt Is Up," &c., 1596.

[b] Bodg'd—] This is usually explained to be a misprint for *budged*, or *botched*; but *bodg'd* is the genuine word, and means *bungled*. Thus in Florio's "Worlde of Wordes," 1598, *Sbozzi* is translated "*bodges*, or bunger-like workes."

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With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [*A short alarum.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life!
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland.—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
CLIF. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
YORK. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
CLIF. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
YORK. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
CLIF. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle* with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*
Q. MAR. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.
NORTH. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*
CLIF. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
NORTH. So doth the coney struggle in the net.
[YORK *is taken prisoner.*
YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

* Buckle—] So "The True Tragedy:" the folios have "*buckler.*"

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NORTH. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. MAR. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught[a] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess[b] of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'y thee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad,
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[c] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 't is a fault too-too unpardonable!—

[a] Raught—] *Reached, grasped.*
[b] *Your* mess *of sons*—] "A *mess*," Mr. Collier remarks, "is four; and at this day in the inns of Court a mess consists of four persons dining together—the origin probably being, that dinner for four was of old served in messes, or portions calculated for that number. York's 'mess of sons' consisted of Edward, George, Richard, and Edmund, Earl of Rutland."
[c] Pale—] That is, *impale.* In "The True Tragedy" the line runs:—

"And will you *impale* your head with Henrie's glorie."

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Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
CLIF. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. MAR. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates:
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type[a] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'T is government[b] that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[c]
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

[a] *The* type—] Meaning the *crown*, or distinguishing mark of royalty. The word occurs again in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"The high imperial *type* of this earth's glory."

And we more than suspect that in the well-known passage in "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"——— What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And *top* of sovereignty?"

*top* is a mere misprint for *type*, and that the poet's lection was—

"——— the round
And *type* of sovereignty?"

[b] Government—] *Moderation, self-denial, forbearance.*
[c] Septentrion.] The North. *Septentrio.*

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Bidd'st thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—*Alas, it was a piteous deed!*—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
[*Throwing off the paper crown.*
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Mard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

NORTH. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. MAR. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

CLIF. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Q. MAR. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

YORK. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. MAR. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—*A Plain near* Mortimer's Cross, *in* Herefordshire.

*Drums. Enter* EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their* Forces *marching.*

EDW. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks 't is prize[a] enough to be his son.—
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

EDW. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?[b]

RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun:
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.

EDW. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[c]

[a] Prize *enough*—] That is, *privilege* enough. So in Sc. 4:—
"It is war's *prize* to take all vantages."

[b] *Do I see* three suns?] So in Holinshed:—"—at which tyme the *son* (as some write) appeared to the Earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogither in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke suche courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge of cognizance."

[c] *Our* meeds,—] Our *deserts*, our *merits*.

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Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
RICH. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a* Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
MESS. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
Whenas the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
EDW. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
MESS. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,—
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
EDW. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,—
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!
RICH. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.

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To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICH. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun: (1)
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, say
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter* WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with* Forces.

WAR. How now, fair lords! what fare? what news abroad?

RICH. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain!

EDW. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

WAR. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,[a]
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—*blood and death*,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,

[a] And very well appointed, as I thought,—] This line, which is found only in "The True Tragedy," appears to have been inadvertently omitted in the folio 1623.



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Or like a lazy thresher[a] with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards;
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day.
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

EDW. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICH. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now, his scandal of retire.

WAR. Nor now my *scandal*, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICH. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—*Ay*, and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more* proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.

(*) Old text, *moe*.

[a] *Or like a* lazy *thresher*—] The repetition of *lazy* was no doubt an error of the transcriber or compositor. In "The True Tragedy" we have—"Or like *an idle* thresher," &c.

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Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;[a]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—*Charge!* upon our foes,
But never once again turn back, and fly.

RICH. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—*Retire*, if Warwick bid him stay.

EDW. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st[b] (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

WAR. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

RICH. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds),
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

EDW. Then strike up, drums;—God and Saint George, for us!

*Enter a* Messenger.

WAR. How now! what news?

MESS. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WAR. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Before* York.

*Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with* Forces.

Q. MAR. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. HEN. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

[a] *Why, Via! to London will we march* amain;] The word "amain" is restored from "The True Tragedy." It probably dropped out of the folio at press.

[b] *When thou* fall'st, &c.] *Fall'st*, which seems called for by the—"Must Edward *fall*"—of the succeeding line, was an emendation by Malone; the folio 1623 reading *fail'st*, and "The True Tragedy" *faints*.



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To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

CLIF. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight),
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Off'ring their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,*
*My careless father fondly gave away!*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. HEN. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell? (2)
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. MAR. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,

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And this soft courage[a] makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. HEN. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign[b] your battle, for they are at hand.

CLIF. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent. (3)

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. HEN. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

NORTH. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

*March. Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

EDW. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. MAR. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king!

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when,[c] his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLIF. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICH. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

[a] *And this soft* courage—] Mason and Mr. Collier's annotator would read *carriage* for *courage:* but *courage* here means *mettle, heart, spirit.*

[b] Darraign—] That is, *boldly prepare.*

[c] Since when, &c.] From this point the speech, both in "The True Tragedy," and in the folio, 1623, is assigned to Clarence, except that in the former the last line reads:—

"To blot *our brother out,*" &c

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CLIF. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
RICH. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
CLIF. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
RICH. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
WAR. What say'st thou, Henry: wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. MAR. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
WAR. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
CLIF. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
WAR. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
NORTH. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
RICH. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
CLIF. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?
RICH. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother, Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. HEN. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. MAR. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. HEN. I pr'y thee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
CLIF. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
RICH. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword;
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
EDW. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
WAR. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
PRINCE. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.
RICH. Whoever got thee,[a] there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. MAR. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,[b]
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
RICH. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel[c] should be call'd the sea),

[a] Whoever got thee, &c.] This speech in the folios has the prefix *War.*, but in "The True Tragedy" it is rightly given to Richard.
[b] Stigmatic,—] See note (b), p. 451.
[c] Channel—] That is, *kennel.* Thus in Marlowe's "Edward II."—

"Here 's *channel*-water, as our charge is given."

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Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou are extraught,
To let thy tongue detect[a] thy base-born heart?
EDW. A wisp of straw[b] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
GEO. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
EDW. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest* the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—Let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. MAR. Stay, Edward,—
EDW. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *denied'st.*

[a] Detect—] *Exhibit, display.*

[b] A wisp of straw—] From several passages in the old writers, it would appear that one punishment for a scold was to crown her with a *wisp of straw.* Thus in "A Dialogue between John and Jone, Striving who shall Wear the Breeches,"—Pleasures of Poetry, bl. l. no date (quoted by Malone):—

"And make me promise, never more
That thou shalt mind to beat me;
For feare thou *weare the wispe*, good wife."

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SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between* Towton *and* Saxton, *in* Yorkshire.(4)

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* WARWICK.

WAR. Forespent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter* EDWARD, *running.*

EDW. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
WAR. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter* GEORGE.

GEO. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
EDW. Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter* RICHARD.

RICH. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge!
EDW. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,—
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,

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And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICH. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

WAR. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEO. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Foreslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Excursions. Enter* RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

RICH. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLIF. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

RICH. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter* KING HENRY.

K. HEN. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:

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So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years[a] ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold, it doth!
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a* Son *that hath killed his* Father, *bringing in the body.*

SON. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:

[a] *So many* years—] Rowe altered *years* to *months*, and Mr. Collier's annotator makes the same change. Malone explains *years* to mean—"The years which must elapse between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to such a state as to admit of being shorn."

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And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God,—I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. HEN. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a* Father, *that hath killed his* Son, *bringing in the body.*

FATH. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. HEN. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

FATH. How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

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K. HEN. How will the country for these woeful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!
SON. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?
FATH. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
K. HEN. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
SON. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[a] will thy father be,
Men[b] for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [*Exit with the body.*
K. HEN. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

PRINCE. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. MAR. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
EXE. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed,
Or else come after; I'll away before.
K. HEN. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt*

[a] Obsequious—] *Obsequious* here appears to signify *funereal, engrossed by death's rites.*

[b] Men *for the loss of thee,*—] The commentators, with one accord, pronounce *Men* to be a misprint: and Rowe reads:—

"*Sad* for the loss," &c.

a change generally adopted, until Mr. Dyce proposed, a few years since, to substitute.—

"*E'en* for the loss," &c.

Of the two, we prefer Mr. Dyce's emendation, but are unwilling to expel the original word, because it again occurs with equal ambiguity in "Love's Labour's Lost" (see note ([a]) p. 106, Vol. I.), and in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," Act IV. Sc. 4: "I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd *men*, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom;" and it may possibly have once borne the meaning of *demented, frenzied,* and the like.

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## SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

*A loud Alarum. Enter* CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

CLIF. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies:[a]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;[b]
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest,
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast. [*Faints.*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

EDW. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,—
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy—to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WAR. No, 't is impossible he should escape:

[a] The common people swarm like summer flies:] This line, so necessary to the context, by some inadvertence was omitted in the folio. Theobald restored it from "The True Tragedy."

[b] They never then had sprung like summer flies;] This is not found in "The True Tragedy;" it was probably intended to be cancelled in the folio, and the line accidentally omitted above to be introduced.

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For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

EDW. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
RICH. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
EDW. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.[a]
RICH. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean our princely father, duke of York.
WAR. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.
EDW. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

WAR. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
RICH. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
GEO. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[b] words.
RICH. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
EDW. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
WAR. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
GEO. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
RICH. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
EDW. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
GEO. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
WAR. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.
RICH. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

[a] If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.] The distribution of the three last speeches is that of "The True Tragedy;" in the folio they are apportioned thus:—

"RICH. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
ED. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used."

[b] Eager *words.*] *Biting, sour* words.

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If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WAR. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be,
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

RICH. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous. (5)

WAR. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of* England.

*Enter two* Keepers,[a] *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 KEEP. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund[b] anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 KEEP. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

[a] Enter two Keepers, &c.] So "The True Tragedy:" the direction in the folio is, "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey,*" &c.; and these names are prefixed to the corresponding speeches throughout the scene. Sincklo and Humphrey were probably the actors who personated the two keepers. The former is mentioned again in "The Taming of the Shrew" (see note (4), p. 316, Vol. I.), and in "Henry IV." Part II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

[b] Laund—] A *lawn*, or *plain between woods.*

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1 KEEP. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
2 KEEP. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be pass'd.

*Enter* KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. HEN. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love, (1)
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?
1 KEEP. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.
K. HEN. Let me embrace these sour adversities;[a]
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
2 KEEP. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 KEEP. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.
K. HEN. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,

[a] These *sour* adversities;] A reading of Pope's, and Mr. Collier's annotator. In the folio 1623, we have "*the* sower *Adversaries*," &c.

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To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2 KEEP. Say, what art thou, that[a] talk'st of kings and queens?

K. HEN. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 KEEP. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. HEN. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

2 KEEP. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. HEN. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 KEEP. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown, content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 KEEP. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 KEEP. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. HEN. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 KEEP. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. HEN. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I 'll obey.

1 KEEP. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. HEN. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 KEEP. We charge you, in God's name, and in[b] the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

[a] *Say, what art thou*, that *talk'st*—] The word *that*, omitted in the folio, is restored from the corresponding line of "The True Tragedy."

[b] *And* in *the king's*,—] The folio 1623 reads, "—— and the king's." Rowe first supplied the preposition *in*.



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K. HEN. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY.

K. EDW. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John * Grey, was slain,
His lands[a] then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life. (2)
GLO. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. EDW. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.
GLO. Yea! is it so? [*Aside to* CLAR.
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
CLAR. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!
[*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. Silence! [*Aside to* CLAR.
K. EDW. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. GREY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
GLO. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.
CLAR. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. God forbid that! for he 'll take vantages. [*Aside to* CLAR.
K. EDW. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
CLAR. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside to* GLO.
GLO. Nay, whip me then;[b] he 'll rather give her two.
[*Aside to* CLAR.
L. GREY. Three, my most gracious lord.
GLO. You shall have four, if you 'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*
K. EDW. 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. GREY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. EDW. Lords, give us leave; I 'll try this widow's wit.
GLO. [*Aside.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.
[GLO. *and* CLAR. *stand aloof.*

(*) Old text, *Richard.*

[a] *His* lands—] Thus "The True Tragedy." The folio 1623 has "*land.*"
[b] Nay, whip me then;] So "The True Tragedy." The folio has "Nay, then whip me."

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K. EDW. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. GREY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. EDW. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. GREY. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. EDW. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. GREY. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. EDW. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. GREY. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. EDW. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. GREY. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. EDW. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. GREY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. EDW. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. GREY. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
GLO. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
[*Aside to* CLAR.
CLAR. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
[*Aside to* GLO.
L. GREY. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. EDW. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.
L. GREY. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. EDW. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. GREY. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
GLO. [*Aside.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. EDW. But stay thee,—'t is the fruits of love I mean.
L. GREY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. EDW. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. GREY. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. EDW. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. GREY. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. EDW. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. GREY. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. EDW. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. GREY. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. EDW. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. GREY. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. EDW. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. GREY. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. EDW. *Ay*, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
*No*, if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. GREY. Then, *no*, my lord. My suit is at an end.
GLO. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
[*Aside to* CLAR.
CLAR. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside to* GLO.



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K. EDW. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. GREY. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. EDW. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. GREY. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. EDW. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. GREY. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.
K. EDW. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
GLO. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside to* CLAR.
CLAR. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift. [*Aside to* GLO.
K. EDW. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
GLO. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
K. EDW. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.
CLAR. To whom, my lord?
K. EDW. Why, Clarence, to myself.
GLO. That would be ten days wonder, at the least.
CLAR. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
GLO. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. EDW. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a* Nobleman.

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. EDW. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along;—lords, use her honourably.[a]
[*Exeunt* K. EDWARD, L. GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.
GLO. Ay, Edward will use women *honourably.*
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

[a] *Use her* honourably.] The folio 1623 reads *honourable*, in this instance probably through negligence, as "The True Tragedy" has "honourably," and Gloucester, in the next line, repeats that word.

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To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,

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But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—France. *Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter* KING LEWIS *and* LADY BONA, *attended; the* KING *takes his state. Then enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, *her* Son, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD.

K. LEW. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [*Rising.*
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. MAR. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. LEW. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. MAR. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck [*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. MAR. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;

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While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. MAR. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. LEW. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. MAR. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow!
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter* WARWICK, *attended.*

K. LEW. What 's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. MAR. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. LEW. Welcome, brave Warwick! what brings thee to France?
[*Descending from his state.* QUEEN MARGARET *rises.*

Q. MAR. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. MAR. [*Aside.*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

WAR. And, gracious madam, [*To* BONA.] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. MAR. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

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Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR. Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE. And why not queen?

WAR. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

OXF. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

WAR. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how, Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXF. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

WAR. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

OXF. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR. And I the house of York.

K. LEW. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. MAR. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. LEW. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

WAR. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

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Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal[a] plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. LEW. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*To* WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. LEW. Then, Warwick, thus,—our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. MAR. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. LEW. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

WAR. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. MAR. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace![b]
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded without.*

K. LEW. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—.

[a] *An* eternal *plant;*] Thus "The True Tragedy;" *eternal* in the folio 1623 is misprinted "*externall.*"

[b] *Shameless Warwick,* peace!] The second *peace* is not found in the folio 1623, but was supplied by that of 1632.

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And, madam, [*To* MARG.] these for you; from whom, I know not.
[*All read their letters.*

OXF. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.

K. LEW. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. MAR. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

WAR. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. LEW. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. MAR. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

WAR. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king! for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. MAR. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. MAR. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

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BONA. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
WAR. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. LEW. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.
Q. MAR. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. LEW. Then England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's pass'd, go fear[a] thy king withal.
BONA. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll* wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. MAR. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
WAR. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit* MESS.
K. LEW. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. MAR. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
PRINCE. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*Gives his hand to* WARWICK.
K. LEW. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all except* WARWICK.
WAR. I came from Edward as ambassador, (3)
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

(*) First folio, *I*.

[a] *Go fear*—] That is, go *fright*. This active sense of *fear* was very common, and has before been noticed.

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Had he none else to make a stale,[a] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

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# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

GLO. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
CLAR. Alas, you know, 't is far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
SOM. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
GLO. And his well-chosen bride.
CLAR. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish. Enter* KING EDWARD, *attended;* LADY GREY, *as* QUEEN; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*[b]

K. EDW. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
CLAR. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. EDW. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
GLO. And shall have[c] your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
GLO. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. EDW. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—

[a] *A* stale,—] That is, a *stalking-horse*, a *decoy*, a *pretence*. See note (5), p. 482, Vol. II.
[b] *Enter, &c.*] The folio 1623 adds to the list of characters who enter, the direction, "*foure* stand *on one side, and foure on the other.*"
[c] And shall have, &c.] Rowe improved the measure by reading—"And *you* shall have," &c.

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And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
CLAR. Then this is mine opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
GLO. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. EDW. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?
MONT. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
HAST. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
MONT. Yes;[a] but the safer when 't is back'd with France.
HAST. 'T is better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
CLAR. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. EDW. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
GLO. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
CLAR. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. EDW. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
CLAR. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. EDW. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brothers' will.
Q. ELIZ. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. EDW. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

[a] Yes; &c.] So the second folio; the first omits "*Yes.*"

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What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLO. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

*Enter a* Messenger.

K. EDW. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

MESS. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. EDW. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

MESS. At my depart, these were his very words;
*Go tell false Edward, thy*[a] *supposed king,—*
*That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,*
*To revel it with him and his new bride.*

K. EDW. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

MESS. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
*Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,*
*I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.*

K. EDW. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

MESS. *Tell him,* quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*
*And I am ready to put armour on.*

K. EDW. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

MESS. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,*
*And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.*

K. EDW. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

MESS. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

CLAR. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

[a] Thy *supposed king,—*] The folio 1623 has "*the* supposed," &c.; but "*thy*" is the reading of "The True Tragedy;" and in the previous scene Lewis says, "*thy* supposed king."

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I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

GLO. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter;
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. EDW. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt; you twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

MONT. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

HAST. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

GLO. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. EDW. Why so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Plain in* Warwickshire.

*Enter* WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* French *and other* Forces.

WAR. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter* CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we all friends?

CLAR. Fear not that, my lord.

WAR. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

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His soldiers lurking in the towns* about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds:
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself;—I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise[a] him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry,* "Henry!"

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

*Enter certain* Watchmen, *to guard the* King's *tent.*

1 WATCH. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
2 WATCH. What, will he not to bed?
1 WATCH. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 WATCH. To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 WATCH. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 WATCH. 'T is the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 WATCH. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 WATCH. 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 WATCH. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour:
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 WATCH. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 WATCH. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter, in silence,* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and* Forces.

WAR. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

(*) Old text, *Towne.*

[a] Surprise *him.*—] That is, *capture* him: a sense of the word *surprise*, now obsolete

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Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 WATCH. Who goes there?
2 WATCH. Stay, or thou diest!

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—"Warwick! Warwick!" *and set upon the* Guard; *who fly, crying*—"Arm! Arm!" WARWICK *and the rest, following them.*

*The drum beating, and trumpet sounding, re-enter* WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOUCESTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

SOM. What are they that fly there?
WAR. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.
K. EDW. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,[a]
Thou call'dst me king!
WAR. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to créate you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. EDW. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
WAR. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed;—thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
K. EDW. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*
OXF. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

[a] *When we parted* last,—] So reads "The True Tragedy;" in the folio 1623, *last* appears to have been accidentally omitted.



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WAR. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

RIV. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. ELIZ. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?
RIV. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. ELIZ. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
RIV. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. ELIZ. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
RIV. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. ELIZ. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
RIV. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. ELIZ. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near* Middleham Castle *in* Yorkshire.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

GLO. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

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Thus stands* the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes† hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter* KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

HUNT. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.
K. EDW. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
GLO. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
K. EDW. But whither shall we then?
HAST. To Lynn, my lord; and ship‡ from thence to Flanders.
GLO. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. EDW. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
GLO. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.
K. EDW. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
HUNT. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
GLO. Come then, away! let's have no more ado.
K. EDW. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*A Room in the* Tower.

*Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *Young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
LIEU. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. HEN. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,

(*) First folio, *stand.* (†) First folio, *Come.* (‡) First folio, *shipt.*



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They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:[a]
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

CLAR. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. HEN. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

WAR. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

CLAR. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.[b]

CLAR. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

WAR. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. HEN. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

[a] For few men rightly temper with the stars:] This means, apparently,—few men accept their destiny without complaint.

[b] *And all his lands and goods* be *confiscate.*] The first folio omits *be*, which was supplied by Malone; the second reads—

"—— and Goods *confiscated.*"

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Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
CLAR. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. HEN. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
SOM. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond. (1)
K. HEN. Come hither, England's hope:—if secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a* Messenger.

WAR. What news, my friend?
MESS. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
WAR. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
MESS. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
WAR. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut., *and* Attendants.
SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.
OXF. Ay; for, if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
SOM. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE VII.—*Before* York.

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* Forces.

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
Yet, thus far, fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
GLO. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. EDW. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
HAST. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the Walls, the* Mayor of York, *and* Aldermen.

MAY. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. EDW. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
MAY. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. EDW. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
GLO. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
HAST. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are king Henry's friends.
MAY. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt from above.*
GLO. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon![a]
HAST. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the* Mayor *and* Aldermen, *below.*

K. EDW. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

[a] Persuaded soon!] The old text has—"soon persuaded;" Pope made the transposition, which, as Steevens remarked, requires no apology.

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*Drum. Enter* MONTGOMERY, *and* Forces, *marching.*

GLO. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. EDW. Welcome, sir John! but why come you in arms?
MONT. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. EDW. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
MONT. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*
K. EDW. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.
MONT. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight,[a] if you pretend no title?
GLO. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. EDW. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.
HAST. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
GLO. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. EDW. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

[a] *Why* shall *we fight,*—] Malone prints this, "Why *should* we fight," &c., whereupon Mr. Collier very properly asks, "Why vary at all from the text?" a question, which, in all courtesy, we might take the liberty of retorting upon Mr. Collier himself, since, in addition to the manifold variations he has thought proper to introduce into this play on the authority of his annotator, he has several times departed from the old text without a syllable of explanation; for instance, in Act I. Sc. 1, the folio 1623 reads:—

"Unless he seek to thrust you out *perforce.*"

Mr. Collier has—

"——— to thrust you out *by force.*"

In Act II. Sc. 1, in the folio 1623 we have—

"Amongst the loving Welshmen *canst* procure.'

In Mr. Collier's edition, "— *can* procure."
In Act II. Sc. 5, in the folio 1623 it is—

"Was ever father so bemoaned *his* son?"

In Mr. Collier, "—*a* son?"
In Act II. Sc. 6, the folio 1623 has—

"Which, *whiles* it lasted," &c.

Mr. Collier reads, "— *while* it lasted."
In Act IV. Sc 8, the folio 1623 has—

"*Shalt* stir up," "*shalt* find," and "*shalt* muster."

While Mr. Collier reads,—

"*Shall* stir up," "*shall* find," and "*shall* muster."

These deviations are not, certainly, of great importance, though of quite as much as Malone's change of *shall* to *should.*

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MONT. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
HAST. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
SOLD. [Reads.] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland*, &c.
MONT. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight. [*Throws down his gauntlet.*
ALL. Long live Edward the fourth!
K. EDW. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.[a]

WAR. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
OXF. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.[b]
CLAR. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
WAR. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—

[a] Exeter, *and Oxford.*] The folio 1623, for *Exeter*, has mistakenly *Somerset.*
[b] Let's levy men, and beat him back again.] In the folio 1623, this line is given to the King; but the modern editors, who assigned it to a more warlike character, were probably right. It is not consonant with Henry's pacific nature, nor indeed becoming to one who has just before abdicated his sovereignty in everything but the name, that he might—

"——— lead a private life,
And in devotion spend [his] latter days."

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And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. HEN. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

CLAR. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. HEN. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

MONT. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

OXF. And thus [*Kissing* HENRY's *hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. HEN. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once,[a] once more a happy farewell.

WAR. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR., CLAR., OXF., *and* MONT.

K. HEN. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

EXE. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. HEN. That 's not my fear; my meed[b] hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, (2)
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout without,* "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"

EXE. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. EDW. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England!—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.

[a] And all at once,—] See note ([b]), p. 4.
[b] *My* meed—] My *merit*, as in a former passage, Act II. Sc. 1:—
"Each one already blazing by our *meeds*."

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And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
GLO. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

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# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter, upon the Walls,* WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

WAR. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 MESS. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
WAR. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 MESS. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter* SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. [*Drum heard.*
WAR. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
SOM. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Forces.

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle. [*Flourish.*
GLO. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
WAR. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. EDW. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

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GLO. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
WAR. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. EDW. Why, then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
WAR. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off?
GLO. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck![a]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. EDW. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.
GLO. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when?[b] strike now, or else the iron cools.
WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
*Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.*

*Enter* OXFORD, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

WAR. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
OXF. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city.*
GLO. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. EDW. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
WAR. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

*Enter* MONTAGUE, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

MONT. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city.*

[a] *The king was slily finger'd from the* deck!] A pack of cards was formerly termed a *deck of cards;* thus, in "Selimus, Emperor of the Turks," 1594, quoted by Steevens:—

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

[b] *Nay,* when?] This expression of impatience occurs again in "Richard the Second," and in "The Taming of the Shrew." See note (a), p. 86, Vol. II.

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GLO. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter* SOMERSET, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

SOM. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his* Forces *enter the city.*
GLO. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter* CLARENCE, *with* Forces, *drum, and colours.*

WAR. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an* upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
CLAR. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*[a]
Look, here I throw my infamy at thee!
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,[b] unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's,† when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, whereso'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. EDW. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
GLO. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

(*) First folio, *in.* (†) Old text, *Iephah.*

[a] *Taking the red rose out of his hat.*] The folio has no stage direction here, and but for "The True Tragedy," which reads, "*Sound a Parlie, and* Richard *and* Clarence *whispers togither, and then* Clarence *takes his red Rose out of his hat and throwes it at* Warwicke," it would have been difficult to guess what Clarence did on saying,—

"Look, here I throw my infamy at thee!"

[b] Blunt,—] That is, *dull, insensible.*

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WAR. O passing[a] traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!
K. EDW. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
WAR. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. EDW. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field! saint George, and victory! [*March. Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near* Barnet.

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter* KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. EDW. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.[b]—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*
WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!

[a] Passing—] *Surpassing, exceeding, egregious, wondrous.* See note (*), p. 356, Vol. II.
[b] *Warwick was a* bug, *that* fear'd *us all.*—] Meaning, Warwick was a *bugbear*, a *goblin*, a *bogie* that *appalled* us all. So in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 2,—"Tush! tush! *fear* boys with *bugs.*"

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The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!
WAR. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
SOM. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—*Commend me to my valiant brother.*
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That mought[a] not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
*O, farewell, Warwick!*
WAR. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*
OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'*s body.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Flourish. Enter* KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, *and the rest.*

K. EDW. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
CLAR. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
GLO. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. EDW. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;

[a] *That* mought *not be distinguish'd;*] This ancient use of the preterite tense of *might*, has been overlooked by all the editors.

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And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Plains near* Tewksbury.

*March. Enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. MAR. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 't is but awhile:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish,—that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

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I speak not this, as doubting any here,
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

SOM. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. MAR. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a* Messenger.

MESS. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOM. But he 's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. MAR. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

OXF. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter, at a distance,* KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, *and* Forces.

K. EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. MAR. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.[a]
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [*Exeunt both Armies.*

Mine eyes.] So "The True Tragedy;" the folio 1623 reads, "my eye."

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## SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a retreat. Then enter* KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, *and* Forces; *with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

K. EDW. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
OXF. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
SOM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*
Q. MAR. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. EDW. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
GLO. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

*Enter* Soldiers, *with* PRINCE EDWARD.

K. EDW. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. MAR. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
GLO. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
PRINCE. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
GLO. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague ye for that word.
Q. MAR. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
GLO. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.
K. EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
CLAR. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
PRINCE. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. EDW. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*
GLO. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*
CLAR. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*
Q. MAR. O, kill me too!



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GLO. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. EDW. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.
GLO. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. EDW. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
GLO. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
CLAR. What? what?
GLO. The* Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*
Q. MAR. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid[a] this sweet young prince!
K. EDW. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. MAR. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
CLAR. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. MAR. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
CLAR. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. MAR. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,[b]
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.
K. EDW. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. MAR. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out.*
K. EDW. Where's Richard gone?

(*) First folio omits, *The.*

[a] Rid *this sweet young prince!*] One sense of *rid* was to *destroy;* so in Scene 3 of the present Act,

"—for willingness *rids* way."

And in "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"—The red plague *rid* you."

[b] That devil's butcher,—] In the folio 1623, the line is encumbered by the addition of "Richard;" but as it is not found in the corresponding line of the earlier version, it was probably only an inadvertent repetition.

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CLAR. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. EDW. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the* Tower.

KING HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
K. HEN. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather;
'T is sin to flatter, *good* was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
GLO. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit* Lieutenant.
K. HEN. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
GLO. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. HEN. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
GLO. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. HEN. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
GLO. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. HEN. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
GLO. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. HEN. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,



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Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
And[a] orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding[b] luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd[c] her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest deformed lump,[d]
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

GLO. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech! [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! (1) [*Dies.*

GLO. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd and the women cried,
*O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!*
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word *love*, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,

[a] And *orphans*, &c.] *And* is found only in the second folio, which amends the preceding line also, by reading, "—for their husbands' *fate*."

[b] Abooding—] *Foreboding*, *portending*.

[c] *The raven* rook'd her—] To *ruck*, or to *rook*, means to *squat down*, or *lodge*, or *roost*.

[d] *To wit*, *an* indigest *deformed lump*,—] The folio 1623 reads, "—an *indigested and* deformed lumpe." "The True Tragedy," "—an *undigest created* lumpe." We adopt the slight change made by Malone, a change made also by Mr. Collier's annotator.

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And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit, bearing the body.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace. Flourish.* KING EDWARD *discovered sitting on his throne;* QUEEN ELIZABETH *with the infant* PRINCE *carried by a* Nurse, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. EDW. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd*
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

GLO. I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and that shalt execute.[a] [*Aside.*

K. EDW. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss† your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLAR. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

(*) Old text, *Renowne.* (†) First folio, *'t is.*

[a] Work thou the way,—and that shalt execute.] *Thou* refers to the speaker's *head; that,* to his arm or shoulder. Some copies of the folio 1623 read, "*add* that shalt," &c.

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K. EDW. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.[a]
GLO. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—*all hail!* whenas he meant—all harm. [*Aside.*
K. EDW. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
CLAR. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. EDW. Away with her and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?—
Sound drums and trumpets!—farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

[a] In the folio 1623 this line, which there begins,—"*Thanke* Noble Clarence," &c., has the prefix *Cla.* In "The True Tragedy" it is given to the Queen.

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# ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

## ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

*——I here entail*
*The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever.*]

This compromise is an historical fact; and, from the following account, extracted from a MS. in the British Museum (Harl. C. 7), appears to have been the result of long and frequent debates in parliament. "On halmesse evyn, abowt thre after noyne, comyn into the Comowne Howus, the Lordys spiritual and temporal, excepte the Kyng, the Duk of York, and hys sonys; And the Chawnceler reherset the debate had bytwyn owre soveren Lord the Kyng and the Duk of York upon the tytelys of Inglond, Fraunce, and the Lordschep of Erlond, wyche mater was debat, arguet, and disputet by the seyd lordes spiritual and temporal byfore owre soveren Lord and the Duk of York longe and diverse tymys. And at the last, by gret avyce and deliberacion, and by the assent of owre soveryn Lord and the Duk of York, and alle the lordes spiritual and temporal ther assemelyd by vertu of thys present parlement, assentyt, agreyt, and acordyt, that owre sovereyne Lord the Kyng schal pessabylly and quyetly rejoys and possesse the crowne of Inglond and of Fraunce, and the Lordchip of Irlond, with al hys pre-emynences, prerogatyves, and liberteys during hys lyf. And that after hys desese, the coroun, etc., schal remayne to Rychard Duk of York, as rythe inheryt to hym and to hys issue, prayng and desyring ther the comownes of Inglond, be vertu of thys present parlement assemylet, to comyne the seyd mater, and to gyff therto her assent. The whyche comyns, after the mater debatet, comynt, grawntyt, and assentyt to the forseyd premisses. And ferthermore was granted and assentyt, that the seyd Duk of York, the Erl of March, and of Rutlond, schul be sworne that they schuld not compas ne conspyrene the kynges deth ne hys hurt duryng hys lyf. Ferthermore the forseyd Duk schulde be had, take and reportyt as eyr apparent prince and ryth inheryter to the crowne aboveseyd. Ferthermore for to be had and take tresoun to ymagine or compas the deth or the hurt of the seyd Duk, wythe othyr prerogatyves as long to the prince and eyr parawnt. And ferthermore the seyd Duk and hys sonys schul have of the Kyng yerly ten thousand marces, that is to sey, to hemself five thousand, to the Erl of Marche three thousand, the Erl of Rutlond two thousand marces. And alle these mateyrs agreyd, assentyt, and inactyt by the auctoritie of thys present parlement., And ferthermore, the statutes mad in the tyme of Kyng Herry the fowrth, wherby the croune was curtaylet to hys issu male, utterly anullyd and evertyth, wyth alle other statutes and gruntys mad by the seyd Kynges days, Kyng Herry the V. and King Herry the vj^te, in the infforsyng of the tytel of Kyng Herry the fourth in general."

(2) SCENE I.—*Stern Falconbridge.*] "The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the lord Fauconbridge. 'A man (says Hall) of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his evel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard.' He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions, with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the City, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward After roving on

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the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded."—RITSON.

(3) SCENE III.—*Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.*] "While this battaill was in fightyng, a prieste called sir Robert Aspall, chappelain and schole master to the yong erle of Rutland II. sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scarce of the age of .xii. yeres, a faire gentleman, and a maydenlike person, perceivyng that flight was more savegard, then tariyng, bothe for him and his master, secretly conveyed therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coulde enter into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentelman dismaied, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding up his handes and making dolorous countinance, for his speache was gone for feare. Save him sayde his Chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so wil I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his Chappeleyn bere the erles mother and brother worde what he had done, and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt, and no gentelman, for the propertie of the Lyon, which is a furious and an unreasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate them selfes before him."—HALL.

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## ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

*Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,*
*Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.*]

The opinion that the eagle, of all birds, possessed the faculty of gazing undazzled at the blazing sun, is of very high antiquity. Pliny relates that it exposes its brood to this test as soon as hatched, to prove if they be genuine or not. Chaucer refers to the belief in the "Assemblie of Foules:"—

"There mighten men the royal egal find,
That with his sharp look persith the sonne."

As does Spenser, in the "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:"—

"Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind.
And like the native brood of eagles kind,
On that bright sun of glory fix thyne eyes,
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmitys."

(2) SCENE II.—

*And happy always was it for that son,*
*Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?*]

An allusion to a trite proverb: "Happy is the child whose father went to the devil." "It hath beene an olde proverbe, that happy is that sonne whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to inrich theyr sonnes by covetousnes, by briberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved with insatietie of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a just reward for such wretchednesse."—GREENE'S *Royal Exchange*, 4to. Lond. 1590.

(3) SCENE II.—

*I would your highness would depart the field;*
*The queen hath best success when you are absent.*]

"Happy was the Quene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the King in al his enterprises, for wher his person was presente, ther victory fled ever from him to the other parte, and he commonly was subdued and vanqueshed."—HALL.

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Drayton, in "The Miseries of Queen Margaret," calls attention to this general belief in the luckless fortunes of the King:—

"Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the King into the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away
Which had King Henry with them when they fought.
Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.
The queen won two, among the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present, never any."

(4) SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle* between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.] The following is Hall's narrative of the memorable battle of Towton; "a battle," Carte observes, which "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strengthened by near sixty-two years' continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England." "The same day, about .ix. of the clocke, whiche was the .xxix. day of Marche, beyng Palm-sundaye, bothe the hostes approched in a playn felde, between Towton and Saxton. When eche parte perceyved other, thei made a great shoute, and at the same instante time, their fell a small snyt or snow, which by violence of the wynd was driven into the faces of them, which were of kyng Henries parte, so that their sight was somewhat blemeshed and minished. The lord Fawconbridge, which led the forward of kyng Edwardes battail (as before is rehersed) being a man of great polecie, and of much experience in marciall feates, caused every archer under his standard, to shot one flyght (which before he caused them to provide) and then made them to stand still. The Northrenmen, feling the shoot, but by reason of the snow, not wel vewyng the distaunce betwene them and their enemies, like hardy men shot their schiefe arrowes as fast as thei might, but al their shot was lost, and their labor vayn, for they came not nere the Southermen by .xl. taylors yerdes. When their shot was almost spent, the lord Fawconbridge marched forwarde with his archers, which not onely shot their awne whole sheves, but also gathered the arrowes of their enemies, and let a great parte of them flye agaynst their awne masters, and another part thei let stand on the ground, which sore noyed the legges of the owners, when the battayle joyned. The erle of Northumberland, and Andrew Trolope, which were chefetayns of Kyng Henries vangard, seynge their shot not to prevayle, hasted forward to joine with their enemies; you may besure the other part nothing retarded, but valeauntly foughte with their enemies. This battayl was sore foughten, for hope of life was set on side on every parte and takynge of prisoners was proclaymed as a great offence, by reason wherof every man determined, either to conquere or to dye in the felde. This deadly battayle and bloudy conflicte, continued .x. houres in doubtfull victorie. The one parte some time flowyng, and some time ebbyng, but in conclusion, kyng Edward so coragiously comforted his men, refreshyng the wery, and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomfited and overcome, and lyke men amased, fledde toward Tadcaster bridge to save them selfes: but in the meane way there is a litle broke called Cocke not very broade, but of a great deapnes, in the whiche, what for hast of escapyng, and what for feare of folowers, a great number were drent and drowned, in so much that the common people there affirme, that men alyve passed the ryver upon dead carcasis, and that the great ryver of Wharfe, which is the great sewer of that broke, and of all the water comyng from Towton, was colored with bloude."

(5) SCENE VI.—*For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.*] So Hall:—"It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to Kynge Edward the thirde, and this duke Humphrey, whiche three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them King Richard the iii. also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanes horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

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## ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love, &c.*] "And on that parte that marched upon Scotlande, he laied watches and espialles, that no persone should go

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out of the realme to kyng Henry and his company, which then laye soiornyng in Scotlande; but whatsoever ieoperdy or peryll might bee construed or demed to have insued by the meanes of kyng Henry, all suche doubtes were now shortly resolved and determined, and all feare of his doynges were clerely put under and extinct; for he hymselfe, whether he were past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe hymselfe secrete, in a disguysed apparell boldely entered into Englande. He was no soner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought towarde the kyng, whom the erle of Warwicke met on the waie, by the kynges commaundement, and brought hym through London to the towre, and there he was laied in sure holde."—HALL.

(2) SCENE II.—

*Because in quarrel of the house of York*
*The worthy gentleman did lose his life.*]

This is an error. Sir John Grey fell at the second battle of St. Alban's, while fighting, not on the side of York, but Lancaster; a fact of which Shakespeare was subsequently aware, since, in "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 3, Richard, addressing Queen Elizabeth, remarks,—

"In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious *for the house of Lancaster;*
And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Alban's slain?"

It may not be out of place to introduce here a portion of Hall's description of King Edward's first interview with the lady Grey, upon which the present scene was founded:—

"The king being on huntyng in the forest of Wychwod besyde Stonnystratforde, came for his recreacion to the mannor of Grafton, where the duches of Bedford sojorned, then wyfe to sir Richard Wodvile, lord Ryvers, on whom then was attendyng a doughter of hers, called dame Elizabeth Greye, wydow of sir Ihon Grey knight, slayn at the last battell of saincte Albons, by the power of kyng Edward. This wydow havyng a suyt to the king, either to be restored by hym to some thyng taken from her, or requyring hym of pitie, to have some augmentacion to her livyng, founde such grace in the kynges eyes, that he not onely favored her suyte, but much more phantasied her person, for she was a woman more of formal countenaunce, then of excellent beautie, but yet of such beautie and favor, that with her sober demeanure, lovely lokyng, and femynyne smylyng, (neither to wanton nor to humble) besyde her toungue so eloquent, and her wit so pregnant, she was able to ravishe the mynde of a meane person, when she allured, and made subject to her, the hart of so great a king. After that kyng Edward had well considered all the linyamentes of her body, and the wise and womanly demeanure that he saw in her, he determined first to attempt, if he might provoke her to be his sovereigne lady, promisyng her many giftes and fayre rewardes, affirmynge farther, that if she woulde therunto condiscend, she myght so fortune of his peramour and concubyne, to be chaunged to his wyfe and lawfull bedfelow: whiche demaunde she so wisely and with so covert speache aunswered and repugned, affirmynge that as she was for his honor farre unable to be hys spouse and bedfelow: So for her awne poore honestie, she was to good to be either hys concubyne, or sovereigne lady: that where he was a littell before heated with the dart of Cupid, he was nowe set all on a hote burnyng fyre, what for the confidence that he had in her perfyte constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastitie, and without any farther deliberacion, he determined with him selfe clerely to marye with her, after that askyng counsaill of them, whiche he knewe neither woulde nor once durst impugne his concluded purpose. But the duches of Yorke hys mother letted it as much as in her lay alledgyng a precontract made by hym with the lady Lucye, and divers other lettes: al which doubtes were resolved, and all thinges made clere and all cavillacions avoyded. And so, privilie in a mornyng he maried her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage."

(3) SCENE III.—

*I came from Edward as ambassador,*
*But I return his sworn and mortal foe.*]

Shakespeare's relation of Warwick's embassy and commission, and the rupture between king Edward and him in consequence of the former's marriage with lady Grey, are strictly accordant with the statements of Hall and Holinshed; but, as Ritson observes, "later as well as earlyer writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to causes which have not reached posterity, or to that jealousy and ingratitude so natural, perhaps, to those who

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are under great obligations, too great to be discharged. '*Beneficia* (says Tacitus) *eò usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse: ubi multum antevenere, pro gratiâ odium redditur.*' "

Hall's narrationof the circumstances, which appears to have been that adopted by the poet, is as follows :—

"The same yere he [Warwick] cam to kyng Lewes the .xi. then beyng Frenche kyng, liying at Tours, and with greate honor was there received, and honorably interteined: of whom, for kyng Edward his master, he demaunded to have in mariage the lady Bona, doughter to Lewes duke of Savoy, and suster to the lady Carlot, then French Quene, beyng then in the Frenche court. This mariage semeth pollitiquely devised, and of an high imaginacion to be invented, if you will well consider, the state and condicion of king Edwardes affaires, which at this time, had kyng Henry the vi. in safe custody, in the strong toure of London, and the moste parte of his adherentes, he had as he thought, either profligated or extinct, Quene Margaret onely except, and Prince Edward her sonne, which wer then sojornyng at Angiers, with old Duke Reiner of Anjow her father, writyng himself kyng of Naples, Scicile, and Jerusalem, having as much profites of the letters of his glorious stile, as rentes and revenues out of the said large and riche realmes and dominions, (because the kyng of Arragon toke the profites of the same, and would make no accompt therof to duke Reiner). Kyng Edward therfore thought it necessary, to have affinitie in Fraunce, and especially by the Quenes suster: which Quene although she ruled not the kyng her husband, (as many women do) yet he of a certain especiall humilitie, was more content to have her favor and folowe her desire, (for wedded men oftentymes doubt stormes) rather then to have a lowryng countenaunce, and a ringing peale, when he should go to his rest and quietnes: trusting that by this mariage, quene Margarete (whom the same Quene Carlot litle or nothyng regarded, although her fether was called a kyng and she a quene, and none of both having subjectes, profites, nor dominions) should have no aide, succor, nor any comfort of the French king, nor of none of his frendes nor alies, wherfore quene Carlot much desirous to advance her blod and progenie, and especially to so great a prince as kyng Edward was, obteyned both the good will of the kyng her husband, and also of her syster, so that the matrimony on that syde was clerely assented to. * * * But when the erle of Warwycke had perfit knowledge by the letters of his trusty frendes, that kyng Edward had gotten him a new wyfe, and that all that he had done with kyng Lewes in his ambassade for the conjoynyng of this new affinitie, was both frustrate and vayn, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chaunce, and thought it necessarye that king Edward should be deposed from his croune and royal dignitie, as an inconstant prince, not worthy of such a kyngly office. All men for the most parte agre, that this mariage was the only cause, why the erle of Warwycke bare grudge, and made warre on kynge Edwarde. Other affirme that ther wer other causes, which added to this, made the fyre to flame, which before was but a litell smoke."

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## ACT IV.

(1) Scene VI.—*My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.*] "Henry, Earl of Richmond, was the son of Edmond and Margaret, daughter to John the first 'Duke of Somerset.' Edmond, Earl of Richmond, was half-brother to King Henry the Sixth, being the son of that king's mother, Queen Catharine, by her second husband, Owen Teuther, or Tudor, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and soon afterwards beheaded at Hereford.

"Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint; but, either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or, as Bacon supposes, the Pope refused, lest, 'as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints.' "—Malone.

(2) Scene VIII.—

*I have not been desirous of their wealth,*
*Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.*]

In speaking of the impost called a *fifteen*, or *fifteenth* (see note (a), p. 438), we described it as a tax of the fifteenth part of all the personal property of each subject; but we

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should have added that, subsequently to the 8th of Edward III., when a taxation was made upon all the cities, towns, boroughs, &c., by compositions, the fifteenth became a sum certain, namely, the fifteenth part of their then existing value. The distinction between the taxes called fifteenths and tenths (*quindismes* and *dismes*), and the subsidy, in later times, Camden expresses thus:—"A fifteen and a tenth (that I may note it for forrainers' sakes) is a certain taxation upon every city, borough, and town; not every particular man, but in general in respect of the fifteenth part of the wealth of the place. A *subsidy* we call that which is imposed upon every man, being cessed by the powle, man by man, according to the valuation of their goods and lands."

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## ACT V.

(1) SCENE VI.—*O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!*] The circumstances attending the death of Henry VI. are involved in deep obscurity. The balance of testimony supports the popular tradition that he was murdered on the night of Edward's entry into London, 21st May, 1471:—"And the same nyghte that Kynge Edwarde came to Londone, Kynge Herry, beynge inwarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe, the xxj. day of Maij, on a tywesday nyght, betwyx xj. and xij. of the cloke, beynge thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre, brothere to Kynge Edwarde, and many other; and one the morwe he was chestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne that every manne myghte see hyme; and in hys lyinge he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Fryres was broughte, and ther he blede new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchsey abbey in a bote, and buryed there in oure Lady chapelle."

Dr. Warkworth, whose chronicle furnishes the above extract, was a contemporary writer, Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, from 1473 to 1498, and a man of learning and ability. Fabyan, a citizen of London in the time of Henry the Seventh, is more explicit:—"Of the death of this Prynce dyverse tales were tolde: but the most common fame wente, that he was stykked with a dagger by the handes of the Duke of Gloucester."

On the other hand, the Yorkist party contended that the deposed monarch died of grief and melancholy:—"In every party of England, where any commotion was begonne for Kynge Henry's party, anone they were rebuked, so that it appered to every mann at eye the sayde partie was extincte and repressed for evar, without any mannar hope of agayne quikkening: utterly despaired of any maner of hoope or releve. The certaintie of all whiche came to the knowledge of the sayd Henry, late called Kyng, being in the Tower of London; not havynge, afore that, knowledge of the saide matars, he toke it to so great dispite, ire, and indingnation, that, of pure displeasure, and melencoly, he dyed the xxiij day of the monithe of May. Whom the kynge dyd to be browght to the friers prechars at London, and there, his funerall service donne, to be caried, by watar, to an Abbey upon Thamys syd, xvj myles from London, called Chartsey, and there honorably enteryd."—*Arrivall of Edward IV.*

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# CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON THE

# THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.

"SHAKSPEARE'S choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more dreadful.

"The *First Part* contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is pourtrayed by Shakspeare with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends. The conversation between the aged Mortimer in prison, and Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, contains an exposition of the claims of the latter to the throne: considered by itself, it is a beautiful tragic elegy.

"In the *Second Part*, the events more particularly prominent are the murder of the honest Protector, Gloucester, and its consequences; the death of Cardinal Beaufort; the parting of the Queen from her favourite Suffolk, and his death by the hands of savage pirates; then the insurrection of Jack Cade under an assumed name, and at the instigation of the Duke of York. The short scene where Cardinal Beaufort, who is tormented by his conscience on account of the murder of Gloucester, is visited on his death-bed by Henry VI., is sublime beyond all praise. Can any other poet be named who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion; a blessing and a curse stand side by side; the pious King is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labours to enter into his soul. The adulterous passion of Queen Margaret and Suffolk is invested with tragical dignity, and all low and ignoble ideas carefully kept out

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of sight. Without attempting to gloss over the crime of which both are guilty, without seeking to remove our disapprobation of this criminal love, he still, by the magic force of expression, contrives to excite in us a sympathy with their sorrow. In the insurrection of Cade he has delineated the conduct of a popular demagogue, the fearful ludicrousness of the anarchical tumult of the people, with such convincing truth, that one would believe he was an eye-witness of many of the events of our age, which, from ignorance of history, have been considered as without example.

"The civil war only begins in the Second Part; in the *Third* it is unfolded in its full destructive fury. The picture becomes gloomier and gloomier; and seems at last to be painted rather with blood than with colours. With horror we behold fury giving birth to fury, vengeance to vengeance, and see that when all the bonds of human society are violently torn asunder, even noble matrons became hardened to cruelty. The most bitter contempt is the portion of the unfortunate; no one affords to his enemy that pity which he will himself shortly stand in need of. With all, party is family, country, and religion, the only spring of action. As York, whose ambition is coupled with noble qualities, prematurely perishes, the object of the whole contest is now either to support an imbecile king, or to place on the throne a luxurious monarch, who shortens the dear-bought possession by the gratification of an insatiable voluptuousness. For this the celebrated and magnanimous Warwick spends his chivalrous life; Clifford revenges the death of his father with blood-thirsty filial love; and Richard, for the elevation of his brother, practises those dark deeds by which he is soon after to pave the way to his own greatness. In the midst of the general misery, of which he has been the innocent cause, King Henry appears like the powerless image of a saint, in whose wonder-working influence no man any longer believes: he can but sigh and weep over the enormities which he witnesses. In his simplicity, however, the gift of prophecy is lent to this pious king: in the moment of his death, at the close of this great tragedy, he prophesies a still more dreadful tragedy with which futurity is pregnant, as much distinguished for the poisonous wiles of cold-blooded wickedness as the former for deeds of savage fury."—SCHLEGEL.

END OF VOL. III.

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